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THE PLIGHT OF ENGLAND

BY THE EDITOR

SHORTLY before returning to his own country a few months ago, Sir Esme Howard, the discreet and experienced British Ambassador, addressing an exceptionally enlightened American audience, made a declaration which we believe to have been without precedent in the long record of frank avowals by English diplomatists in foreign lands. It was in effect a confession that the time might come, in the near future, when the United Kingdom would be unable to meet its financial obligations to the United States.

He spoke deliberately but withal so calmly, even casually, that his utterance evoked slight attention in this country and was studiously ignored by all of the London public journals except one, *The Daily Chronicle*, which angrily asserted that "no British party would dream of repudiating Mr. Baldwin's debt-funding agreement."

But this was a quite superficial view, based upon careless or wilful misinterpretation. "Repudiation" spelled a thought far removed from the Ambassador's mind. Conceivable default, arising from obvious incapacity to pay, was the extreme limit of the Ambassador's premonition. But such an intimation, of itself, was sufficiently startling, even though it had not been, as in fact it was, accompanied by more explicit statements of belief that "we of my country have come to the real parting of the ways," and that unless soon there shall be a restoration of "confidence and credit" throughout Europe and a "return to the natural

flow of trade" throughout the world, "we are heading for a worse cataclysm than that produced by the actual state of war."

These were portentous words to be addressed by a highly accredited spokesman of a nation, however rich and resourceful, to a people upon whose faith in its financial solidity its essential and exceptional existing credit so largely depends. They expressed, however, no more than a conclusion. Frankly evincing a natural distaste for the presentation of statistics in an after-dinner speech, the Ambassador refrained from setting forth the facts justifying a deduction which, regardless of its possible effect, he felt in honor bound to reveal to the friendly and sympathetic creditors of his country.

Nevertheless, in view of his plain intimation of at least a possibility of default by the United Kingdom in its heavy interest payments to the United States, it is a natural assumption that the chief consideration in Sir Esme's mind was the condition, present and prospective, of British finances. To that subject, in simple fairness to an honorable, courageous and self-sacrificing debtor country, which has added to its own burdens payments totaling nearly one-half of our entire national debt, we may well now, when freed to do so by the Ambassador's candid acknowledgment of apprehension, direct the attention of our own people.

The net financial results of the war to the United Kingdom appear in the table on the following page.

Technically, there was a reduction in the debt of £131,493,000 from its highest point in 1920 to 1924; actually, there was an increase of about £60,000,000, since the lower figures for 1924 were attained through the disposal of accumulated war supplies constituting tangible assets which realized in cash about £200,000,000, about one-fourth of their cost.

We find, therefore, not only that there has been no reduction in the debt principal from its peak in 1920, but, looking further, that there has been an actual increase in the debt interest charge from £324,000,000 in 1922-3 to £355,000,000 in 1925-6, or £33,000,000 per annum, despite the exaction of taxes amounting to \$86.94, or 23.2 per cent., upon the national income of \$374.74 per capita, the heaviest ever imposed upon any people.

There seems to be no escape from the conclusion that ever since

GREAT BRITAIN—NATIONAL DEBT, 1914–1924

[March 31 of each year; 000 omitted; source: official reports]

	Funded debt	Terminable annuities	Unfunded debt	Other liabilities	Total in- debtedness
1914.....	£586,718	29,552	35,000	56,384	707,654
1915.....	583,290	28,041	497,486	56,985	1,165,802
1916.....	318,460	26,159	1,796,129	56,691	2,197,439
1917.....	317,787	24,045	3,669,614	52,199	4,063,645
1918.....	317,730	21,903	5,532,217	29,245	5,921,096
1919.....	317,629	20,645	7,096,675	46,101	7,481,050
1920.....	314,952	19,314	7,497,478	46,863	7,878,607
1921.....	314,837	17,698	7,252,874	48,739	7,634,148
1922.....	¹ 580,607	16,191	7,079,497	66,231	7,742,526
1923.....	¹ 997,840	13,681	6,760,876	70,329	7,842,726
1924.....	¹ 980,258	13,451	6,686,914	66,491	7,747,114

¹ Including 3½ per cent. conversion loan.

the war England has been, and is today, existing upon her capital.

This was the unhappy condition of affairs which confronted the British Ambassador when he voiced virtual dismay at the prospect. During the five months that have elapsed since he spoke the situation has changed so alarmingly for the worse that the tacit concealment which had previously been maintained by British statesmen has been abandoned. Englishmen of all professions, economists, doctrinaires, pedagogues, publicists, even novelists, now realize that they must face the facts, British fashion, in the open.

What are those facts? Without attempting full recapitulation, we may enumerate a few of those most vital.

England's period of productivity has passed; her sole function henceforward can be none else than that of "middleman" or manufacturing intermediary between producers of raw materials and consumers of finished articles, working under the competitive disadvantage of huge costs of both fetching and carrying.

Hope based upon the precedent of marvelous recovery from the

depression following the Napoleonic wars, though frequently voiced with confidence, is plainly illusory. A century ago Britain was virtually a self-contained nation. Today she depends on the world for food for thirty million of her people, and she must contemplate with apprehension the narrowing margins in surplus food in lands whence her supplies have come. Agriculture ought to be a subject of vital importance in every country. Under the Corn Laws which the ruling class, the landlords, had power to enact and maintain until 1845, land was capitalized to the utmost farthing through raising and maintaining rents, resulting in the bankruptcy of thousands of farmers and the emigration of tens of thousands. Sound economics now forbid that grains from India, Australia, Russia, Alberta and the Dakotas shall continue to compete in the London markets to fill the vacuum in the bread supply. Refinements in factory costs will no longer tolerate support of thousands of ships to carry food one way and factory products the other. The irresistible tendency of every country is to fabricate its own raw materials.

There was, moreover, following the Napoleonic wars a world call for British goods, making for general employment as contrasted with the present enforced and increasing idleness of workers comprising, with their dependents, nearly one-eighth of the entire population. In 1850 Britain was producing about one-half of the world's supply of iron and steel. Although other nations were gaining, she held the paramount place until 1875. Germany entered upon a fresh industrial career after her victories of 1864, 1866 and 1870. Soon thereafter the United States made rapid strides, achieving in 1902 the same relative position to world production that was Britain's in 1850. Between 1861 and 1871 peace at home and wars elsewhere accelerated the growth of British capital, stimulating iron and steel industries. Moreover, at this time, wooden ships began to be generally supplanted by iron and steel ships, with marine engines in place of sails of cotton and hemp. In peace and prosperity and in virtual command of iron and steel production, Britain led the way in the new industries of steel ships and marine engines, her technical excellence in which proved of utmost importance in the great war. For more

than a decade about that time, 1870, Britain had a monopoly in Bessemer steel and later controlled the open hearth process.

But America took the lead in 1897; Germany passed Britain in 1903, and France in 1921. The United States is now producing more than six times the steel output of Britain.

The year 1924 was one of serious depression in the industry; of a total of 482 blast furnaces, only 172 were in operation; steel melting plants were idle in thirty-five cases; twenty-nine wrought iron works in the Midlands alone suspended operations entirely, and much of their plant was dismantled. The business also felt severely the increased production of iron and steel in the Dominions, and British manufacturers had to contend with competition of Continental manufacturers, operating under the advantage of depreciating exchanges, lower taxation, lower capital charges, lower wages, longer working hours, lower freight rates, and protected home markets.

Sir William Larke, the director of the National Federation of Iron and Steel Manufacturers, whose statement before a committee of Parliament forms the basis for the foregoing statistics, said that whereas the price of iron and steel was only 35 per cent. above the 1913 level, all commodities entering into the computation of the price index number of the Board of Trade were 71 per cent. above the pre-war levels.

Undoubtedly this disheartening outcome was due in large part to the derangement of conditions wrought by the war, but the more ominous cause lay in the fact that no important field of iron ore has been opened in Britain since 1850, while in the mean time several fields were exhausted and the percentage of iron content became so small that as early as 1913 no less than 7,442,000 tons of ore were imported, mostly from Spain.

The simple truth is that Britain has realized on her natural wealth in iron; her ore mines are now of little value, and the proximity of iron and coal, so conducive to low cost in smelting, has ceased to be a factor.

Coal mining is the one great productive industry which has seemed likely to be maintained, although at depths which has made it too costly for any but home consumption. It would now be in a state of utter collapse but for a heavy direct subsidy

granted by the Government, in sheer desperation, to provide a few months' time for study and possible solution of a problem which appears upon its face to be insoluble.

The fact most significant in connection with this great industry, far more important than questions of wages, capital losses and strikes, is that since the armistice the output of both France and Belgium has increased materially while that of England has decreased 17,000,000 tons. It becomes, indeed, almost startling when linked with the extraordinary and inadequately realized recuperation of France.

"At the time of the armistice," a competent English investigator writes,—

the great Lens coal region was a chaotic mass of indescribable ruin. In six years the French genius of reconstruction has changed this spectacle of despair into a scientific and industrial marvel.

Towns and villages have sprung up again magically. Above all is the achievement of a completely electrified and smokeless industrial region. While we have talked about super-power stations at the source of power, the French mining engineers have built and equipped them. Every reconstructed colliery is operated by electric power; towns and villages and the intervening rural areas draw their electric supplies from the same source; every miner's cottage has electric light.

The whole enterprise is linked up with the definite intention to liberate France from the necessity of buying foreign coal. There is no parallel to it in the history of coal mining.

Nothing, meanwhile, during those six years, has been done to modernize English methods; indeed, speaking with friendly candor, the British seemed to be quite unaware of the impressive French development until the recent crisis induced inquiry and disclosure. Whether, by any conceivable endeavors, England could have withstood such competition, under conditions so unfavorable to herself, is perhaps a question; but in any case the virtual loss of her Continental market for the chief product of her soil now seems to be much nearer a certainty than a possibility.

Another factor, reacting adversely upon the coal industry, is the increasing use of oil for fuel. In 1914 nearly 89 per cent. of the ships on *Lloyd's Register* depended wholly on coal. Now the proportion is less than 65 per cent. In 1914 two per cent. used

oil for boilers or in internal combustion engines; now nearly 32 per cent. use it. Sailing vessels were eight per cent.; they are now three and a half per cent. This inevitable diminution of home consumption runs parallel with probable extinguishment of foreign demand—a matter of less, yet plainly grave, importance.

A large majority of British ship-building yards are closed or being closed, according to Sir George Hunter, of the great Swan concern, who adds sententiously in a letter to the Prime Minister: "We are not on the road to improvement; we appear to be on the road to ruin." The chief cause of this partial collapse lies in the fact that other countries have so greatly increased their mercantile fleets that the British share in shipping has decreased from 44.5 to less than 33 per cent., but it is a far more ill-boding circumstance that, in recent competitive bidding, British firms, though offered £10,000 more for each ship than a German firm required, were unable to accept the proposal, thus indicating clearly what may be expected when the full force of German efficiency shall be brought into play.

Published reports of "slackness" in cotton, "slump" in wool, "unprecedented unemployment" among linen workers, and the like in all minor lines of manufacturing, have been so unvarying since June that they have become really too familiar to call for special mention.

Simultaneously with the British Ambassador's generalization to the effect that the sole hope of England, to avert "a cataclysm worse than that produced by actual state of war," lay in "return to natural flow of trade" throughout the world, there appeared in London from an authoritative source a more concrete statement so startling that even the ultra-conservative *Morning Post* depicted it in large headlines as heralding "Danger of National Bankruptcy." It was addressed to the Press by Sir Allan Smith, Chairman of the Management Board of the Employers' National Federation, who drew this conclusion from an impressive array of convincing figures:

We have thus come to the point where we shall have to contemplate liquidation of our national assets and live on our national capital. If therefore something is not done to revivify our export trade the result in time must be national bankruptcy.

Having first noted the steady decline of trade balances from £352,000,000 in 1920 to £154,000,000 in 1922, to £102,000,000 in 1923, to £29,000,000 in 1924, he foresaw an actual adverse balance in 1925 of £30,000,000.

That was in June. The latest figures from the Board of Trade indicate how far even Sir Allan's appalling estimate fell short of the mark. Comparative records of trade for the first nine months of the past three years are as follows:

	1925	1924	1923
Exports British goods	£579,245,539	£589,316,385	£566,122,381
Re-exports for goods	112,835,317	102,832,789	86,857,891
Total exports	£692,080,856	£692,149,174	£652,980,272
Imports	965,859,426	909,446,483	787,464,274
Excess of imports	£273,778,570	£217,297,309	£134,484,002

But even these totals fail to reveal the magnitude of the disheartening trend so impressively as the increase in excess of imports from August to September of £9,460,000 and the complete comparison of August, 1925, with August, 1924, to wit:

Exports of British goods	decreased £300,000
Re-exports for goods	decreased 2,970,000
Total exports	decreased 3,270,000
Imports	increased 6,190,000
Excess of imports	increased 9,460,000

Assuming no change in proportion for the remaining three months of 1925, the excess of imports for the year will reach £342,000,000 as against £217,000,000 in 1924, more than 60 per cent. to the wrong side of the ledger.

Even these figures afford but a faint indication of what England has yet to overcome. Obviously the most startling contrast is the following:

	1913	1924
Exports and re-exports	£525,000,000	£795,000,000
Governmental expenses	188,000,000	788,000,000

That is to say:

The gross exports of a country wholly dependent upon its foreign trade barely exceed the cost of running its government.

The question is frequently asked, Why does the cost of administering the government of a small, compact country of 44,000,000 population, like the United Kingdom, exceed the like expenditure for a widespread land of 112,000,000 people, like the United States, by more than \$600,000,000 per annum? A comparison of the chief items in the two budgets for 1925-6 affords an indication of the answer.

BUDGETS FOR 1925-6

	United Kingdom	United States
National Debt Service (including for the United Kingdom road funds, local taxation, Northern Ireland, land settlement and other consolidated fund services, \$179,474,000; and for the United States, sinking fund, \$323,175,000 and other debt requirements, \$161,591,130)	\$1,904,774,000	\$1,316,767,000
Army	216,270,000	259,682,000
Navy	294,030,000	277,008,000
Air forces	75,539,000	(included above)
War pensions, etc.	450,000,000	604,000,000
Civil services (including customs costs but excluding post-office accounts)	684,280,000	634,686,000
Totals	\$3,624,893,000	\$3,092,143,000

Inasmuch as the United States allowance of \$536,690,000 for military services is now generally considered to be an irreducible minimum, the provision of \$585,839,000 can hardly be regarded as excessive for a great Sea Power like Britain. In point of fact, thanks in part at least to the Harding conference, it is less by nearly \$500,000,000 than it was in 1921-22.

Practically the entire excess of Britain's expenditures over those of the United States lies in the dead load of her debt interest, but this is a matter of slight significance as compared with the fact that her total governmental cost still stands at £799,000,000 as against £197,000,000 in 1913-14, and seems so far more likely to increase than to diminish that on October 23 the Chancellor of the Exchequer publicly announced a probability that he would be obliged to "reimpose heavier taxation". How, in point of fact, he can avoid doing so without borrowing more

money is difficult to see. Not only are "doles" increasing steadily but the distracted Prime Minister is gradually adopting a subsidy programme whose ultimate requirements are incalculable. The coal subsidy already granted may prove to be as temporary as the indicated housing of Scotchmen on the Weir, but the vaguely comprehensive plan of succoring all industries, "either by bounties on production or on export or subsidies of specific contracts or orders mainly for export or subsidies for specially distressed districts, aid in the rates to take the burden off those who manufacture in the district, or a subsidy to bring down freight rates on railways," takes one's breath away.

There is waste undoubtedly in retention of superfluous employes in the departments, but any general weeding out is rendered futile by the certainty that a large proportion of those discharged would be driven to the "doles". Savings in administrative costs cannot be effected in a degree affording substantial relief, while vast unemployment continues; that is as certain as that debt interest and military pensions aggregating \$2,354,000,000 cannot be reduced at all.

Turning to other phases of the situation, we find that nearly £400,000,000 a year is paid for imported foods, that the number of agricultural workers is less by four hundred thousand than it was fifty years ago, and that the wages of farm laborers in Norfolk have just been fixed, subject to confirmation by the Minister of Agriculture, at the starvation sum of twenty-eight shillings a week, hardly as much as the like service in this country yields per day. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Lloyd George's original "back to the soil" proposal fell flat and has now been superseded by another from the same versatile source calling for "nationalization of the land", the "fundamental principle" of which the Labor organ delightedly pronounces "plain and sound Socialism", and likely "as such" to be "bitterly assailed", and therefore unavailing.

Emigration designed to reduce by ten millions the present overpopulation has been tried in vain. Last year, despite the growth of unemployment and the encouragement given to emigrants through Government financial assistance, only 88,883 people left to take up residence in the Dominions and colonies as contrasted with

223,851 in 1913. The number going to Canada and Newfoundland dwindled from 164,566 to 47,194; to Australia, from 44,500 to 30,300; and to New Zealand, from 11,800 to 8,740. Meanwhile, the population, already augmented by two millions even during and since the war, continues to increase steadily at the rate of six thousand a week, and Canada, in emulation of the United States, is raising the bars higher and higher. Whether or not the pessimistic *Morning Post* errs in perceiving "decay of the spirit of adventure in our people—and the spirit by virtue of which our whole empire has been founded and peopled," the simple truth is that those who are not wanted by the Dominions will not be received and those who are wanted will not go, preferring apparently, to stay at home and live off "doles". Needless to add, all these must be fed. One-tenth of an entire population cannot be abandoned to starvation, especially when, even though willing and virtually compelled to work as opportunity offers, employment cannot be had.

This practically runs the gamut, with the exception of one aspect of the situation whose consideration is most essential to a long view.

Assuming the wealth of Great Britain at various times to have been as stated by the highest authorities, the yearly increment will appear as shown below in the fourth column:

Year	Wealth in Millions	Estimated by	Yearly rate of increment
1812	£2,190	Colquhoun	
1833	3,690	Pebrar	2.54
1845	4,000	Giffen	.67
1865	6,113	"	2.15
1875	8,548	"	3.42
1885	10,037	"	1.61
1895	10,663 ¹	"	.60
1905	13,036 ¹	Porter p. 703	2.00
1909	13,968 ¹	"	1.77
1914	14,300	Stamp (British Incomes and Property)	.45
1812 to 1875			2.18
1812 " 1914			1.855
1875 " 1914			1.33

¹ (These estimates by Giffen's methods are favored by Dr. Stamp and in the latest edition of Porter.)

From 1820 to 1914 the average yearly ratio of general government expenditure to aggregate wealth was 1.24 per cent. Consequently, under favorable conditions, the capacity of the people of the British Isles to accumulate wealth and to pay charges of general government may be measured by more than a century's experience:

Average yearly wealth increment.....	1.85
Average charges of government	1.24
	3.09

Say 3.1 per cent.

If it were reasonable to assume Britain to be as wealthy as in 1914 and to have been as prosperous since 1918 as during a century before, including the halcyon days of 1847-1872, there would be available for Government charges and wealth increment 3.1 per cent. on £14,300,000,000, equal to £443,300,000 yearly. Government expenditure has been:

1919.....	£1,665,773,000
1920.....	1,195,428,000
1921.....	1,079,187,000
1922.....	812,497,000
1923.....	788,840,000
	£5,541,725,000
Less five years' profits of the people.....	2,216,500,000
	5) 3,325,225,000
Average yearly impairment.....	665,045,000

Dr. Helfferich's estimate of Germany's wealth of 1912, at \$77,783,000,000, was probably correct, and his estimate of \$35,-700,000,000 for 1922 is substantially confirmed by the Dawes Committee report, as well as by the ensuing international action which was based upon it. But as the wealth of Britain must have declined more than that of Germany, at least 54 per cent. deduction is due to be made from Dr. Stamp's estimate of 1914, reducing the wealth of 1922 to £6,578,000,000. Yearly net income of the

people and government expenditure are indicated in millions in the following statement:

	<i>Wealth</i>	<i>Net income of people</i>	<i>Total</i>	<i>Government Expenses</i>
1922	£6,578	£204	£6,782	£812
1923	5,970	185	6,156	812
1924	5,367	166	5,533	788

Equal to £4,783 present wealth.

Thus the steady dwindling of "trade balance," or income available for investment abroad, from £252,000,000 in 1920 to £154,000,000 in 1922, to £102,000,000 in 1923, to £29,000,000 in 1924, to much less than nothing in 1925, is not only accounted for but is found to have been both logical and irresistible.

Clearly, as the British Ambassador originally asserted and as Mr. Chamberlain subsequently despairingly admitted when he started for the recent conference, the sole hope of England lies in resuscitation of trading conditions of former times; that is to say, in the success of practical application of the Locarno agreements.

Assuming ratification in due time by the various governments, what then from the viewpoint of Britain? Her political sacrifice is manifest. While the balance of power which she has held so long and wielded so skilfully in safeguarding her interests has, in pride-saving phrase, become "only automatic rather than optional," her parting with complete freedom of action in transferring its exercise to the Council of the League indubitably impairs the force of her famous tradition. But even so the weight of her influence in the body to which she has consigned it, with both France and Germany members on equal terms, cannot fail to be great and may prove in actual practice to be determining.

Moreover, no surrender of principle, such as would attend a like modification of the Monroe Doctrine by the United States, is involved, for the simple reason that English policy has never been subject to the restrictions of fundamental law, but answerable only to the demands of expediency, which in this instance clearly justified concession not only advantageous but absolutely essential to the peace which alone could open the way to prosperity.

Without peace there could be no trade, without trade England could not live; that was the long and short of it; and Locarno gives her at least the opportunity to reëstablish herself as a successful commercial nation; but no more than that.

What are the prospects of success? The new era of commercial rivalry which will be ushered in when, during the forthcoming year, the decks shall be cleared for action, will find England facing disadvantages such as have never confronted her before. Her national debt will approximate \$40,000,000,000, calling for annual interest payments of nearly, if not quite, \$2,000,000,000.

Germany's total liabilities will not exceed \$12,500,000,000, requiring negligible interest payments but reparations disbursements of \$305,000,000 during each of the next two years, of \$435,000,000 in the following year, and of \$625,000,000 per annum thereafter, all on account of principal, until the entire obligation shall be liquidated or quite probably refunded upon better terms.

France's total internal debt, the only one she feels bound to recognize, also stands at the present rate of exchange at about \$12,000,000,000, and, while the carrying charge will remain in doubt pending readjustment of her finances, it can hardly reach \$500,000,000 in addition to the 52 per cent. of reparations allotted to her from Germany.

The United States debt will soon be reduced to \$20,000,000,000, calling for not more than \$700,000,000 interest, with annual reduction of principal, chiefly by debt receipts from Great Britain, of \$200,000,000 per year, and complete extinguishment, under Secretary Mellon's plan, in thirty years.

The dead weight charges resting upon the four competing nations at the beginning of the new era will be approximately:

	<i>Interest or Reparations</i>	<i>Population</i>	<i>Per Capita</i>
Great Britain.....	\$2,000,000,000	45,000,000	\$44
France.....	500,000,000	40,000,000	12
United States.....	700,000,000	110,000,000	6
Germany.....	305,000,000	75,000,000	4

Even this enormous financial disparity hardly exceeds that of economic resources, preparedness and efficiency. Already, as against England's adverse trade balance, France has achieved a

substantial and increasing trade balance on the right side of the ledger, while the balance in favor of the United States, in the last fiscal year, reached the huge sum of \$1,042,681,497. The superiority in preparedness, and in efficiency on the part of Germany at least, of the three rival countries hardly calls for remark. Never before in her history has England faced anything like the zealous and relentless competition which awaits her reëntrance to markets which perforce for the first time look to another nation for working capital, and never before has she been relatively so ill equipped to overcome the tremendous handicaps which envelop her on all sides.

However well grounded in her marvelous record may be the confidence manifested by her politicians, so notably more fervid than that indicated by her economists, in England's ability to work, though hardly to muddle through, there can be no question that she has the longest and hardest pull ahead that she has ever known.

It is high time that Americans should be apprized of the real situation. Sir Esme Howard offset in advance Sir Robert Horne. Far better for England, at this stage, the blunt truth from a responsible Ambassador than lulling generalizations from an unauthorized ex-Chancellor.

And far better for America. No one country has ever had so huge a stake in another as the United States has today in Great Britain. It was a colossal undertaking on the part of England to pledge payment in gold of sums aggregating one-half of our great national debt. But appreciation of even that magnificent commitment palls before the gratitude we should feel for her upholding the standard of integrity among nations, whose maintenance as an essential factor in the development of civilization is now, at the beginning of our new career as the banker of the world, more vital to the continuing prosperity of our people than to that of any other.

Our debt to England for proving the fidelity of our race, as distinguished thus far from others, to recognition of just obligations, is no more measurable in dollars than hers to us in honor.

No doubt, as we are told persistently, it is our duty to help "the world"; but even obligations have degrees. Our first duty

is to the one great country that has established all Anglo-Saxons, our people no less than hers, as deservedly and unmistakably preëminent in financial integrity among the races of the earth.

It has become a cardinal principle of Great Britain, under the avowed headship of the King, to do nothing that might by any possibility impair the friendliness of, or give offense to, the United States. In honor, no less than in consideration of our own material welfare, we should respond in kind and make fidelity to our race second only to loyalty to our country.

THE NEXT CONFERENCE ON DISARMAMENT

I

ITS MEANING TO GREAT BRITAIN

BY LIEUT. COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

AMERICA has made the chief contribution towards world peace since the Armistice. The Washington Conference for the discussion of Naval Armaments, initiated by the American Government in the person of the President, had valuable results; and although the British Admiralty was hostile and the British Government at first suspicious or indifferent, the results were of great value to Britain.

Briefly, the effect has been to check the race in battleship construction. These great mastodons of the sea were of doubtful utility, even in the Great War. And that war was fought largely in the narrow seas. Their utility in an Atlantic or Pacific war, owing to the great distances to be traversed, is even more doubtful. But so long as one Power was building ships of the line in the shape of heavily armored and armed battleships of immense size and cost, others felt themselves bound to follow suit. It was like the days when all women wore bustles. Whether these aids to beauty suited a particular female figure or not, every lady had to carry one. Furthermore, the Admirals in all navies had been brought up in battleships, and few of them had seen service in torpedo boat destroyers or submarines. In consequence their minds were orientated to the battleship, and they could not make the intellectual *volte face* to visualise the naval warfare of today as a matter of three dimensions, with submarines below the surface, sea-going warships on the surface, and great seaplanes, of a design not yet attempted, scouring the clouds above the sea. The cost of these great luxuries had reached sixty million dollars

apiece. When this historic Conference met, a new race in the most costly type of warship was being run between the United States, Britain and Japan. It was not that there was any particular enmity among these three Powers, but the naval staff in each country felt that a potential naval enemy was part of the constitution, and, without a bogey to frighten the taxpayer, the money to pay for a vast navy could not be extracted from his unwilling pocket. So strong was this urge that even the Admiralties of impoverished France and Italy were projecting programmes of battleship construction, though their Governments claim to be unable to pay their debts or peg their exchanges.

Now, it was natural, and probably inevitable, that at the gathering of the nations at Washington to discuss naval armaments, the Admirals should muster in full force. Every nation sent Admirals. Every Admiral has a proper pride in his profession, and the command of great fleets in peace time and, thrilling thought, their deployment for action in some historic sea battle, is the dream of every naval officer's life. But the politicians felt another urge, and especially the British politicians. This was the bitter cry of the overburdened taxpayer. Even Britain, whose great strength and prestige has always rested on sea power, whose very existence depends upon the security of her trade routes in wartime, and whose only means of bringing pressure to bear on a strong military power on the Continent of Europe is her naval strength, felt bound to acquiesce in the arrangements proposed for the mutual stabilization of naval strength. All the world knows that, in spite of the naval experts, battleship construction has now practically stopped throughout the world, and many fine vessels completed or on the stocks have been ruthlessly scrapped or used as targets for artillery and aeroplane bomb-dropping experiments. If this agreement had not been reached, the United States, had she taken up the gage and accepted the challenge, would have outbuilt or bankrupted Britain and Japan, severally, in ten years. But it would be as sensible to call a conference of jockeys to abolish horseracing as to convene the Admirals to limit competition in naval armaments. They found themselves compelled to acquiesce in a cessation of battleship building. But they and their natural Allies, the armaments-

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making and armor-plate-rolling firms, found salvation in another direction. No limit was set to the building of so-called light cruisers. Only, their size was limited to 10,000 tons apiece and their guns to a calibre of 8 inches. Today the Powers principally concerned, the United States, Japan and Britain, with some assistance from Italy and France, have embarked on a new race in cruiser construction. Naval architects and scientists are prostituting their great knowledge, gifts and brain power to the evolving of a miniature or pocket dreadnought, miscalled a light cruiser. One of these new units of naval strength already costs more than a pre-war dreadnought battleship. The latest cruisers building for the United States, Britain and Japan, are costing round about fifteen million dollars apiece. They are powerfully armed, the more recent British cruisers carrying nine 8-inch guns; and it is credibly reported that the Japanese Admiralty has a design to carry twelve 8-inch guns within the limit of 10,000 tons displacement. They are of immense speed, already reaching 35 knots in a smooth sea, and speeds of 37 and even 38 knots have been spoken of. These vessels render obsolete nearly all other light cruisers already in the water. It is quite obvious that a new race in naval construction has commenced, and if we are to have peace in our time, a new Conference is urgently required at which some check can be put to the further building of cruisers. It was the British Admirals who objected to a limit on the number of cruisers, but it is the British taxpayer who has waked up, and will demand the correction of this error.

It is the same with torpedo-boat destroyers. These are of such size and cost today that they approach the old light cruiser built before the war. No limit has been set to their size, speed, number or cost, and if the Admiralties of the principal naval Powers get their way, they will build immense fleets of these potential commerce destroyers to the beggarment of the taxpaying public and the disturbance of the peace of the world.

It is quite evident that the real British interest lies in a general limitation of naval armaments to include all types of war vessels. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the other Powers would agree to the British cruiser fleet being somewhat the stronger, owing to the immense length of trade routes to be defended.

But we now come to the greatest menace of all where Britain is concerned, and that is the submarine. This dastardly weapon has lost much of its potency against war vessels. Many means have been devised for its detection and destruction, and although in the late war it somewhat circumscribed the actions of the strongest fleet, its great victories were really won over helpless merchant vessels. In the old days of the *guerre de course* or cruiser warfare, the unalterable law of the sea was that when a merchant vessel was made prize, her crew, and especially her passengers and non-combatants, should be treated with humanity and carried to safety. But the submarine cruiser captain, even with the will, has no means of obeying the old law of sea warfare. He did not have, and will not have in the future, the spare crew to take charge of prizes and convey them to port, nor could he take the crews and passengers of captured vessels on board his frail and crowded craft as prisoners. What was done in the late war was to sink the vessels out of hand and trust to luck, or to allow the crew first to take to the boats possibly hundreds of miles from land in nasty weather, and then sink the vessels; or, worse still, sink the vessels and then murder the crews deliberately. This was the policy of sinking without trace. It was the policy which sank the *Lusitania*. It was the policy which probably did more than anything else to bring the United States into the war on the side of the Allies.

Now, in the Great War, the German submarine was late in starting. The German Admiralty was a little slow in the up-take, and took some time to appreciate the potentialities of the submarine. When its full utility was discovered, the oversea bases did not exist to which the submarine cruisers could retire for repairs and refreshment. Again, the real type of submarine cruiser, or rather submersible commerce destroyer, was not evolved until toward the end of the war.

In another great naval war we need not expect the seaborne commerce of the world to get off quite so lightly. In a war of England and the United States of America against Japan, or of France against England, both sides would have ample overseas bases for their submarines, and it would be impossible to blockade these pests into their home waters as was done to the Germans

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and Austrians. The modern submarine cruiser can remain at sea for weeks, can dive on the approach of superior forces, and in deep water will be as difficult to find as the proverbial needle in the haystack. Also the hunting of submarines, once located, is done by a multitude of small craft specially prepared for the purpose. It will not be easy for these flotillas to operate far from home. It is true that, as the aeroplane and seaplane develop, a new menace to the ocean-going submarine will appear; but a modern submarine can carry aeroplanes herself. These can scout wide for the approach of aircraft carriers and can report even the big ocean-going seaplanes and larger airships themselves.

Apart from all questions of humanity and the ethics of warfare, Great Britain has a vital interest in the suppression of the submarine, because she will starve if her merchant shipping is driven off the sea. At the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, a half-hearted attempt was made to declare the submarine illegal in all navies, but it was defeated at the start by the French Admiralty. The submarine is cheap, and is a weapon *par excellence* of the weaker naval power. All the English succeeded in doing was to prohibit the building or ownership of submarines by the Germans. Some attempt was made behind the scenes at Washington to sound the naval experts and politicians present as to their willingness to declare the submarine an illegal weapon. Both the American and Japanese experts were inclined to be favorable; but the French, supported in a measure by the Italians, stood out against the great reform. But when the next Washington Conference takes place, we may expect the English to press hard for the submarine being declared illegal.

It may be said that submarines can be built in secret, and that an unscrupulous power may gain a real advantage from a supposedly artificial restriction of this kind. But although it may have been easy to build the old-fashioned submarine of a few hundred tons in secret, the real menace is from the great cruiser submarine, with her immensely powerful Diesel engines and her elaborate electrical storage batteries. And it would be difficult to build this type without the various naval staffs being informed. But be this as it may, the crews cannot be trained in secrecy, and it takes longer to train an efficient submarine crew than it does

to build the vessel herself. This particularly applies to the officers. The submarine, when submerged and attacking, depends on an occasional view through her hydraulically-raised periscope. It takes some years to train an officer to operate a periscope efficiently, that is to say to be able to judge distances and the speed and direction of the moving target through this complicated optical instrument. Even if an attempt were made to build submarines feverishly, and train the crews after the outbreak of war, the other Powers concerned would have a breathing space in which to prepare the anti-submarine flotillas and other counter measures.

The need for this prohibition is long overdue. A glance at the building programmes of the principal Powers concerned will make this evident. The number of submarines in their possession, all of which may be taken as fairly modern, is as follows:

British Empire	63
United States	118
Japan	51
France	46
Italy	43
Russia	28

The number building, most of which are of the very greatest size, are:

British Empire	4
United States	15
Japan	28
France (including 36 projected but not yet authorised)	59
Italy (including 8 projected, but not yet authorised)	20
Russia	1

The details of these vessels are interesting. Most of them rely on the torpedo and the mine as their principal weapons. But the French are beginning to arm their submarines with long range heavy guns of 6-inch calibre. This will enable them to follow the German practice towards the end of the war in relying more on the gun than on the torpedo; and this can only be for attacks on merchant ships.

No submarine armed with a couple of 6-inch guns could attack a cruiser, as she is much more vulnerable to a single hit than any

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surface vessel. One hole of any size in her hull, and her principal device of submersion becomes impossible. Also she is a bad gun platform for accurate shooting. But against weakly armed or unarmed merchant ships she is deadly.

Both Japan and the United States are building submarines with immense range of action and capable of making long cruises. On the other hand, the British have evolved two distinct types. We have first the submarine which began to make its appearance towards the end of the late War, and which may be described as the submarine destroyer. She carries a great number of torpedo tubes and her designers have concentrated on a high speed under water. Her function will be to cruise submerged in the most likely hunting-grounds of hostile submarine cruisers, and to destroy them by torpedoing, remaining under water herself for the purpose. The other type is really a submerged monitor, and three vessels are already commissioned, each carrying a 12-inch gun. This immense piece of ordnance formed the main armament of battleships right up to the outbreak of the Great War. The purpose of this vessel is not very clear. But it might be used for actual engagements with convoys of merchant ships, or for the bombardment of coastal towns at long range.

At the present moment, French statesmen are obsessed with two great needs of France, viz., military security and financial salvation. For the first they know well they must look to England. If England signs any pact for the defence of the French frontiers, she should demand her *quid pro quo* in two directions. She herself must seek pact of security in the air against the overwhelming French Air Force. This is a pact that may be broken. But it is perhaps more important that she should insist on a cessation of submarine building by her friend and ally, and, above all, for the support of the French Government at the next Washington Conference for the policy of outlawing the submarine. As for financial salvation, France must look both to Britain and to America, and it is to be hoped that any Dawes scheme applied to France will include a general limitation of armaments, particularly in aircraft and submarines.

Britain's interest in the naval side of the hoped-for new Washington Conference is special and clearly defined. Though she is

powerful at sea, she is also vulnerable. And she is concerned in the prevention of land warfare as a European Power. Britain is in Europe but not part of the Continent. Her interests in Europe are peace and financial stability. Any breach of the peace affects her; and her old traditional policy of "splendid isolation" is no longer possible. The Continent of Europe is a cesspool of national hatreds, suspicions and fears. Some of these are age-long and hereditary. Others are those directly caused by the unsettlement of natural and linguistic frontiers in the various Peace Treaties following the war.

A small advance might be made, also, by the further regularization of the traffic in arms and munitions of war. Those who make armaments and weapons for private profit have for long exerted an evil influence on the diplomacy of nations. Far better to prohibit all private trade in the murderous weapons of modern warfare. This is of special interest to Britain in that she wishes to prevent armaments finding their way to the Afghans, Arabs and other turbulent peoples who are her neighbors in Asia. Today the Riffs fight the French with English munitions, and the Afghans snipe British border posts in India with French rifles. It is surely to the interest of all to prohibit this nefarious traffic. The gun-running ships off the North Coast of Africa and in the Persian Gulf are more harmful than the bootlegging smugglers of liquor on the American coast. But in the same category is the sale of war vessels, aeroplanes, tanks and poison gases by the great engineering nations to their more primitive and virile fellow men in the Balkans and Eastern Europe. This talked-of prohibition of the private manufacture and sale of armaments and munitions has more in it than at first meets the eye. Modern armies depend less and less upon foot soldiers armed with rifles, and more and more upon tanks, aeroplanes and heavy artillery. Foot soldiers are cheap, and can be prepared for the field in six weeks. But they will not be the arbitrators of victory and their six weeks' training will but lead them to the shambles. By preventing the application of engineering science for gain to the manufacture of weapons, the possibility of sporadic outbreaks between smaller nations, with the risks of involving Great Powers, will be lessened.

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But armies take time to mobilise, time to deploy, time to go into action. In another Great War the first battles will be joined in the air, objectives being the great centres of population in the adversary country, and the methods of attack, the use of terrible explosives, poisons and even disease germs. Britain here has a unique interest. Her capital, the greatest city in the world,—exposed to aerial attack, sprawling, congested, vulnerable, of vital importance, a great port, the seat of Government for the greatest of all Empires,—lies open and helpless to attack by French aeroplanes. No fixed defences, no arrangement of anti-aircraft batteries, no defending fleets of aeroplanes, could hope to ward off nightly and repeated attacks from French air squadrons. All that could be done would be to counter-attack Paris, Lille and other great centres of population in France. However feasible this may appear to the respective great General Staffs, humanity should, and will, recoil from the very horror of such events. Can the conscience of the world be roused to the prohibition of air attack on cities? If so, mutual fear and suspicion, the great breeders of armaments, may be appeased. For although the laws of war are habitually disregarded, the fact that the laws exist will make people less willing to bear the cost of the great bombing squadrons for the violation of such laws. It will be to the interest of the plain people in all nations to keep down military air forces. And Great Britain's interest is clear enough. She will be on the side of those who advocate the illegality of air attacks on cities and the limitation of air armaments generally.

These, then, will be the main interests of Britain at the next international conference on war and peace, wherever and whenever it may be held. It would be optimistic to hope that one conference will settle even the main questions. But it would be better to confer at seventy times seven international meetings than to remain supine while the world drifts on to another catastrophe.

J. M. KENWORTHY.

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II

ITS MEANING TO AMERICA

BY CAPTAIN A. W. HINDS, U. S. N.

ONE of the main reasons for the great popularity of President Coolidge is that he is in favor of rigid economy in Government expenditures. In cutting these the pruning must be done with political foresight, to keep from treading too hard on the toes of those interested in having Government money spent in this or that section. Cuts in Army or Navy appropriations, however, are always more popular than in other departments, for the personnel forming the fighting forces cast practically no vote and in consequence the Army and Navy have no political influence. Naturally there is always local objection to closing a navy yard or an army post; still it is strange, but true, that it is almost impossible, due to practical politics, to close one, no matter how unimportant it may be from the standpoint of strategy.

In addition to the popularity of any move toward governmental economy, the President's hand is further strengthened, when considering reduction of armed forces, by a general world trend toward smaller armies and navies. The World War cost many lives and much money and the world is impoverished and sick. "The Devil was sick—the Devil a monk would be," applies admirably. Further reductions in the Army and Navy, therefore, not only fit in well with the President's *penchant* for economy, but reductions of armed forces would also fit in with the leanness of purse in other countries.

Before taking up the practicability of accomplishing anything worth while by a second disarmament conference, it might be well to glance at the possible saving to the United States Treasury

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in case of a successful meeting of such a body. In 1923 the main items of expense of the General Government were as follows:

(1) Interest on public debt	\$1,055,924,000
(2) Veterans' Bureau	461,719,000
(3) War Department	392,734,000
(4) Interior Department	354,623,000
(5) Navy Department	333,201,000
(6) Treasury Department	145,017,000
(7) Department of Agriculture	128,746,000

Items 1, 2, 3 and 5 are the results of past wars or are due to preparation for war in the future. They amount to about two and a quarter billions out of a rough total of three and a quarter billion dollars for ordinary Government expenditures during 1923—about seventy per cent. In making plans to save money items 3 and 5 are the only ones in which much can be saved; interest on the public debt and expenses of the Veterans' Bureau must go on until the debt is paid and the veterans die.

The actual saving would therefore have to take place in the appropriations for the Army and Navy, which in 1923 amounted to about \$725,000,000—less than one-fourth of the total expenses of the Government. The main point is that even if the Army and Navy were entirely wiped out, the budget would still be very heavy. The cost of war would still make up a large percentage of the budget, but it is the cost of a past war and could in no way be reduced by pruning the present Army and Navy appropriations. If it is desired to get rid of the exorbitant cost of war, this country must possess its soul in patience for about half a century until the present war debt is paid and the major portion of the veterans take the long journey—and then see to it that there are no more wars in the future.

While the saving of a certain percentage of the seven hundred millions or so now representing the cost of the Army and Navy would amount to something, yet the main thing to be considered in the next reduction of armament conference is whether war can be avoided in the future, so that the cost of an actual war can be forestalled. It is not the cost of standing armies and navies that is so ruinous—it is the actual war that hurts, for wars have become so nearly national in character that if this

country should be drawn into a war in the future it is probable that practically every man, woman and child would be on the pay roll.

In thinking about the next conference for reduction of armament, neither the policies this Government desires to enforce nor the lessons of history should be neglected. Our representatives at the conference must be able to interpret the will of the nation—a difficult task indeed for, barring the Monroe Doctrine, our policies are not clear cut. The people make national policies, but the average man is so busy with his own affairs that there is not one in a hundred who is much concerned over what part the United States is to play in world affairs—and this means a great deal when trying to make an intelligent analysis of what our course should be in the next armament conference.

Who knows, for instance, what part the United States wills to take in influence in the Pacific Ocean? On the shores of the Atlantic conditions are fairly well stabilized, but China, Manchuria and Eastern Siberia are the Balkans of the Far East, and the caldron is now boiling in Eastern Asia.

Who knows our government policy in connection with the Philippine Islands? If we cast loose from them, are we to protect them against aggression by other nations? Once the Philippines are cast loose from the United States, what will Congress do in case of trouble between a weak Philippine Government and some stronger power? Will it become stampeded as it was over the question of Japanese immigration?

An outline of United States policy on the Philippine question will mean a great deal to our conferees in the next disarmament meeting; in fact it is difficult to see how they can act intelligently unless they know what the United States fleet may be called on to do in the Western Pacific. Naval strategy and national policy are closely tied to each other, and both must be clearly understood by our next disarmament conferees—if they are to avoid bad bargains.

There can be no better illustration of the interdependence of strategy and national policy than in the history of the rise of the British Empire, whose statesmen have been forced to keep themselves posted on what the British fleet could do and what it

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could not do. Those responsible for the course of the Empire have almost invariably acquired the fundamentals of naval strategy, and it has paid an hundredfold. The Japanese have studied history carefully, and have closely patterned the British in treating policy and strategy together, and have prospered in so doing.

One might think it strange that American statesmen, representing so intelligent a people, cannot look as far ahead as the statesmen of the two nations just mentioned. It is not strange at all. Statesmanship in many other countries is a life work. In the United States a man spends the best part of his life in becoming successful in business, and is then called in to take his trick at the wheel of the Ship of State, ordinarily for not longer than one Presidential term. Under such conditions it would be more than strange to find Americans as able in statesmanship as those who spend their lives in diplomacy, because we simply have not had the necessary experience. In consequence, those who realize how close the coördination between policy and strategy must be always dread international conferences for fear that our representatives, lacking experience, may be beaten at the council table. In the last disarmament conference the United States gave away much more than any other nation, as the completion of our 1916 building programme would have given us by far the most powerful navy in the world. Why it was necessary to give away so much is not known; perhaps it was a case of *noblesse oblige*.

Nations are very much like individuals and when their representatives sit around the council table it is their plain duty to drive the best possible bargain. Ordinarily when a trade is in the making, it is based on what the traders have to bargain with. At the last armament reduction conference in Washington only naval vessels were considered, but the conference took into account not only war ships in commission but those building or appropriated for. As a matter of fact the apparent reluctance of the great sea Powers to meet in a second armament reduction conference indicates that the first conference would not have been possible if the United States had not had under construction the most powerful navy afloat.

If President Coolidge succeeds in obtaining acceptances for the next conference, the traders will foregather with about the following goods on the counter:

	Battle-ships or Battle Cruisers	Modern Cruisers	Destroy-ers	Fleet Sub-marines	Sub-marines	Aircraft Carriers
British Empire . . .	18	57	203	9	34	6
Japan	10	28	92	20	39	3
United States	18	12	289	7	50	3

For the sake of simplicity only the three leading naval Powers are considered.

The British Empire now has twenty battleships to eighteen for the United States, but two modern ones are to replace four older battleships, so that the United States and the British will eventually have the same number, eighteen. Both the British and Japanese battleships can fight at longer ranges than the American ships, and they have superiority in speed. If equally well handled they should be able to destroy the American battleships without much damage to themselves because they could keep out of range of our guns and still hit our ships—a similar advantage to the one the boxer with the longer reach has over a short-armed opponent. Congress is fully advised of the American inferiority in this respect.

It will be noted that the United States has an apparent marked superiority in destroyers. Included in the 203 British destroyers are eighteen destroyer leaders; they are heavier, better sea boats than our destroyers. They are used by the division commanders, and in a moderate sea British destroyer divisions should do better work than ours, as the British destroyer flag boat will make better weather than our smaller flag boats and the British division should consequently be better handled.

In comparing numbers of destroyers, the number of light cruisers must also be considered. Destroyer attacks on capital ships are made from ahead. If made from astern the capital

ship is running away from the torpedo, which makes the effective range of that weapon too short. Note the marked superiority of the British and Japanese in light cruisers. In battle these light cruisers could prevent our destroyers from getting into firing position ahead of their battle line of capital ships. Not only that, but the preponderance in light cruisers would enable them to drive off the protecting light cruisers and destroyers in our own van and make it possible for the British or Japanese to get home a destroyer attack, although they have fewer destroyers than the United States. In other words, our superiority in number of destroyers is completely nullified. These two countries would have the advantage now, and this advantage will remain with them as long as we permit them to hold their present cruiser superiority.

Note also the greater number of fleet submarines owned by the British, and especially the strength of Japan in this type. Fleet submarines can steam great distances, and they have enough speed to take part in a fleet action. Ordinary submarines have a speed too low to keep up with the main body. They are weapons of chance—if they happen to be in the right place during a fleet action they are dangerous enemies, but the probabilities are against their attaining a position to be effective in a fleet fight; they are best used locally to prevent an enemy fleet from coming too near a nation's own coast or to destroy ships that do come within the submarine's area of action.

No special comment on aircraft carriers is necessary; under the present treaty the British Empire and the United States are each allowed 135,000 tons, while Japan is limited to 81,000 tons. Up to the present time the whole question of what aircraft can do in a naval war is very much unsettled. There is a well defined limit as to the amount of explosive a plane can carry—acting against the laws of gravity—and their hitting ability when kept at high altitudes by gunfire is still questionable. The weather also has a decided effect in limiting their usefulness in a fight at sea.

There are two other ideas that come naturally into the problem of what the United States policy should be at the next disarmament meeting: (1) National wealth, and (2) the sea going population of the nations concerned.

The national wealth of the United States gives her statesmen the whip hand as to the size of all navies—and after all is it not best to use the firm hand? Roughly speaking, the national wealth of the five principal Powers runs, in billions of dollars, about as follows: United States 320, British Empire 130, France 90, Italy 35, and Japan 22. Suppose the United States should “lay the cards on the table”, and say to those nations that are now superior to us in light cruisers and fleet submarines: “We are going to build as many light cruisers and as many fleet submarines as the strongest naval power.” What would be the result? It would undoubtedly be an immediate request from other sea Powers for a conference on further disarmament. Such a course would place the United States in a safe position at sea, and at the same time would, in all probability, obtain the desired results.

And in this next conference the sea-going population of the British Empire and Japan should be carefully considered by those representing the United States. Suppose, for instance, it should be suggested that all naval powers make a drastic cut in capital ships, and that the majority type of war vessel retained be cruisers. This would leave the United States at a distinct disadvantage for, in case of war, either the British Empire or Japan could quickly obtain control of the sea by arming merchantmen. They have the sea-going personnel to man these ships and the United States has not.

After all, the whole question of partial disarmament hinges on what international policies the United States intends to enforce. I believe the most important and most troublesome question is what course this country intends to take as to the future of the Philippine Islands. Certainly the national mind is not made up on this subject. If we do cast loose from the Philippines, and if it is true that history repeats itself, then it is certain that some other strong power will take over those islands. What would the United States do under such circumstances? Ordinarily it is a bad practice to cross bridges before one gets to them, but this is not so in the formation of national policies. Successful statesmen must be able to look many years ahead, and it is certain that no intelligent naval strategy can be worked out nor can any sound building policy be laid down unless our naval strategists know

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whether our statesmen will use the fleet to protect the Philippine Islands if it is needed in that area.

If the American fleet should ever be needed in the Western Pacific, then the last disarmament conference gave our Commander-in-Chief a tremendous handicap when our representatives accepted the policy that the United States is to have no naval base in the Philippine area.

During the past three thousand years I believe it is an historical truth that those nations which have risen have been those willing to accept international responsibility, and the growth of every successful nation has been based on its sea power. It is also true that nations which have not progressed and assumed leading positions in world influence have decayed and eventually have been taken over by their stronger neighbors. All this may have been very wrong, but it has happened just the same.

It may be that national morals have changed so much in recent years that there will be no more grasping of world power and influence by the more virile peoples. If so, it will be possible to reduce armed forces to the size required for international police purposes.

In any case, our naval power is now well below that of the British Empire and we are much weaker than Japan in the cruiser type. If, and when, the Congress sees fit to appropriate for a cruiser strength equal to that of the British Empire, there will be pressure for the next disarmament congress.

The representatives of the United States in this future conference will have a heavy responsibility on their shoulders. They must be far-sighted statesmen, able to read the mind of the nation as to the yet unformed policies which will best serve the interests of the country. In particular they must know the will of the United States concerning the Philippine Islands, and know whether it will be the policy to use the fleet in that area if needed. Furthermore, these men must know the A B C's of naval strategy, for national policy and naval strategy go hand in hand.

A. W. HINDS.

UNITED DEFENSE SERVICES

BY OSCAR SOLBERT

IF wars are still possible and to be feared, a government must maintain land, sea and air forces; and since this burden is necessary, those armed services, in justice to the taxpayer who foots the bill for this insurance, must be organized for maximum efficiency at minimum cost. Maximum efficiency requires unity of organization and unity of command of all fighting forces. Minimum cost requires elimination of duplication and overlapping of the different services of supply, ordnance, finance, medical aid, etc., by uniting the supply and administrative branches. Experience in the last war urgently demands in the interest of economy and efficiency improvement in the manner of preparing for wars; and what is more important it demands, in compliance with the military logic of unity of command, a change in the machinery of conducting warfare.

It is possible that the last great world struggle may have lessened the future likelihood and frequency of war, but no one will dispute the fact that causes which may precipitate wars exist today as in the past. Since we have not totally abolished war or domestic strife, a responsible government to function properly in its obligations to its people must maintain land, sea and air forces, which are necessary for the double purpose, first, of preventing war by the nation being sufficiently prepared so that it is not a temptation to an unscrupulous and aggressive enemy; and secondly, as a final means of maintaining domestic tranquillity.

The existence of the armed establishment being a necessary burden to the taxpayer, it should be maintained as economically as possible. The first step in this direction with respect to one of the services, the Army, was a long one in the most excellent Defense Act of 1920. It would seem that another logical step in applying the lessons of the recent war would be the combination for proper team play of the three defense services—the Army,

the Navy and the Air Force—under one Secretary of the Cabinet with a coördinating combined staff. Since the common object of the three fighting forces in war is victory, the question naturally arises why they should not be under a common head and so combined for recruiting, supply, intelligence, war plans, etc., that in peace there can be laid down against every potential emergency a well prepared and combined plan containing the proper rôles of each service, to the end that in time of war there may be a single and supreme authority to direct the swift and coördinate execution of the plan of campaign into victory. Such a combination of the services seems logical for two reasons: First, the military necessity of unity of command in war, and the anticipation of this function in time of peace in unity of organization; and, second, for the imperative demands of economy and efficiency.

Not until near the end of the recent war and after several makeshifts had been tried and failed were the Allied armies, in the face of defeat, forced by necessity to accept and carry out the all important principle of unity of command in order to achieve victory. This, above all others, is the outstanding lesson of the war. It teaches that however many, however great and however different are the forces to be used in the carrying out of a plan of war, the direction of these forces must be in the hands of one leader. Hundreds of experts in all branches of the fighting forces will contribute to the preparation of the plan of campaign; but if it is to be brought to a victorious execution, the sole directing power must necessarily repose in one—the most competent strategist—the Chief of the Combined Staff.

The will to coöperate between the services is not enough: what is needed is the establishment of definite machinery of coöperation. Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson said: "The word coöperation translated into action was the way to lose a war . . . the difference between coöperation and command was the difference between the losing and the winning of the war."

With the future tendencies of warfare, unity of command will be even more important. In the past practically every war was ultimately won by the attack and physical presence and occupation of a conquered place or territory by the infantry. The

artillery, cavalry, and even the Navy were, in a sense, considered auxiliaries for the purpose of preparing and opening the way for the final taking and holding by the infantry. This may be less true in the future, since the development in services heretofore considered auxiliaries has the tendency of making the aeroplane as well as the tank an offensive arm of major importance. This tendency may even in time have the effect of reducing infantry to holding and garrisoning functions in strategy rather than attacking and capturing functions in tactics.

An army commanded in battle is somewhat comparable to the unity of command of land, sea and air forces in war. The army is composed of the different branches of infantry, cavalry, artillery, etc. The army commander may be an infantry officer. He may not be expert in the knowledge of minor artillery, cavalry, tank or air tactics, yet he commands the aggregate army composed of these, with only a knowledge of the powers and limitation of their rôles and when to employ them. In battle he guides them all, now manœuvring with this arm and threatening with another; now opening a battle with one and making the main attack with the combination of a second and third, and finally taking up the pursuit with a fourth; so disposing and employing the different branches of his army as the tactics of the occasion demand in order to overcome the enemy. It would be obviously absurd if the infantry, the artillery, the tanks, etc., were to take the field under separate commanders of equal rank, with no other means of co-operation and liaison than now exist between the Army and the Navy. Coöperation and liaison, however good, can never take the place of the definite machinery of unity of command. And to this end should they be trained and prepared in time of peace, for to train in peace under one organization and to fight under another is a sure way to defeat.

In case of a sudden declaration of war and an immediate danger of attack, the Air Force, as the first line of defense, would be first mobilized and, in turn, would protect the concentration of the Navy. The Army would be the last to mobilize and concentrate under the protection of the first two. From the time that the three forces are ready for hostilities, there is hardly an operation, at least not a major operation (with the exception of an inde-

pendent air attack), throughout the following hostilities where one of these services will act independently. Experience has proved and developments seem to indicate that they must always act in combinations, as the Army and Navy operated throughout the war in conjunction with the Air Force. In the future there may be newer necessities for the Army and Navy to coöperate. We may have submarines carrying amphibious tanks loaded with soldiers to be cast up unexpectedly on some remote and hostile shore for a swift and secret invasion or a raid. Many novel combinations are bound to materialize in future warfare based on team play between the services which are necessarily interdependent for support. Since in their employment each branch plays only a partial rôle, however necessary a contribution, they must therefore be properly coördinated by the unity of command to attain success.

Since both strategy and tactics are dependent upon movement, these two divisions of the art of war for the three services are becoming, if it may be ventured, more similar. As the invention of the tin can revolutionized warfare so that armies no longer had to live off the land and could march great distances from their bases of food supply, so has the internal combustion engine had an equal influence in reducing time and space in warlike operations. Petroleum derivatives are now the propelling forces of the Army, Navy and Air Forces. The Navy steams by oil. Motor transportation moves foot soldiers in strategical and even in tactical disposition. Artillery is motorized. Gasolene propels the fleets of aeroplanes and tanks. All supplies within the fighting zone are carried by motor transportation. The more mechanicalized the services become as to movement and uniform as to weapons, the more similar will become the whole aspect of their operations.

It will be noted that references have been made to the three fighting services throughout as if the Air Force were a separate arm. This was done in the firm belief that it must be so in the near future through the rapid development and fulfilment of the tremendous possibilities which lie in this new mode of movement and warfare that is yet in its infancy, both from a commercial as well as a military point of view. Its development will accelerate since we have here a service which is more valuable in peace than

in war, and can be readily transferred from the former to the latter purpose without appreciable alteration. It seems almost a sufficient argument for a separate Air Force that the fact of its division between the two older services "cramps its style" and creates a grave danger that, being specialized as Army and Navy auxiliaries, it will be unable readily to develop what may become an entirely revolutionary offensive and defensive power. Yet, whatever its present condition of servitude, aviation, with its power increasing so stupendously and with such astonishing rapidity, will create for itself a separate place in the art of war, despite advances in the other services. Aviation has already, while in its mere infancy, profoundly influenced both land and sea warfare. Separately, it has the extraordinary ability of leaping over armies and navies and attacking vulnerable industries and the population which supports them. For not only is the morale of the fighting forces dependent upon the psychology of the civil population, but as in the last, so in any future war, will the whole population be at war as much as the soldiers who make contact with the enemy's fighting line. The size of an Air Force of the future is unlimited, both as to the measureless space for operations and from a point of view of production. Is it a flight of fancy to imagine in the future one aviator as leader, guiding by means of wireless, a flock of one hundred aeroplanes?

The premise upon which a separate Air Force is argued is that first and foremost both the Army and Navy should at all times have their own air auxiliaries, under their own control and of whatever size required to carry out their rôles in war. These necessary auxiliary air forces, however retained as part of the older services, will be a mere trifle compared to the size that the independent Air Force must be when the necessity for its employment arrives. It is therefore most essential that the Army and Navy continue to have their own auxiliaries after a separate Air Force has been established. Supposing the existence of a large and separate Air Force, economy of training and design would still be attained if the Army and Navy pilots were instructed in its aviation schools, and the research, design and production of the aeroplanes were carried out for the three services by the independent Air Force. Again, under combined control

of the services, a joint air demonstration of all the air crafts of the services would be possible. If and when there is a separate Air Service, the question will arise of adding still another Secretary to an already unwieldy Cabinet, and at the same time still further complicate team work between the services, both in preparing for war as well as in the conduct of it. On the other hand, with a single Secretary the advantages of both a separate Air Service and the present system would be maintained under a single authority controlling the three armed branches.

Questions immediately arise as to the duties and composition of the Combined Staff. In general terms it should be composed of experts familiar with the strategy and tactics of the three fighting branches, detailed from these services and supervised by a Chief of Staff. The duties of this body would be to elaborate the defense policy of the Government as befits our geographical, ethnical and economic conditions into grand strategy and combined war plans to meet every possible emergency which might necessitate the employment of armed forces. The Combined Staff and its Chief would be under, and responsible to, a member of the Cabinet, who might be aptly styled the secretary of the Department of Defense. On this Secretary of Defense would fall, not only the responsibilities of the entire conduct of war, but also the delicate task of coördinating policy, which is not the sphere of the soldier, and of directing its application in strategy, which is hardly within the competent knowledge of the politician. Napoleon's success was, to a great extent, due to the fact that he originated his own policy of state and carried it out as the supreme commander of the resources and armed forces of France. But no head of state holds such absolute and dual capacities today. The Combined Staff, with its Chief, would be the Secretary of Defense's advisory body in all matters pertaining to the fighting forces and the conduct of war. Being a member of the President's Cabinet, he would be responsible for seeing that the national policy be properly carried out by the armed establishment. The Chief of the Combined Staff might well sit at the war deliberations of the Cabinet, where he would be a necessary aid to the Secretary of Defense in his responsibility to the Cabinet and in his exposition to that body of the war plans. At the same time he would be the proper liaison

officer to carry back to the Combined Staff a first-hand picture of the political factors that would influence the working out of the Government's policy into offensive and defensive plans.

The chief functions of the Combined Staff would be summed up in the work done by its main division: i.e., training, intelligence, planning and operations divisions. Its administrative and supply departments, though important, would have to take second place. Each of the three services, as at present, would retain its own Commander-in-Chief with its own General Staff. The duties of each General Staff would be to prepare, in accordance with the war plans of the Combined Staff, the plan of campaign for the rôle that had been designated to its particular service. The quartermaster, ordnance, etc., branches of these General Staffs would continue functioning but under the direct supervision and control of a similar combined department in the Combined Staff.

For economy and efficiency the administrative and supply branches of the three services should be combined as far as is practicable in each case to form departments, the heads of which should be members of the Combined Staff. The duties of these heads of departments would be to coördinate and control the supply and administration of all the services. Again, speaking broadly, and merely indicating the scope of work of the departments, there should be a department that would deal with the organization of transport for road, rail and air movements; a department for supply of weapons, ammunition, covering research, design, experimentation, production and repairs; another department to deal with housing construction, food, clothing, etc., a department to deal with personnel, recruiting, morals, discipline (coördinating the code of discipline for the three services) and mobilization; a medical department; a finance department, dealing with pay, costs, auditing, accounting, etc. It might not be possible fully to combine all of these services and make each one a homogeneous whole, but this should be done as far as is practicable; and such a scheme would reduce duplication, overlapping, and rivalry of the services in competing for appropriations.

With the administrative and supply branches combined, there would be an immediate release of personnel from administrative work for line service, and a corresponding reduction in expendi-

tures on overhead charges. Economics certainly would be realized by a complete coördination in procuring and distributing supplies, transport, intelligence, etc. If the coördination needed in war is not effected in peace, it must then be accomplished after hostilities begin, and the valuable time so lost may spell defeat; and defeat is expensive.

As has been suggested, the personnel of the Combined Staff should consist of a sufficient number of officers drawn from the three services. But where shall be found officers expert in the strategy and tactics of all three services to compose this super-staff and, above all, where will be found the great strategist capable of being Chief of this body? The ready answer is that such officers do not at present exist. But if they do not exist and there is a need for them, they can be created. Let officers who wish to become eligible for the Combined Staff and who prove proficient, graduate in turn from each of the Army, Navy and Air Staff Colleges, with an additional period of training with each of these services. Such officers would be eligible for a more advanced course in the conduct of war as a whole in a still higher institution of learning not yet established, but the need of which is paramount. This institution might be named the Combined War College and its curriculum would comprise the study of the science of war from a combined aspect and not as three separate activities, as well as the study of the influence of national resources, industries, commerce, finance, legislation, foreign policies, propaganda and psychology of the people on the general conduct of war. Such a seat of learning is not only logical but a necessary preparation for warfare of the future.

The duties of the Chief of the Combined Staff are of the greatest importance, and he should be well chosen. From whatever service he has sprung, it would be well that in his complex responsibilities he be aided by two Assistant Chiefs of Staff originally of the other services. In order to secure a continuity of policy in the Combined Staff work, the proposition might be considered of making these assistants in turn heirs apparent for the position of Chief. Again, for each war problem one of the three services would be the predominant partner and the Chief or Assistant Chief representing that service might be called upon to act as

Chief of the Combined Staff in supervising the solution of such problem. In peace the functions of the Chief of the Combined Staff are to supervise the activities of his Staff, particularly of the three essential sections of training, intelligence, planning, and operations, with the control over the administrative and supply departments perhaps delegated to an assistant. But upon the outbreak of hostilities he (or if for some special reason due to the peculiar character of the war the choice of Chief of the Combined Staff fell upon one of the Assistants) would come into full command of the combined conduct of war, subjective, of course, to the Secretary of Defense. This virtual dictator and his Combined Staff would remain at the seat of Government and from there direct the general course of the war, as well as the mobilizing of the nation and its resources to the end of victory.

The separate entities of the Army, Navy and Air Force would not be interfered with by the Chief of the Combined Staff after each Commander-in-Chief had received his strategic directions. When, for instance, the troops are in the theatre of operations, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army would have supreme control over them and freedom to decide his own plan of action in the field to accomplish the task assigned him.

It would naturally take a considerable period of time to get such a reorganization of the control of the fighting force to work properly, and much of it would naturally be contingent upon the formation of a Combined War College by a number of years. There would be many difficulties and considerable inertia to overcome; but if there is an imperative need of a reorganization, as there undoubtedly seems to be, the powers that be should not hesitate to make the change because of obstacles of present existing conditions, but should look forward to future requirements. This machinery of coördination and control cannot be set up over night and can only be established after thorough investigation proves that sound military and political fundamentals demand it.

OSCAR SOLBERT.

SENIORITY RULE IN CONGRESS

BY JAMES K. POLLOCK, JR.

CONGRESSES may come and go, but the seniority rule stays on indefinitely. In the American system of Congressional Committees there is no single part which is so important and influential as the selection of the chairmen, and after men have been in Congress for several years they realize that they are only units of the four hundred and thirty-five atoms which make up the House, and that their influence is *nil* unless they have secured preferment by being appointed to the chairmanship of some major committee. Realization of the power of committees over the course of legislation, and of the supreme power of the chairmen of the important committees both in the Senate and the House, does not seem to be very general, and when a group of Congressional insurgents cry "The seniority rule must go!" their cry does not bring forth a popular demonstration to support them. To be sure, the power of the Speaker to appoint committees in the House was taken from him as a result of a manufactured popular movement against him, and the effect on the procedure of the House was very great. But this exception proves the rule that Congress is generally left alone in matters of internal concern.

When a new Congress organizes, since committee assignments are so important, there is a more or less dignified scramble for committee places. Through the operations of the party caucuses, selections are finally made and later these are formally ratified by the Houses. From early years the rule that has been generally followed in the appointment of committees is the so-called seniority rule. This means that Senators or Representatives receive committee assignments according to their years of service on committees. The Senator who has served for twenty years comes ahead of the Senator who has just entered.

It has made no difference whether Republicans or Democrats

controlled Congress; the method of selection has been the same. In the House of Representatives, the rule has not been so absolutely dominant as in the Senate, but nevertheless it has been regularly followed, for no other rule has ever been devised which would work so well. Representative Luce has pointed out that in the seven appointments that took place from 1896 to 1910, about 407 chairmen were named. Of these, 265 were reappointments, 93 were promotions of men already on the committees, and only forty-nine, or an average of seven for each appointing, were new men brought to chairmanships from outside the ranks of the respective committees. The practice, then, is a universal one; it is a more or less fixed part of Congressional procedure. It is bipartisan, and its results can be observed in a Democratic Senate as well as in a Republican Senate, although the operations of the rule have been more often called to public attention in Republican Senates, since "insurgency" has been more rampant in the Republican party than in the Democratic, and less harmony ordinarily prevails in the Republican party when committee assignments are being made.

The way the seniority rule has worked in recent years is very interesting and the results of its operation give us considerable enlightenment. The chief objection that has always been raised against the rule is that merit is not considered in assigning committee places. In other words, many believe that merit alone should determine assignments, and not age or length of service. They will give instances of committee chairmen who have not only been old but have been wrong headed—that is, wrong headed to those who would like to supplant them. Senator Penrose was always heralded as a glaring example of what the seniority rule develops. He was considered wrong headed by many people, not because they disagreed with his finance measures, but because they disagreed with his machine tactics and boss rule. The argument of merit could scarcely be raised against him, for there have been few abler men in the Senate on finance matters. Senator Lodge also came in for more than his share of abuse, because he had become chairman of the important Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate. The opposition to Mr. Lodge was not based on merit, because few men in the Senate knew as

much about foreign affairs as the senior Senator from Massachusetts.

"Seniority should not determine," men say; but those whom they suggest for committee places often bring forth a laugh. It is only natural, when Senators have waited many long years to gain preferment, that they should object to any modification of the rule that might cause their displacement. After having served in the House of Representatives, Senator Lodge was elected to the Senate in the Fifty-third Congress, and like most newcomers he was placed at the bottom of the committee list. In the Fifty-fourth Congress he was given an unimportant chairmanship, but this was no special honor since at that time there were enough committees to give every Senator of the majority party a chairmanship. In the Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Congresses he was Chairman of the Committee on the Philippines, which at that time was of some importance. In the succeeding Congresses he held chairmanships of minor committees, but it was not until the Sixty-sixth Congress in 1919, after twenty-six years of service in the Senate, that he was made chairman of an important committee. When Henry Cabot Lodge came to the Senate he had had considerable service in the House, and was a man of more than ordinary ability and training; but he was given no preferment, and had to work his way to the top by service. Why should he have changed the seniority rule so that he could be supplanted by someone who was unacquainted with legislative generalship?

Senator Penrose did not become Chairman of the Finance Committee until the Sixty-second Congress, in 1911, after having been in Congress since 1897. When Senator Underwood was elected to the Senate in 1914, after having been the leader of the Democratic party in the House, he was given a minor committee assignment, being made Chairman of the Committee on Cuban Relations. When Senator Lenroot came to the Senate in April of 1918, after very able service in the House, he was made Chairman of the Committee on Railroads, which had no importance. John Sharp Williams, coming to the Senate in 1911 after having been leader of the House, was not especially recognized, being made a member of the Committee of Audit of the Contingent

Expenses of the Senate. Is it not significant to find that these able men, who have had to gain experience from service in the Senate, should not think it advisable to change the seniority rule? Would it not seem that ability without experience in the Senate would get nowhere?

When Horace Greeley had his brief but brilliant career in the House of Representatives, he was so much impressed with the importance and power of leadership of the committee chairmen that he advocated for them a scale of increasing salaries, mounting fifty and one hundred per cent. All observers of the business of Congress agree that the chairmanships of important committees call for the highest generalship. They agree that it is folly to trust the floor management of any important measure to any other than an old hand. As one writer has said: "Men may enter Congress with names however great for integrity or learning—these are not the chief passports to prominence there." Consequently a very able man coming to the Senate for the first time, or even having been there for a term, is not as likely to handle the business of the Senate with the proper dispatch and generalship as a Senator who may be somewhat less able (if we are capable of judging), but who has been in the Senate for many years and is acquainted with the intricacies of procedure and management. Of course there are bound to be a few exceptions, but we find that where there is really an exceptional case, the seniority rule is not so riveted and deep-rooted after all.

For instance, in the Forty-fifth Congress three prominent persons came to the Senate for the first time: David Davis, James G. Blaine, and G. F. Hoar. At the same time a young and obscure man came as Senator from Pennsylvania, J. D. Cameron, son of former Senator Cameron. It is interesting to find that all three of the prominent newcomers were given preferment. Senator Davis, who had been a member of the Supreme Court for fifteen years, was made the ranking Democratic member of two important committees, Judiciary and Pensions. James G. Blaine was made Chairman of the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment, and Senator Hoar was made the ranking member of two committees, Indian Affairs, and Privileges and Elections. On the other hand Senator Cameron, who was almost unknown ex-

cept as the son of a former Senator, was placed at the bottom of the committee list and given no special recognition.

To come to more recent times, it is found that in the Sixty-seventh Congress two Senators, who had been in the Senate but two years, were made Chairmen of the Committees on Pensions and on the Revision of the Laws, despite the fact that there were no longer enough committees to give every member of the majority party a chairmanship. Altogether there were fifteen Senators holding chairmanships of committees who had served less than ten years, most of them with only four or six years of Senate service. Only one of these fifteen committees, however, was of major importance, but the incumbent of that committee, Senator Wadsworth, had served but eight years. Although it is quite unusual to promote a younger man to an important committee over the heads of his associates of longer service, it has occasionally been done. In 1903 Mr. Overstreet was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads in the House, giving him precedence over two men who had served sixteen and thirty-two years respectively. The latter were consoled by appointment to unimportant chairmanships. In 1905 Mr. Tawney was made Chairman of the important Committee on Appropriations over two men of fourteen and twenty-six years' service. It can therefore be seen, and many other examples could be given, that the seniority rule is not entirely unchangeable, although it is regularly followed.

In observing the chairmen of the thirty-four Senate committees of the Sixty-seventh Congress, we find that the average length of service of a committee chairman, taking into consideration all the committees, unimportant as well as important, was twelve years. The average length of service of the chairmen of the fourteen important committees was nineteen years. These figures, of course, do not lead to absolute conclusions, but they merely indicate that length of service is the rule generally followed, and that a Senator ordinarily must have at least two terms before he can hope to be a power in the Senate.

The objection has often been raised that the seniority rule is faulty because it not only makes length of service the criterion in committee assignments, but also results in keeping in places of

importance men who are of reactionary opinions, who have ceased to think and grow. This is possible, because it is the practice not to remove a chairman without his consent. The objection stated has considerable force and there ought to be a way of making the rule of seniority in this respect more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is embarrassing to party leadership and to the Senate to have the seniority rule occasionally bring to committee chairmanships men who are not representative either of the party or of the Senate. Generally the seniority rule works to consolidate party leadership, but occasionally it works otherwise.

But the men who have been retained in places of importance have retained the support and confidence of the States they represent, even if they do not represent the current opinions of the particular time. Pennsylvania always stood behind Senator Penrose, and Massachusetts six times elected Mr. Lodge to the Senate. One must not forget, too, that the Senate is intended to be a stabilizing body which acts as a check upon the more hasty House. But in these days of direct democracy we forget about checks upon popular passions. Then again, a chairman is only powerful so long as he is followed. If he attempts to lead into paths where the majority will not follow, his influence is gone. Thus even for this objection to the seniority rule there is a reasonably good answer. The present system of committee assignments is not perfect, but what human institution is? If the present system is bad, how can we change it so that through the course of years the results will be better than we get at present?

Lord Rosebery once spoke about "that seniority which often spells senility". He had reference to keeping old men in high position after they had passed their days of great usefulness. Under the present seniority system this is possible, but we had in the Sixty-seventh Congress a good example of the way the Senate gets around the difficulty. The venerable and highly respected Carroll S. Page of Vermont was the titular Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee. But the condition of his health rendered it impossible for him to perform the labors of committee chairman, and the duties of the position devolved upon Senator Poindexter, against whom no one could bring the charge of senility. The

difficulty of old age was thus circumvented. It is also possible under the seniority system to have a chairman who is not in accord with newly accepted ideas. But even here there is a remedy, although it may be a slow one.

New blood does not necessarily mean new ideas. Sheer ability does not necessarily mean legislative leadership. Hence a rule that would select committee chairmen on the basis of merit—if anyone is ingenious enough to devise such a measuring apparatus and make it work in Congress—would be liable to work badly and really result in a deplorable, chaotic condition in legislative matters. Merit is often connoted by seniority. Seniority in age and service has always been enhanced in its influence by the fact that the membership has been so largely new and unskilled. Old members put confidence in those they have come to know in previous sessions, and nothing could be more natural. Such a principle is followed in business and public life generally. There is sound reason for the preference, in general, of the experienced man. All other business goes on that principle, and why should not the public business?

Let us grant that the seniority rule sometimes places and keeps in positions of high responsibility men of low ability and of narrow interests. How are you going to get a system which will bring better results? Can you expect a group of men to select meritorious committeemen from among average individuals in the majority of cases? Could a Senate caucus select better chairmen by casting all service aside and choosing on the basis of merit alone? What is merit? What standards of merit can you expect a group of Senators to use? It would be very difficult to say. The fact that the system of seniority appointment has continued up to the present time is a rather strong indication that no better system has ever recommended itself. Everyone would be happy to have an improvement in any defective system. The seniority system has not worked so badly, but if there is an improvement that could be made, it is welcome indeed.

But can a purely merit basis be devised for committee appointments? In any event it would seem quite improbable. Should we select our committees by lot, as the French once did? Surely a higher quality of leadership would not be produced by pure

chance. Or should we allow a Committee of Selection chosen by the whole House or Senate to pick out the membership of the committees, as the English do in the House of Commons? In essence we follow this method already, except that the minority members are selected by a different committee from the majority members in our Congress. Thus no essential change would be brought about by the adoption of the English system.

It has been suggested that a system of election of committees by the whole Senate or by the whole House would bring better results. Under this plan the whole Senate would ballot for the membership of the different committees, just as it balloted at the beginning of the Sixty-eighth Congress for the Chairman of the Committee on Interstate Commerce. The result of this experience with open election by the Senate as a whole was not especially promising. Senator Smith of South Carolina, a Democrat, was elected Chairman of a committee of great importance in a Senate controlled by the Republicans. His own committee did not contain a majority of Democrats, and his election as chairman did not signify that he was going to lead the committee, but only that the Republican insurgents were not willing to elect Senator Cummins to the chairmanship. There is little doubt that Senator Cummins was better informed on railway and other interstate commerce matters than any other man in the Senate. Hence in this case by the use of a system other than the seniority system, merit was not taken into consideration. Of course Senator Cummins was not displaced because he was able, but rather because he was wrong headed in the opinion of the Republican insurgents who held the balance of power in the Senate.

If the House of Representatives should ballot for the membership of the different committees, it is doubtful whether it could select the committees in a year. This work has to be done for it by responsible committees because the whole House could not pass on every individual's claim to preferment, and with many new members the House cannot ballot intelligently on the qualifications of every member for committee posts. As it is now, the committee of the party caucus has a very difficult task assigning members to committees. Loud objection is often raised, and it is only after most trying and exacting work that the committee is

able to recommend the membership of the committees. If the seniority rule should be discarded, no one knows what a complicated time the leaders would have in filling the places on all the committees. The chances are there would be more complaints than at present, less unanimity, and more divided leadership.

Under existing practices the seniority rule helps the leaders out of a frightful mess by deciding at the very beginning for them that certain members will be automatically assigned to committees. The burden of the leaders is thus greatly reduced and their real task turns out to be the assignment of new members to committees, a group which usually comprises but one-third of the whole membership of the House. Eliminate the seniority rule for the assistance of the Committee on Committees, or for the whole House, if you think the whole House could select the committees better, and you would be increasing their difficulties two-fold—yes, imposing on them a task from which they would shrink; or, if they did tackle the job, placing them under such pressure and so many more difficulties that the results of their labors would be far less satisfactory than at present.

Still another plan has been offered to improve the method of choosing committees in Congress, especially the choice of committee chairmen. It is suggested that party caucuses should not designate the chairmen of the different committees, but rather should give this power to the members of the committees themselves. Thus when the members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate have been chosen by party caucuses, permit them to meet and choose their own chairman. In making the choice permit them to follow any guide they choose, whether it be merit, seniority, like-mindedness, or what not.

It is difficult to predict what would happen under this system. It is likely that greater opportunity would be afforded to Senators to overthrow whatever party leadership exists, and to substitute individual judgment for combined party judgment. In some cases better chairmen would be selected, but in other cases it seems almost as certain that worse chairmen would be selected. Party leadership and party responsibility would not be strengthened, although greater power to control the leadership would be given. It is questionable whether the Senate needs to increase

the power of the individual at the expense of the majority. In discussions of Senate and House procedure it must not be forgotten that the seniority rule tends to centralize power in the hands of the party leaders. Thus, if the seniority rule were discarded, the party leadership which now exists would be further weakened, and irresponsible groups would control more often than at present.

The election by the whole Senate in the Sixty-eighth Congress of the Borah Committee to investigate campaign funds has been hailed by some as an illustration of what good committees would be chosen if the seniority rule should be dethroned and the Senate as a whole given the opportunity to choose its committees directly. But in 1920 a similar committee with a similar task was selected by the Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, without the Senate having anything directly to do with its selection, and it is quite clear that this committee, known as the Kenyon Committee, was as able as the Borah Committee. The value of the argument, therefore, for election of committees by the whole Senate is not so great.

It is impossible to change one fundamental rule without affecting others. And if it is proposed to eliminate the seniority rule one must be careful to analyze the consequences of the change. When the power to appoint committees and their chairmen was taken from the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the power of the individual chairmen of committees was considerably enhanced. Suppose under these circumstances, with power diffused, as it is at present, among the Speaker, the Floor Leader, the Steering Committee, the Committee on Rules, and the Chairmen of the important committees, that the power to select the latter should be entrusted to each committee and not to the party committee. Is it not likely that there would be greater confusion, and more diffusion of power and consequently less centralized, responsible leadership than at present? And suppose, on top of this, that the seniority rule were disregarded and chairmen were selected on some other basis. Is it not fair to say the result would be that other monkey wrenches would be thrown into the already sorely over-taxed legislative machinery?

When one considers that ability and talent are recognized by

the Senate under the seniority rule, and that frequent exceptions are made to the rule to make use of Senators who are new to the Senate, the greatest objection to the rule disappears. The direction of important bills on the floor is frequently given to new Senators in recognition of their ability. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania took a conspicuous part in the passage of the recent Immigration Bill through the Senate, although he was not chairman of the committee. The fact that the rule is displaced to make exceptions does not mean that it should be discarded altogether. It only means that it is flexible enough to permit of improvement when the rule would not bring the best results.

The seniority rule does not always work to the detriment of certain sections of the country nor to the interests of conservative politicians. When Senator Penrose died, he was succeeded in the chairmanship of the important Senate Committee on Finance by Senator McCumber of North Dakota. And when Senator Lodge of Massachusetts died, the chairmanship of the important Committee on Foreign Relations automatically passed to Senator Borah of Idaho. When the House of Representatives created a new, reorganized Appropriations Committee, following the adoption of the Budget and Accounting Act, it selected to be chairman of that Committee one of the best qualified men in the House, and the seniority rule did not prevent his election, despite the fact that he was jumped ahead of three other men of longer service.

It sounds well to advocate a system of choosing committees by merit, but how is it going to be done? In final analysis, the seniority system seems just like plain common sense. Years of service is the most important factor in developing parliamentary skill and general ability for Congressional work. The seniority rule is based on years of service and hence is more likely to secure parliamentary skill and general ability for Congressional work than some other system which makes years of service only one factor in the choice. It works, perhaps, occasionally with bad results, but at any rate it works.

JAMES K. POLLOCK, JR.

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT THE SOUTH

BY ROY L. GARIS

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SECTIONALISM is to be regretted. There is but one way in which it can be eliminated, and that is through mutual understanding and knowledge. As the country becomes more homogeneous industrially, sectional misunderstandings will be obliterated. Many writers seem to have vague ideas that tremendous forces are at work in the South, yet do not seem to understand them. It is astonishing how little people know about the South. Huxley once said that the most beautiful hypothesis could be slain by an ugly fact. Now the facts, ugly or otherwise, must, of necessity, destroy many erroneous ideas concerning the South.

The phenomenon of the contemporaneous existence of several industrial stages, side by side, under the same government, has laid upon this country some of the hardest problems which it has had to solve. It has continually created interests in the South and West antagonistic to those of the more settled industrial and commercial communities.

While there are many persons in this country—even some historians—who believe that slavery was the cause of the war that raged from 1861 to 1865, yet it and the tariff were but the matches that set flame to sectional feelings resulting from divergent economic activities. It is necessary to correct the common erroneous conception of the causes of that unnecessary and costly struggle if one is to understand the South today. The South did not want slavery then, does not want it now and never will want it again, for it realizes that the presence of the negro has retarded its economic development.

The negro had a useful and definite place in the South's economic system prior to 1860. However, when the race conflict began after that time, industrial coöperation between the races became almost impossible and the blacks rapidly became a heavy

burden and danger to the communities in which they lived. The industries of the South were for a long time shattered by this convulsion, due both to the war and to the unreasonable and impossible legal conditions which the North had imposed. Like all other peoples who have experimented in government, Americans often give way to the notion that anything can be done by law. Nowhere has this idea failed more disastrously than in the attempt to make useful citizens of former slaves solely by a Constitutional Amendment. The situation created by this unfortunate fanaticism is being slowly but successfully worked out by both races in the South.

The negro problem has been due to their ignorance and economic weakness; to their concentration in certain narrow districts in the South; to their dependence upon credit advances; to their inability readily to take up diversified farming; to their inherent inability to become skilled artisans; and in large part to their own economic inertia and shiftlessness.

However, the negro is coming into his own by the gradual spread of mechanical and technical training, and by patiently teaching him scientific farming and how to save. His future is largely in the sphere of agriculture rather than in the factory. Realizing this, every facility is being granted him for the acquisition of land to cultivate. In the twenty years from 1900 to 1920 the number of negro farmers increased more rapidly than the number of white farmers; the acreage of land operated by white farmers decreased while that operated by negro farmers increased slightly; the value of farm land and buildings owned by whites increased 340 per cent., while that owned by negroes increased 540 per cent.; and the number of negro farm owners increased 16 per cent. as contrasted with an increase of 13 per cent. in the white owners of farms. In 1924 there were 41,454,042 acres of land cultivated by 924,868 negro farmers in the South.

The North alone now has a negro problem, for the South has largely solved its. Despite the common conception derived from newspapers, the negro's life and all of his rights are better protected, he is treated more humanely, gets better justice, is discriminated against less and his welfare looked after better in the South, than in any other section of this country. Grover Cleve-

land once said, "Before we have a citizen we must first have a man." The citizenship of the negro, like that of any other group of our people, is becoming a reality in proportion as he can learn to work and to make himself a helpful and needed factor in our civilization. Everywhere the Southerner is extending to him a helping hand and he is marching forward to a new and glorious future in the agricultural and industrial life of our nation. It is necessary to understand and appreciate this spirit of racial coöperation, if we are ever to destroy sectional misunderstandings in this country.

The eyes of the nation are upon the South. Rich in natural resources and raw materials and blessed with favorable climatic and labor conditions, it is increasingly centering the attention of thinking men everywhere. When the war closed sixty years ago, the South's industries were destroyed, her lands were laid waste and her civilization was torn up by the roots. All was gone except her manhood and her womanhood, and they turned their faces resolutely to the rising sun. Such men and women, such refinement of feeling, such deep-rooted religious sentiment and faith in God, could not be found in any other spot. Through bitter years of struggle, little appreciated elsewhere because of misunderstandings and lack of facts, this splendid Anglo-Saxon citizenship has already brought about a renaissance among the people as well as an agricultural and industrial revolution.

The South has more natural and undeveloped resources than any section of the United States. It has three-fifths of the nation's coast line. West Virginia and Kentucky each have coal areas as great as the entire coal area of Europe outside of Russia. Alabama has a coal area about equal to that of Great Britain, as well as an abundant supply of iron ore and limestone, which have already made Birmingham one of the great steel centres of the world, though it has only just begun to develop. Muscle Shoals has almost unlimited resources for hydro-electric development. Indeed, the rate of increase in the use of electricity for the South in the ten-year period ending 1923 was 212.7 per cent., while the rate of growth for the remainder of the country in the same period was 147.9 per cent.

The mountain country which stretches from West Virginia and

Virginia through the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama, and likewise the mountain lands of Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma and Missouri, offer climatic and natural advantages for industrial operations which practically assure its continued development into one of the greatest, if not the greatest, manufacturing region in the world. Here are valleys fertile to the extreme. Here are great stores of a wide variety of minerals, marbles and granites. Here are many streams still running their courses idly to the sea. Here are great areas of timber land. On either side of this mountain range, food-stuffs can be produced to any extent that may be necessary to feed a dense population. From the four or five million whites who now inhabit the heart of this mountain region can be recruited the most productive, the most skilled, and most intelligent native American labor in this country.

To the east of this mountain region stretch the cotton, sugar and rice growing sections, which even now produce in addition 200,000 carloads a year of early vegetables and fruits for shipment to Northern and Western markets. Here is the Piedmont country, now the centre of the textile industry in the South and destined to be the textile centre of the world. Here manufacturing enterprises are developing so rapidly that the value of the South's manufactures now exceeds the value of its agricultural output.

Below the Piedmont region are rich lands which produce grains, cotton and a wide variety of winter crops. Here is Florida, with a climate which in itself is one of the nation's greatest assets. But Florida, like the rest of the South Atlantic and Gulf Coast territory, has a variety of soil suitable for almost every crop grown in any semi-tropical region.

The lack of space in an article of this nature prohibits discussing many things illustrative of the South's numerous progressive contributions to the general welfare of the country since 1865, either in the discovery of better ways of doing things or by the intelligent uncovering and the satisfactory utilization of existing natural wealth, thereby stopping the importation into the United States of many things of very great cost and value, thus rendering the country at large wealthier and far more self-reliant. To illustrate very briefly: Northern steel makers claimed for many years that it was impossible to produce steel of a high grade from South-

ern iron ores, because of the existence in these ores of unexpellable impurities. And yet, not very many years ago, in Chattanooga, Tennessee, Southern metallurgists, by employing the open hearth process of making steel, demonstrated very clearly that the impurities mentioned could be gotten rid of economically and steel of the very highest quality produced. Later on this method, first employed at Chattanooga, was put into operation successfully on a large scale at Birmingham, Alabama.

This ingenious discovery was far-reaching in its effects, for it not only brought into prospective commercial use for the making of steel millions of tons of Southern iron ores, but it also pointed the way for the utilization by the steel makers of the North of the non-Bessemer or lower grade ores of the lake region of the Northwest, which ores Mr. Carnegie would never consent to use, because of their impurities, which his furnaces could not expel. In fact, what to do with the vast supply of those ores, unusable in Bessemer furnaces, was becoming a great problem, which this Southern discovery quickly solved, and by so doing practically more than doubled our country's iron ore supply.

The statement to Southern steel makers at Birmingham by President Roosevelt, Mr. Frick, Judge Gary and others, when Congressional inquiry was made into the purchase of the property of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company by the United States Steel Corporation, "that the purchase was made to avoid an impending panic in New York City," caused a rippling smile to come over their faces. The reason for their smiles was very plain, for these Southern steel makers, pursuing the method they had adopted in the making of steel, had sold to Mr. Harriman 150,000 tons of this steel. That long-headed man made the purchase because he had experienced so many costly accidents on his roads from the breaking of rails made elsewhere out of the non-Bessemer ores that he could no longer afford to use them, and also because he found, from critical examination, that the impurities, confessedly existing in Southern iron ores, had been so completely expelled at Birmingham by the process used there that the steel thus made had all the resisting powers he felt compelled to employ. That purchase by Mr. Harriman of so large a quantity of steel of highly satisfactory quality, and not the threatened finan-

cial panic in New York, was the thing which opened the eyes of the managers of the United States Steel Corporation to two things, viz.: One, that this property in the South, susceptible of such successful use, must be purchased to avoid rivalry; and second, that Gary must be built and the new process of making steel adopted there in order that the vast holdings of low grade iron ores, owned by the company, might be successfully utilized. Everyone knows that these two things were done with two important results: Pittsburgh lost to Gary and Chicago its headship as the steel-making centre of the United States, and the Birmingham properties, purchased by the United States Steel Corporation, received the capital for development which they had long needed and which, since wisely applied, has rendered this Birmingham property of the utmost value.

The rehabilitation of exhausted soils is perhaps a question of even greater moment than the intelligent reduction and conversion of iron ores. For a generation past the South has given much attention to it. The existence of deposits of phosphate rock in South Carolina, Tennessee and Florida, coupled with the means at hand of acidulation and converting it into acid phosphate, the base of a complete fertilizer, caused the erection and operation in the South years ago of numerous fertilizer manufacturing plants. In recent years these plants have produced high grade fertilizers which have been shipped over a vast area, benefiting the great farming class by enabling these cultivators of the soil to increase production economically.

So great is the need now felt over the country at large for the production of a greater quantity of this fertility restoring material and for a consequent lessening in its price, that the eyes of the nation have been turned to the Muscle Shoals plant, where it is hoped nitrogen will be obtained from the inexhaustible air. The South has the remaining necessary materials and will supply them. This great undertaking emanating from the South will constitute another of its contributions to the nation's safety in war and greater prosperity in peace. This section, by an ingenious use of this phosphate rock in the blast furnace, is now producing a high grade of ferro-phosphorus so economically that importation from abroad has ceased. Likewise the importation of

sulphur from Southern Europe has come to an end because Southern owners and operators, by close study, have found a way to bring up from two thousand feet underground the pure article existing in the huge beds of Louisiana and Texas. The recent discovery of vast fields of potash in Texas will, without doubt, free this country of the necessity of importing this important article. So great are these fields in Texas that their value will far surpass that of all the gold-mines in the United States.

The splendid and continued growth of the textile industry constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in the story of the South's magical industrial development in recent years. Notwithstanding the fact that 1924 was a year of general depression in the textile industry throughout the world, there was a net increase of 612,374 spindles in the South, and a net decrease of 362,545 spindles in the States outside of the South. In all of the Southern States there are now 17,359,420 spindles, or 45.82 per cent. of the total machinery engaged in the spinning of cotton in the United States, compared with 5.27 per cent. of the total in 1880. The advantages of the South for textile manufacturing are shown by the fact that in 1924 the South, with 17,359,420 spindles in place, operated 49,603,270,297 spindle hours, while the mills of all other States, with 20,526,118 spindles in place, operated only 30,473,333,254 spindle hours. In other words, Southern mills, with 45.82 per cent. of the total spindles in the United States, worked 61.94 per cent. of the total spindle hours in that year. Another interesting fact is that in 1924 the Southern mills took 3,858,317 bales of cotton, which was 2,036,080 more than all other States and was 67.92 per cent. of the total consumption of cotton in the United States.

The South has never grumbled over other sections taking away some of its finest sons for bank presidents, railroad executives and factory officials. But when the South invites New England cotton mills it is merely asking for what is its own by right of all general conditions and natural laws, and is serving the best interests of the New England manufacturers themselves. For it is little short of an economic crime to haul the South's cotton a thousand miles to the mills of New England, and then haul it back in the form of textiles and sell it to the people of the South,

who produced the cotton, at a price which necessarily includes the freight both ways. The South should have been the centre of the textile industry all the time. The soundness of this argument is beginning to dawn on the leaders in that industry. The result is that the spindles in the idle factories in New England are being rapidly transferred to this section. It costs 24 cents a pound to manufacture in New England mills cotton cloth which is made in the South for 22 cents.

Another advantage in favor of the South is an excellent labor supply. The labor is white and native, being ninety-nine per cent. American-born and predominantly Anglo-Saxon in origin, while in New England it is preponderantly of foreign blood. The Southern laborer may get less in his pay envelope than the New England laborer, but he has more to show for his week's work than the New England operative, and he is more contented than the latter. The industrial leaders do everything possible for the laborer's welfare, for no labor in the world is more responsive to the advantages of its surroundings. The mill employees attend the finest churches in the section. They have also the advantages of textile schools. The children of the mill people have the advantages of standard schools. They have Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, community houses, gymnasiums, ball grounds, play grounds and recreation parks. Around every house is a plot of land from which garden truck is supplied the year round. There is no more comfortable class of cottage than the average home provided for the mill laborer. Health conditions are excellent. Cleanliness results in a low death rate, for the South has a lower death rate than any other large area of the United States. Thus, the Southern factory benefits through a small labor turnover, while the cost to New England mills through strikes, lockouts, and shutdowns for other causes is a tremendous factor. There is not a manufacturer in the South who would not match his operatives against a like force from any plant in any other section or hesitate to wager on a larger production. Despite statements to the contrary, there is comparatively little child labor in industrial work in the South. One New England State has 50 per cent. more child labor than all the Southern States combined.

The future of the South is not confined to the development of the textile, steel, furniture and like industries, which are now being located near the sources of its raw materials. In agricultural progress it has exceeded the wildest dream of a few years ago. The means possessed by the South and the intelligent steps taken years ago for the restoration and maintenance of the fertility of the soil are now bearing fruit. Better farm practices, including more careful preparation and cultivation of the soil, use of commercial fertilizers, use of better seed, testing of seed before planting, the planting of varieties better adapted to soil and climatic conditions and of higher yielding capacity, control of insects and diseases, and more diversified crops, have greatly improved conditions.

Much misunderstanding exists concerning illiteracy in the South. Indeed many persons have been taught to believe that the Southerner is a bloodthirsty, lawless, irreligious barbarian. Nothing will dispel such erroneous conceptions more effectively than the Biblical admonition, "come and see." Mr. B. C. Forbes is authority for the statement that—

Almost every second city in the South now has an institution of higher learning, either a full-fledged university or a creditable college. One finds more churches throughout the South than in any other part of the United States. More money is being spent in the South on new hospitals than anywhere else. Edifices for fraternal organizations are springing up. The South is leading the country in building ambitious hotels. It spends more money for the privilege of enjoying grand opera than any other section of the country outside of New York and Chicago. Art galleries are coming to life in the South. Nowhere are beautiful civic parks blossoming into existence more rapidly. Impressive new churches are being built all over the South. For example, Atlanta, Ga., has 285 churches; Nashville, Tenn., 231; Dallas, Texas, 200; Birmingham, Ala., 160; Fort Worth, Texas, 151; Winston-Salem, N. C., 90; Jacksonville, Fla., over 80; San Antonio, Texas, 77; Greensboro, N. C., 56; Lexington, Ky., 52. The South today is spending almost twice as much on its public schools as the whole of the United States spent in 1900. Look at the growth of public school expenditures in the South; 1900, \$35,037,600; 1908, \$65,150,000; 1920, \$211,199,000; 1922, \$323,067,000. The Julius Rosenwald fund alone has brought into being more than 2,000 negro schools.

Much of the so-called Southern illiteracy exists in the Appalachian plateau in Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, and North

Carolina. If one means by illiteracy the mere inability to read and write, perhaps there is or rather has been considerable illiteracy in this section. Illiteracy in this sense, however, does not prove anything about one's brain capacity. By that test we were all recently illiterate, and furthermore, as J. Russell Smith puts it, "gentlemen are born, not made with print." He states further, "if the time ever comes when the requirements for citizenship are based on intelligence rather than information, perhaps these people will make a better showing than the multitude in cities who have just enough education to read the sporting pages of the newspapers." As one of these mountaineers put it, "we-uns that cain't read or write have a heap of time to think, and that's the reason we know more than you-all."

In these mountains one will find the purest Anglo-Saxon blood in all the world. In most places books and magazines have killed out the age-old practice of singing ballads, but the collectors of this form of folk lore have made in Southern Appalachian a rich collection of Elizabethan song. Shakespearean language long in disuse in England and in the Atlantic Coast Plain where these people once lived survives in Appalachia. In 1917 Cecil J. Sharp, Director of the Stratford-upon-Avon School of Folk Lore and Folk Dancing, stated: "These missionaries with their schools! I'd like to build a wall about these mountains and let the people alone. The only distinctive culture in America is here. These people live. They sustain themselves on the meanest food. They are not interested in eating, but they have time to sing ballads." It is from these mountains that Alvin York came. There are thousands and thousands of Alvin Yorks there, in whose veins flows the best blood in all the world. The future of the South lies largely in their hands.

"Young man, go South," is sound advice these days. Yet the South of today is merely a rebirth of the old South. With all of her new material prosperity she has lost none of her culture, none of her hospitality, and none of her thoughtful consideration for the feelings and rights of others. She loves justice and right, and her womanhood and manhood are still her greatest asset.

ROY L. GARIS.

SCIENCE AND POLITICS

BY PITMAN B. POTTER

ARE our modern scientists waving us back to the mediæval law of nature as the basis of our politics?

We are all more or less familiar with the way in which Roman jurists and philosophers and mediæval ecclesiastics and publicists attempted to define moral, legal and political rights and duties by deduction from certain supposed facts concerning the nature of man and the nature of human life on this planet, with the general principles of morality which they entailed. Man is by nature weak, it was said, hence there is a duty resting upon all of us to help one another in time of need. Different regions of the earth produce different fruits, therefore men have a right to engage freely in commerce for the distribution of the good things of life. Morality and public and even private law in all their detailed rules could be derived from a rational understanding of the nature of man and the natural conditions of his life here below.

We are also pretty well aware that this type of reasoning became obsolete or began to decay rapidly about a century and a half or two centuries ago. The older philosophers had pretended that the law of nature could be discovered by the unaided intellect, from introspection or meditation on the nature of things. Yet they had disagreed frequently and violently among themselves concerning its content. Moreover, their conclusions concerning its content, and concerning the inferences to be drawn regarding the detailed rules of law and morality which it enjoined, seemed in each particular case nothing but unsubstantial speculations revealing chiefly the idiosyncracies of their author or rules of action reflecting his personal tastes or even his material interests. They seemed to have little foundation in reality. Men came to regard this political and legal philosophy as a dream, and a highly personal dream, of no concrete importance to society as a whole. They turned elsewhere for the rules of law and social action.

The latter part of the eighteenth century, on the other hand, saw arise a great wave of enthusiasm for popular rights, and in the end men saw this movement sweep over the entire Western world, leaving in its wake some twenty-five Revolutionary and Republican States in the United States, Latin America, and Western Europe. Britain, France, and Spain all felt the devastating influences of the new force of the popular will. When the last and somewhat belated waves of this tide had swept over the scene in 1830, 1848, and in the decade 1910–1920, popular sovereignty had destroyed Imperial Germany, Austria, Russia, and Turkey as well, and shaken even remote China and Japan.

Now this revolutionary movement has ordinarily been regarded merely as a movement of opposition to monopolistic political authority, to royal autocracy at home and imperial domination of suppressed nationalities abroad. It is perfectly obvious, moreover, that many of the developments to which reference has just been made were produced by nothing so much as by international rivalry and war in which the movement for popular liberty played only a partial rôle. Certainly the revolutionary events of 1776–1918 are not remembered in connection with the decline of the influence of the law of nature in the period 1600–1750 as described at the beginning of this paper.

Yet the connection between the two is a direct and a relatively close one. The law of nature and its accompanying duties had been preached mainly by ecclesiastical persons and jurists trained in the law of Rome and high in royal favor. The leaders of revolution and national independence have not infrequently been persons of freedom of thought and belief. And the result of the popular movement was to place will—the will of the people—in a paramount position, in defiance not only of the will of the sovereign but in defiance also of any rational theories or principles of justice or established laws which the jurists or learned philosophers or ecclesiastics might bring forward. While the revolutionists appealed to a doctrine of natural rights to sustain them against established authority, they did not so frequently speak of the law of nature. Nor could the fact that their appeals to natural rights were designed to serve ulterior practical purposes be wholly ignored. The appeal to natural rights was not accom-

panied by a pledge of subservience to any natural moral laws or duties. Will rather than reason became the motive power of society and the state and the source of legal rules respecting men's rights and duties, particularly their rights.

During the last few decades this development has taken a striking form in the attempt to decide all questions of government by popular vote. The vote required has, of course, usually been a majority vote, and that fact has emphasized the striking character of the procedure. The application of this method of decision to technical problems and to the choice of persons for public offices for which technical qualifications were necessary has emphasized the situation still further. The result is a sharp conflict between the ideal of government by popular will and the ideal of government by science or reason.

The situation just described has finally produced a demand for a return to natural law as the basis of law and government. It is the object of these pages to exhibit some examples of this reversion or demand for a reversion, to point out certain differences between the old natural law to which we may be bidden to return and a true basis of social action, and to notice briefly some of the limitations upon the possibility of such a return and also upon the possibility of escaping such a return to what must seem to many reactionary and mediæval ideals.

In the year of grace 1922 Mr. Frank Exline, a lawyer in Denver, Colorado, published a volume which was entitled *Politics* and which carried the modest subtitle: *A Proposal for a Political System which will Automatically Produce the Best Government Possible in any Given Community*. In spite of certain patent prejudices and emotional complexes which distort his perspective, and in spite of its pretentious claims to provide a panacea for all political ills, the author and his "small work" make a distinct and sound contribution to current political thought in the direction in which we are looking. His chief contentions are that natural law or reason must rule the state rather than human will, and that what are now needed are not means of exercising the popular will but means of discovering the law. The author prefers judges to discover the law in reason and nature rather than legislators to decree statutes on grounds of policy. And he urges an abandon-

ment of the ballot and all such paraphernalia, seeing that public opinion and popular will are delusions and snares, and the establishment of government by experts under a merit system of selection—government by judges and professional civil servants on the basis of science and law.

For Mr. Exline's views we may find some interesting corroboration in two works by such established authorities as Professor Ernst Freund of Chicago and President Lowell of Harvard. In his little work on *Standards of Legislation*, published in 1917, Professor Freund explored the limitations upon legislative action provided not merely by Constitutional provisions, themselves the product of the popular will, but by the nature of human behavior and psychology and economic and social facts of one order or another. President Lowell, in his *Public Opinion and Popular Government*, has explored the limits upon the effective action of public opinion and discovered the fact or drawn the conclusion that public opinion cannot and does not function effectively on technical questions but must be confined to questions of policy alone.

Without going in detail into the views of Professor Duguit concerning the nature of law and the modern state and the necessity for—the actual practice of—basing state action mainly on social and economic facts of one sort or another, we can find in the present practice of government in the United States many other examples of the sort of thing here described. The whole merit system of selecting civil servants is in point. So for the legislative library, the investigating commissions attached to legislative and executive bodies, and all the mechanical and statistical apparatus of governmental departments. In spite of the great expansion in the bulk of statutory legislation in recent years, so frequently cited with pride or condemnation as evidence of the vigorous operations of the popular will in our day, it may well be that the tasks of government are actually being carried on, as Mr. Exline would wish, more and more by reason and science and less and less by the fiat of popular command.

In the international field the same phenomena are observable. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries “the law of nature and

of nations," as the phrase went, were so inseparately connected that the latter, now known as international law, consisted chiefly of speculations concerning justice, sovereignty and similar abstract properties. Attempts were made to apply the results to actual life in the face of violent national passions or royal military activities. In the cynical eighteenth century, however, the noble views of Grotius and the elevated teachings of the contemporary Vattel were largely flaunted and rejected as having no claim to authority even in principle. The practices of the nations improved somewhat in tone during this century, it is true, but this was due to other factors such as the decay of religious hatred and the rise of commerce. Moreover, the students of the law adopted these practices and the voluntary agreements of the nations rather than principles of reason and justice as the foundations for their conclusions on what the law was, and they practically dismissed the question of what the law ought to be entirely from their minds. This lasted throughout the nineteenth century, so that by 1914 the customary and conventional law had entirely displaced the philosophical law of nature. What the nations willed to do in their relations with one another, as indicated by their treaty agreements and their often headstrong practices toward one another, was made the basis of the law.

The reaction has now set in. More and more frequently voices are raised to protest against the arbitrary fiat of international agreements or international practices and demand a return to reason and justice.

Thus in the same year which saw the appearance of Mr. Exline's book there was published in Washington a little work by Mr. Jackson H. Ralston entitled *Democracy's International Law* which carries over into international relations the views of Exline's *Politics*. Before giving his attention to international questions the author spends some time on national law and reaches conclusions very similar to those reached by Mr. Exline. In the international field a demand is made for attention to "true international law" rather than "easily accepted conventions" and iniquitous practices. What must be sought is the "fundamental law". Usage and custom are contrasted with reason and justice. And the rights and interests of the people, of the common man, of

democracy, must be placed above those of kings and courtiers, natural human and national rights above accidental political power.

Other observers of the World War and the treaties with which that war was terminated have protested against the unreasoning assertion of national policy in defiance of the rights or interests of the weak and in spite of economic and psychological facts of common knowledge. Into such criticisms of current nationalistic policies we cannot go very far without detecting some insincerity and some suggestion that a policy often seems unreasonable to a student of one nationality but quite just to another. However, when all allowances for such factors or influences are made, the protest against arbitrary international action and the strong demand for a return to sound international practice remains to be satisfied.

These views are all gathered together and applied both nationally and internationally by Professor Krabbe of Leyden in his volume on *The Modern Idea of the State*, also published in this country in 1922. Professor Krabbe finds that law and not sovereignty or will is the true basis of the state, and that law is based not upon will but upon an objective feeling for right, "a natural and universal human impulse." In the operation of this feeling, knowledge of competing interests and a sense of balance are needed, but a mood of desire or command would be out of place. And in the international field also law is to be derived not from the authority of the state but from "men's sense of right". A great retrenchment of the habit of self-assertiveness is demanded and a reliance upon the ethical and impersonal power of the law, a law based entirely on essential interests and rights, not on national demands and agreements.

Now it is curious to note that in the international field the original reaction against the natural law was placed precisely upon the ground that the current speculations concerning the rights of nations were unscientific and arbitrary or capricious. Throughout the past century or more Anglo-American and German students of international law at least have prided themselves upon the scientific character of their results in comparison with those of an earlier day and a different method. International

law, it is claimed, has become more scientific rather than less scientific as it has been based more and more on the history of practice and the compilation of voluntary international agreements.

An explanation of this apparent contradiction indicates the way out of the dilemma as a whole.

Everything turns upon the method of determining the content of the natural law. The weakness of the natural law of the earlier period derived from the highly personal and speculative method relied upon by its devotees in discovering its principles and in deducting therefrom the rules of action to be followed in national and international life. The reaction of the scholars who became disgusted with this state of affairs was not, however, to criticize this method merely but to discard the concept of a natural law entirely. The step which they then took was to put bodily in the place of the supposed law of nature a system of what they called "positive law" not only discoverable by an entirely different method of study, namely the empirical method of observation and induction, but essentially different from the law of nature in its inherent character and sanctions.

That this was a more or less accidental action or attitude appears from what was going on at the same time in the field of natural science—in the sense in which we use those terms today. Philosophers prior to Bacon had attempted to learn not merely the secrets of moral and social nature by speculation and deduction but the secrets of physical or material nature as well. A reaction in the direction of empirical methods now appeared in this field as it did in the field of moral science. But the natural scientists never pretended that they had ceased to study nature and nature's laws. They did, indeed, eschew for the time being a study of the more fundamental problems of nature and confine themselves to surface phenomena and means of dealing with these phenomena; and there is no denying that many physicists and chemists developed the professional engineering point of view and scoffed at "laws" of nature and "pure science" entirely. Today, however, with the increasing success of empirical science in unravelling the deeper secrets of physical nature, the natural scientists are becoming increasingly concerned again with

the old fundamental principles of matter and motion, but on the basis not of speculation but of observation and inference.

In the field of social science the error committed by a wholesale abandonment of reason and natural justice for will and human practice is beginning to be repaired. It is seen that the defect of the law of nature school was in method, not in the fundamental concept. The criticisms of the peace treaties of 1919-1920 have come as much from economists, geographers, and business men as from moralists, although the cry for a reversion in the international field is clearly tainted with a greater element of moral speculation of the unscientific type than is the appeal in the other field. And the main object of a group of students of political science who met in Wisconsin in September of 1923 in what was called a National Conference on the Science of Politics was not so much the immutable natural laws of political life but methods of investigation and measurement to permit them to reach reliable conclusions on concrete problems. The call is for a return—or an advance—to the methods of empirical and inductive scientific inquiry and conclusion.

What, then, is to be said in reply to the claim of the positivist student of international law that he has been scientific in his methods all along? The reply is that he has been scientific in his methods but unsound in his fundamental assumptions. If the denial of the existence of a law of nature were sound, and the corresponding assertion that a law of consent or agreement decisive, the method of study of the positivist would not only be unimpeachable as method but it would lead to a sound result. If the positivist had represented his observation of practice as an attempt to discover what the nations believed or declared the content of the natural law to be, he would have been on higher ground himself, albeit he would thereby credit the nations with more enlightened and generous views than they actually held. The truth is that the positivist student of the law of nations was led into his error chiefly by the cynicism regarding natural right and justice manifested by the nations themselves.

If the scientific student of international law, or rather of the laws of international relations, really wants to correct his position and, incidentally, that of the erring nations, he must indeed make

a sharp turn in his aims and methods. He must begin to study not merely what the nations have done and agreed upon in the matter of the treatment of aliens, and must not conclude that what they have done defines the law on the matter. He must study the economic and social causes and effects of differing modes of treatment applied to aliens and the internal evolution of the same. He must discover in this way the requirements in the treatment of aliens necessary in view of the essential economic and social facts and the limitations of international life. In the same way he must discover the way in which an international conference must be prepared, organized, and conducted, in view of the nature of the business of international negotiation, the statistical, psychological, and dialectical problems involved.

It is unnecessary here to suggest in detail what must be done by the scientific student in the national field. The investigation of national problems in this manner is so familiar to us now from tariff commission studies, reference library studies, and so on, that the whole question here is that of persuading the people of the state to accept the results and act upon them without waiting for the pressure of events to compel acceptance at the price of suffering and death. And this raises the most interesting problem of all in connection with the return to natural science as the basis of government: shall the idea of the free action of the popular will be abandoned and the "expert" be installed in power over our lives and destinies? Can such action be taken? What will follow if it be not taken?

There is no slightest chance that the expert will be made king or czar at the present time. In the field of medicine people do not trust the physician implicitly, nor the architect or builder in the field of construction engineering. Still less will they trust him in government and economics. In both fields science is still so far from certainty that many decisions or choices are not so much rational decisions or voluntary choices as acts of faith, adventures into the unknown, hopeful experimentation rather than confident reliance upon established values. Moreover, we cannot forget the desirability of maintaining some stimulus of and check upon the scientific expert to compel him constantly to improve and sustain at a high level his own work. In many matters the lay-

man will insist upon deciding by an act of reason and will combined many matters which might in many cases be left to the expert. The decision will be misinformed and largely controlled by interested parties playing upon popular ignorance and emotion. In that sense the popular action will be neither rational nor fully voluntary, and it will be neither consistent, uniform, nor reliable. But it will be insisted upon until the people learn the value of scientific treatment of public questions and until a science of economics and government is developed which can claim the confidence of the people.

On the other hand, to attempt to stem the reaction to the natural law would be to fly in the face of necessity. The simple fact of the matter is that we are compelled to reduce our governmental practice to a scientific basis. Population is becoming too dense, the resultant interrelations of interest too complex, the dependence of individual upon individual, of individual upon group, and of group upon group, too great, to permit us to retain the ramshackle methods of an earlier day. Governmental actions must be based on accurate information, a balanced synthesis of consideration for all legitimate interests, and all possible mechanical expertness in form and procedure. The pressure of greater demands upon government requires not merely an increase in the range and extent, the quantity, of governmental work, but a qualitative improvement as well. It requires greater precision, greater regularity, greater continuity, greater effectiveness. And these qualities can be obtained only by scientific refinement of procedure, of personnel, and—most important of all—of the bases upon which decisions are made. This is inevitably going to compel a return to government under the laws of nature, leaving for unscientific, non-rational, volitional decision at any given time only those questions not capable of scientific solution. Having wandered far from the life of truth and reason in the land of ignorant wilfulness, and that for a reason both unsound and unnecessary, society must return to the true basis of health and happiness once more.

PITMAN B. POTTER.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE VIRGIN ISLANDS?

BY VALESKA BARI

FOR eight years we have been holding the Virgin Islands. Bought during the war to shut Germany out of a possible submarine base, their importance was eclipsed by the signing of the Armistice, and with it vanished most of our interest. Eight years is not a long time, but as we talked about buying the islands for fifty years before the purchase was completed, it seems not unreasonable that we should ask ourselves what we intend to do with them.

Our connection with the Virgins dates back to the Civil War. During that struggle the blockade of the Southern ports would have been vastly more effective if the Government had had a base in the Caribbean from which to operate against privateers. As soon as peace was declared, Seward opened negotiations for the purchase of the islands; Denmark agreed; a popular vote to determine the willingness of the islanders to transfer their allegiance to the United States carried almost unanimously; the King bade farewell to his subjects; but at the last moment Sumner, waging a fight against all Administration measures, killed ratification of the treaty.

Ever since that date every disturbance in Central or South America has brought up before Congress the question of buying the Virgins. Cleveland's dispute with Britain over Venezuela defined sharply the weak position of the United States, separated from the territory over which we claimed the jurisdiction of the Monroe Doctrine by a sea dotted with islands belonging to European Powers, with no near base of our own. After the Spanish War negotiations were again almost completed, but this time it was the Danish Parliament which rejected the treaty, presumably because of German influence. The building and possible defense of the Panama Canal made the acquisition of St. Thomas

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a constant subject of discussion in naval circles, but the clinching argument was the sinking of the *Lusitania*. With such a base as the Virgins, German submarines could have done unthinkable damage to our commerce. Negotiations were put through quickly. For sovereignty we paid \$25,000,000—which amounts to \$300 an acre for land worth for peace-time purposes possibly \$20 an acre—a poor bargain except in the light of war insurance when one disaster might have cost far more.

Every move and every argument for the purchase of the Virgins has been in connection with war, but now that we have them we have taken no steps to develop them as a military outpost. St. Thomas is an unfortified Gibraltar, an island formed by the sinking of the earth, leaving above water only the tops of a mountain range. Its shore line is a series of harbors and inlets, the port of St. Thomas being one of the safest in the West Indies. At the gate of the harbor stands today a battery, put up by the British when they occupied the island during the Napoleonic Wars; facing the entrance is a fort, built by the Danes in 1671; on a commanding hill stands Frederick's Fort, a wooden tower erected in 1702; and back of the town stands a second tower, once inhabited by pirates but now converted into a water-tank for the Navy nurses who occupy the surrounding quarters.

To these defenses we have added nothing, and, with the desire of the American people to live at peace with the world and particularly to develop friendly relations with Latin America, there is little likelihood that public sentiment would permit any threatening fortification; but until we give evidence of other policy every demagogue in Latin America can—and does—point to St. Thomas as an outpost of aggression.

If we are not to make the Virgin Islands a mere naval base, we have the alternatives of selling the islands to some other Power, of turning them loose, or of considering them a part of the nation and adopting a constructive policy which will make them eventually regular members of the national family.

To sell the Virgins to some other Power is a suggestion more easily made than carried into effect. To avoid any more complications than already exist we wish no new Power to acquire territory in the Caribbean. At the present time there exist

the independent nations of Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, and the colonial possessions of Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, Venezuela and the United States. For strategic purposes none of these other nations needs the Virgins, nor, of course, would we sell them to any nation which wanted them for military advantage; and on a peace-time basis no nation is anxious to acquire the smaller islands of the Caribbean as none of them are revenue-producing. For this reason to turn the Virgins loose would not be an act of emancipation but a matter of turning them out, like orphans, into a friendless world.

If we are to retain the Virgins,—and that seems to be the only prospect in view,—can we as a democracy give them, ultimately, anything less than equal citizenship and a place of equality in the national family? Other nations have no principle against frankly holding strategic points with no thought of making the inhabitants citizens of the mother country, but for a democracy to hold another people indefinitely as a “possession” has an ugly sound.

We still govern the Virgin Islands in accordance with the Act “to provide a temporary government for the Virgin Islands”, passed by Congress at the time of purchase, which simply provided for the assignment of an officer of the Army or Navy to replace the Danish Governor and continued the local laws as under Danish rule; a rule which, though more liberal than the government of any other European colony in the West Indies, made no pretension to democratic principles. At the present time the Virgin Islanders are citizens of the islands only, and Congress has not stated what time must elapse or what conditions must be met before they will be given American citizenship and a more responsible participation in their government.

In the absence of a stated principle as to what constitutes fitness for a people to be made a part of the nation, we may reasonably assume that the standards required of a people should be fairly similar to the standards required of individuals who ask admittance to our shores. Aside from the matter of quota restrictions we exclude individuals who are diseased, criminal, illiterate, immoral or likely to become a public charge. Suppose we apply this standard to the Virgin Islands.

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As to disease the islands would probably pass muster today. In the old days St. Thomas had an evil reputation, but likely due as much to disease brought to the port as to disease originating on the island. For water supply the Virgins are dependent upon rainwater stored in cisterns, and often in the past this supply was insufficient. Along with other improvements we have constructed watersheds and reservoirs to provide a far larger supply, so that proper sanitation is now possible and diseases caused by water contamination can be controlled. Yellow fever, typhoid and small pox have been wiped out; malaria has been reduced; trachoma, once prevalent, has been largely eliminated; and hookworm, the handicap of many tropical countries, is rare.

Of crime there exists according to police records about the same proportion and of the same type which may be encountered in small communities in the States. With British islands within rowboat distance, bootlegging is inevitable, but drunkenness is rare. Crimes of colored men against white women are unknown, and a woman can go alone about the islands with no thought of molestation. A day in the police court is mainly an airing of neighborhood squabbles before a judge, usually dismissed with a scolding all around; but the negroes seem to enjoy summoning each other into court—one of the rights acquired under American rule, as under the Danes minor cases were settled informally and undramatically by a layman. The administration of justice is hampered by the fact that some of the islanders are not unwilling to go to jail, where food is plentiful and outside work cannot be demanded of persons incarcerated for misdemeanor; and to avoid this complication fines are often imposed without alternative of jail sentence, and the court is frequently placed in the undignified position of running accounts with offenders, collecting its fines in 25-cent installments.

Passing the Virgins on the points of disease and crime, there remain the tests of literacy, morality and self support, items which reflect the everyday relationship among members of the community. As to literacy, the census taken at the end of 1917 indicated that twenty-five per cent. of the islanders were illiterate, a percentage higher than that in the States, but much better than the rate existing in Porto Rico after twenty years un-

der American rule. Beside the handicap of lack of education, illiteracy indicates dependent and undemocratic relationships. As to literacy Denmark herself makes a better showing than we do and the high rate of illiteracy in her colony indicates the inferior position in which a large part of the islanders were held.

In considering the points of morality and self support we must remember that ninety per cent. of the islanders are of African descent, held in complete slavery up to 1848. Behind them they have African standards and traditions, a tropical lack of industry, and a dependence upon masters and a masterful government. Monogamy is not in the African tradition, and the slaves were introduced into conditions which did not teach it. At the time they were brought to the Virgin Islands concubinage among the whites in no way detracted from the standing even of the clergy; and the partial censuses of former days show as high as eighty-five per cent. of illegitimacy.

Every community typifies its special social problem—the single man of ports, the single working girl of cities, the widower of pioneering farms. The Virgins are typified by the old woman living alone, her husband or “protector” gone, her children in their own relationships. These women fill the market place or squat in doorways along the streets, eking out a bare existence by reselling a few handfuls of fruit and vegetables; living in shacks made of old boxes and tin cans on land for which they pay, perhaps, twenty-five cents a month ground rent. Whether we class this social background as immoral or merely unmoral, it denotes at least an un-American standard of personal and family responsibility.

For the past fifty years the Virgin Islands have not raised enough revenue to pay for their own administration; and for their support next year Congress has voted \$395,000. Under slave labor the islands were fairly prosperous agriculturally while cane sugar was high and indispensable; and as a free port St. Thomas flourished before steam changed the routes of navigation, particularly while Denmark stood neutral in the long European wars. With emancipation and the development of beet sugar and steam traffic, vanished the peculiar advantages which the

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Virgins had enjoyed, and they began to balance their budget by incurring public debts. In the immigration phraseology the Virgins are not only "liable to become a public charge," they are already a public charge, with every prospect of remaining so until they learn the lesson that with the rights of democracy comes also the obligation of standing on one's own feet.

If we are to hold the Virgin Islands in a form of political dependence until they can pass the tests of admittance, what type of control shall we exercise? At the present time they are governed by a naval officer assigned by the President to act as Governor, who has also a staff of naval officers. Legislative functions are in the hands of the Colonial Councils, the majority elected by the islanders, and a minority—also islanders—appointed by the Governor. The judiciary, appointed by the President or Governor, are qualified lawyers and not naval officers. This is the form of government established by Denmark, a civil rule whose executive officers under our administration have been Navy men assigned temporarily to that service.

This assignment of naval officers to the administration of the islands has its advantages and its drawbacks. It stresses the fact that the islands were bought for their military value and intimates that we regard them and their future only in that light, an imperialistic threat which tends to strain friendly relations with Latin America. Also it gives the islanders the feeling that they possess a fictitious war value, and that we can pay forever for the privilege of occupying the islands. So far as personnel is concerned, the islands have undoubtedly had the services of abler men than would have been sent to so small a community if selection had been made by political appointment. However, assignment to duty in the Virgin Islands is for a period of not more than two years, and much of the eight years during which we have owned the islands has been spent in educating the five Governors who have occupied that position. The present Governor has made a searching study of economic and social conditions, and probably knows better than anyone else the conditions and possibilities of the islands, but his two years have now expired, and unless a change is made in the system he will be transferred to other duty and a new Governor will start at the

bottom of the educational ladder.¹ Not only is two years a short time in which to tackle a problem which contains many conditions very different from those encountered in other lines of naval experience, but the fact that it is a temporary assignment from naval duty tends to hold the first interest of the officials in the Navy rather than in the islands.

The Virgin Islands are probably the only territory which we have occupied where the accusation has not been made that American corporations were unduly interested; but all the land and concessions are owned by Danes or Virgin Islanders, and virtually the only Americans on the islands are the officials, the detachments of Marines and the Navy people at the Navy Yard. In place of the objections made elsewhere that our officials favor the economic interests of American corporations, we have the objections that the Government people keep to themselves, that their interest in the islands is rootless and temporary, and their point of view military. The Danes complain that we are not paternalistic in our viewpoint and methods, but many Americans would consider that the free medical, maternity, hospital and dental services, the long lists of pensions given to islanders, the gift of water and sewer systems, and the general extension of schools and public works at Federal expense, were possibly too paternalistic. On the other hand one hears speeches by colored orators demanding all the machinery of democratic government, speeches reminiscent of Patrick Henry, the Rights of Man and the struggle of the American colonies for independence.

Recently the Colonial Council of St. Thomas adopted resolutions asking that consideration be given the question of political reform, to which the Governor replied asking that attention be concentrated rather on improving economic and social conditions; and so long as the Federal treasury is the chief source of revenue no American Governor is likely to give up clear control of expenditures. The echoes of "Taxation without representation" fall flat when the supposed victim is supported rather than taxed. We may question seriously whether a people who do not support themselves can ask to control their affairs, but if we rule them for

¹ Since this was written Captain Philip Williams has retired from the Governorship and has been succeeded by Captain Martin E. Trench, U. S. N.

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the reason that they are dependent we owe them the obligation of a constructive policy directed toward putting them on their feet.

We are giving for education much more money than Denmark provided and the planters complain that we are making the negroes unfit for the only type of labor which exists for them to do. It may be that the planters are right, that education which is given and not earned creates a relationship exactly contrary to the purpose which we are striving to attain.

We are spending more money on maintenance and improvements than has ever been spent before, but it may be no wiser to encourage a community than it is to encourage an individual to a standard of life for which he cannot pay. Through countless blunders we have learned that planless charity must be replaced by an intelligent, constructive course of action. May we not apply the same principle to the Virgins?

The present Governor of the Virgin Islands has directed his administration to the improvement of social and economic conditions, but in two years no man can do more than take a few steps, and his successor may choose to walk along other paths or in other directions. To make the Virgin Islands, and the islanders individually, self-supporting, will be no quick and easy task. However, if we can afford to give money outright each year, we can afford scientifically planned investments.

Denmark sat back and allowed the islands to run down, but because she failed to develop them is no reason why we should not tackle the job. Denmark was a small country, with little money to invest, with no natural reason for holding the islands, and a fair certainty of selling them for purposes which made their condition a matter of no consequence. On the other hand we have them now, with no chance of getting rid of them and excellent reasons for continuing to hold this strategic position, with plenty of money to invest in legitimate development, and everything to gain in prestige and friendliness with Latin America, if we can demonstrate our intelligence and sincerity in handling the problem.

VALESKA BARI.

THE OTHER REJECTED AMENDMENTS

BY EWEN CAMERON MAC VEAGH

IN the recent rejection of the proposed Child Labor Amendment, we have witnessed a political event that had not occurred for over sixty years, and that had taken place only four times in the history of this country. Since the adoption of the Constitution, over two thousand amendments have been introduced in Congress, but only twenty-four of them have actually been passed by that body. Of these twenty-four, nineteen have been ratified by the necessary three-fourths of the States. The other five have failed to secure that ratification, two of them by the narrowest of margins. The last of the five is the Child Labor Amendment, and with its career and fate everyone is more or less familiar. But for the stories of its four equally ill-fated predecessors, it is necessary to glance back into the less widely known corners of history.

I.—*Apportionment of Representatives.* Two such measures were passed through Congress in 1789. They were in fact, Articles One and Two of the list of twelve amendments proposed to the States by the First Congress. Articles Three to Twelve were ratified and are known as the first ten Amendments to the Constitution or the Bill of Rights. But few people now recall that the original Bill of Rights had, as designed by Congress, twelve and not ten clauses and that the first two clauses were rejected by the States.

The first of these two articles was designed to fix more narrowly by the Constitution the limits within which Congress might provide for the number of Representatives. Article One of the Constitution itself provides that each State shall have at least one Representative, and that the total number shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand of the population, but otherwise the question of number is left wholly within the discretion of Congress. There was a considerable opposition to leaving so broad a power in the hands of the Legislature, and consequently

an amendment was introduced and passed through Congress in the following form:

After the first enumeration required by the First Article of the Constitution there shall be one Representative for every thirty thousand until the number shall amount to one hundred, after which the proportion shall be so regulated by Congress that there shall be not less than one hundred Representatives nor more than one Representative for every forty thousand persons until the number of Representatives shall amount to two hundred, after which the proportion shall be so regulated that there shall not be less than two hundred Representatives nor more than one Representative for every fifty thousand persons.

In the debate in the House of Representatives on this measure, Fisher Ames of Massachusetts made strenuous efforts to fix the number of inhabitants per Representative as high as possible in order to prevent the membership of the House from being too large. He expressed the opinion that his fellow citizens would become dissatisfied with too numerous a representation. He believed that a large body could not maintain a high standard of quality, and said that the House would be a better check on the Senate, if filled with men of independent principles and eminent ability, than if it consisted of a larger number of inferior characters. Incidentally, it is interesting, in the light of these remarks, to observe that the importance and influence of the House in comparison with the Senate has waned in much the same proportion as its numbers have been increased.

This proposed amendment came within one State of being ratified, ten out of a possible fourteen States acting on it favorably. These were New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, New Hampshire, New York, Rhode Island, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Vermont. Pennsylvania first rejected the amendment in March, 1790, but a year and a half later she reconsidered her action and ratified it, the President sending a message to Congress to that effect in October, 1791. Delaware rejected the proposal, and the legislatures of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Georgia failed to take any action upon it whatever. The silence of Massachusetts is remarkable, for there the State convention, which had ratified the Constitution, made the first suggestion to Congress that there be enacted an amendment such as this.

The general verdict of the historians has been that this amendment was happily rejected. Up to now, certainly, Congress has regulated the membership of the House more or less successfully. However, the limitation of that membership is not yet a dead issue, for the question of another increase in accordance with the 1920 census is at present under discussion and there are many violent opponents to any move to enlarge the membership beyond the present number of 435. But, even if this amendment had been adopted, Congress would under it have had a free choice today between 200 and 2200! The amendment, therefore, would not have been of much practical help in solving the present problem of whether to keep the membership down to 435 or to continue increasing it decennially.

II.—*Salaries of Members of Congress.* The next proposed amendment to die at the hands of the States was one by which it was provided that any change in the pay of the members of Congress should not take effect until after the next election. This was Article Two of the twelve proposed amendments proposed in the First Congress in 1789. It read as follows:

No law varying the compensation for the services of the Senators and Representatives shall take effect until an election of Representatives shall have intervened.

John Vining, of Delaware, in reporting the resolution to the House, gave what today sounds like a somewhat naïve reason for the amendment. At any rate, the reason illustrates most clearly the gulf between the character of our Representatives in the eighteenth century and that of later Congressmen. Vining explained, in all sincerity, that the committee in proposing this measure were actuated by a single reason, which was that there existed, to say the least, in every man's breast a disagreeable sensation occasioned by having to set a value on his own work, and that though this could not be helped in the first Congress, it might and should be avoided thereafter! Even the opposition adopted the same tone. Theodore Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, stated that, in his opinion, there was little chance of Congress abusing the power given it to fix their own wages, for gentlemen were generally more inclined to make such wages moderate than excessive! But it is only fair to add that a considerable body of

public opinion did not share, even in 1789, this same belief in the scruples of existing or future Congressmen about fixing their own salaries. However, there was also some opposition to the measure on the more practical ground that it would enable a member to handicap a possible rival by decreasing his successor's salary without diminishing his own. But this objection was ignored, and the amendment was successfully passed by both Houses of Congress. It was, however, ratified by only six out of the fourteen States, namely by Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Delaware, Vermont and Virginia. The legislatures of New Jersey, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, New York, and Rhode Island rejected it; while Massachusetts, Connecticut and Georgia did not act upon the proposal.

Though the amendment thus failed of ratification by the necessary three-fourths of the States, the issue it was framed to meet has burst forth with considerable violence each time the country's attention has been drawn to the matter by a raise in Congressional salaries. The first time such a raise was effected, in 1816, an amendment similar to this earlier one was proposed, but it was allowed to die in Congress. In 1873, when the salary of the members was raised from \$5,000 to \$7,500, such a storm of indignation rocked the country that that measure was repealed the next year. In the course of the storm, the Senate of Ohio raked up this long forgotten amendment proposed by Congress eighty years before and triumphantly ratified it! Such action suggested an interesting constitutional question as to the limitation of time in which a proposed amendment must be ratified, but the question then remained academic, for no other State besides Ohio expressed its indignation in this particular fashion. Various new amendments to the same effect were introduced, only to perish at the hands of Congress; but it was not until nearly thirty-five years later, in 1907, that the members dared again to place their annual compensation at \$7,500. That time they succeeded in retaining it there, despite considerable agitation.

Once more, in 1925, this compensation has been raised; today it stands at \$10,000 a year. Perhaps it is not an unjust figure, and there was certainly much less popular outcry about it than

that raised at the times of the earlier increases. But, whatever the rights of the question, it does seem clear that the inevitable indignation at every increase would have been much less if the increase in question had not applied to the very men who voted it. Few will rise up today to say that Congress is made up of gentlemen inclined to underrate their services; and in such a day and generation, we may well regret that five more States did not ratify the wise amendment on this subject that the First Congress proposed.

III.—*Titles of Nobility.* The next almost successful amendment had to do with the rather surprising subject of titles of nobility. In Article One of the Constitution, it is provided that no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States and that no person holding any office of trust or profit under the United States shall, without the consent of Congress, accept any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign State. It was this clause that made necessary special legislation in the last war to enable members of the Army and Navy to accept the decorations of other countries. The provisions of the clause seem strict enough to preserve our Republican simplicity, but in the early days of the nation there was considerable agitation to raise higher the bars against any encroachment of royal perquisites. The conventions of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, and Rhode Island, when called to ratify the Constitution, proposed that this clause be amended so as to remove the requirement of Congressional consent and thus make it impossible for anyone holding office ever to accept any decoration or gift from a foreign Power. It was also proposed in the First Congress that an amendment to this effect be passed along with the Bill of Rights, but the suggestion was not acted upon. Twenty years later, however, in 1810, an amendment on the subject was proposed by Senator Philip Reed of Maryland. It was passed by Congress and submitted to the States in this form:

If any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive, or retain any title of nobility or honor, or shall, without the consent of Congress, accept or retain any present, pension, office, or emolument from any emperor, king,

prince, or foreign power, such person shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them or either of them.

Thus it was sought to prevent the acceptance or retention of a foreign title or honor, by a citizen of the United States irrespective of Congressional approval. Rigorous as the measure sounds, various amendments to it were proposed in the Senate with a view to making it yet more drastic. It was suggested that the penalty be increased to comprise deprivation of citizenship. One Senator was so keen to bar out the taint of royalty that he proposed to apply this penalty to all "who shall intermarry with any descendant of any emperor, king or prince or with any person of the blood royal"!

However, when these fireworks of political display had died away and the amendment in the form given above had passed the Senate by a vote of 19 to 5, and the House by 87 to 3, it failed of ratification by just one State. Maryland, Kentucky, Ohio, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Vermont, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, Massachusetts and New Hampshire—twelve in all—signified their approval of the amendment. New York, Connecticut, South Carolina and Rhode Island rejected it; while Virginia apparently took no action in the matter. But, though the amendment had not actually received the approval of the necessary three-fourths of the seventeen States then in the Union, for a long time there existed a popular belief that it had been adopted. In fact, in the official edition of the Constitution printed for the use of the members of the Fifteenth Congress, this measure was included as the Thirteenth Amendment!

Such printing led at once to a resolution of inquiry, and it was discovered that, although most people believed that South Carolina had ratified the amendment, such was not the case. The Senate of that State had acted favorably in the matter, but the lower house of the Legislature had failed to confirm such action, so that South Carolina's approval was withheld. However, the public belief in the matter was not easily shaken and the error persisted for over thirty years, the resolution being printed as the Thirteenth Amendment in editions of the Constitution and of school histories until the century was almost half over.

The immediate cause of this proposed amendment has never

been satisfactorily explained. Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, on reporting the measure to the House, remarked that he considered the vote on the question as deciding whether or not we were to have members of the Legion of Honor in this country. He did not amplify these remarks, but perhaps he had in mind the embarrassment that members of such a foreign organization might cause our Administration in its dealings with other Governments. There seem to be, today, certain Americans who feel impelled to justify the red ribbon in their buttonhole by telling other countries not to take too seriously the official requests of the United States as to debts and such unpleasant matters. Had there been no red ribbon, there might have been less keen championship of the foreign nation, and the administration now may well be sighing that there are not stricter laws against such a "present, pension, office or emolument"! But Nathaniel Macon gave no reasons, and we are left to wonder whether it was this or some other situation that the amendment was framed to meet.

Possibly the measure was simply an outburst of the popular sentiment against all things foreign that manifested itself in various ways in those troubled times. Such feeling caused the passage by the Tennessee Legislature of a law forbidding the citation of any English statute or decision before a court of that State, and only by the earnest effort of Henry Clay was this prohibition confined to such English acts and opinions as occurred after the Revolution. Other States enacted statutes to do away with any reminders of foreign methods of government, and all these, along with this constitutional amendment, seem founded on the same unreasoning "hundred per cent." Americanism.

Or perhaps it was the presence of Jerome Bonaparte in this country a few years before, and his marriage to Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, that prompted the amendment. The Bonapartes had filled many thrones in Europe; might they not aspire to found a royal line even on this republican Atlantic seaboard? *Niles's Register*, many years afterward, refers to an amendment having been adopted that prevented any but a native born citizen from becoming President. Such a provision was already

contained in Article Two of the Constitution, so the writer was in error; but he may have had in mind this measure in relation to titles of nobility and the idea that it was aimed against Napoleonic encroachment. The same writer goes on to say that when Jerome Bonaparte was in this country, the Federalists proposed the measure, under pretense of fear lest he should reach the Presidency through "French influence." They really believed that the Democrats would oppose the measure as foolish and unnecessary, and that the Federalists would then be able to make political capital of this opposition as proving the subserviency of the Democrats to the interests of France. But the Democrats were too wary to fall into the trap; the amendment obviously could do no harm, and they agreed to it almost unanimously, so that it passed through Congress with scarcely a dissenting vote.

Whatever the real reason was for the introduction and passage of this measure, its failure to be ratified cannot be said to have affected, to any extent, the course of history.

IV.—*Protection of Slavery.* The next member of this ill-fated procession of measures was the so-called Corwin Amendment. After Congress convened in 1860, no less than fifty-seven resolutions were introduced suggesting an amendment on the subject of slavery. These ranged in tone all the way from those of the conservatives of both parties, in the nature of one compromise or another, to that of Jefferson Davis, which provided expressly for the recognition and protection of property in slaves. Finally in March, 1861, two days before the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, favorable action was taken on an amendment proposed by Thomas Corwin, a Representative from Ohio, a former Senator from that State, Secretary of the Treasury in an earlier Cabinet, and later Minister to Mexico. The measure was passed in each House by just the bare two-thirds majority required, the conservative Republicans joining with the Democrats to support it. The resolution read as follows:

No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or to interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State.

The avowed purpose of this measure was to reassure the Slave States that national legislation would not undertake to abolish slavery within their borders. But the amendment might have had more far-reaching results. In the course of the debate on it in the House, Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois aroused the mirth of his fellow members with this question:

Does that include polygamy, the other twin relic of barbarism?

To this Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, replied:

Does the gentleman desire to know whether he shall be prohibited from committing that crime?

which again rocked the House with laughter.

But it is to be pointed out that the subject of these jests was not as idle as then seemed the case. With this provision in the Constitution, a State might have set up and recognized polygamy without interference from the Federal Government. Perhaps even the Eighteenth Amendment could not have been passed!

Mr. Lincoln appears to have approved of the proposed amendment as a means of pacifying the then thoroughly aroused South, but it was ratified by only three States, Ohio, Illinois, and Maryland. Two of these were Northern, and one was a Border, State. The Abolitionists of New England sternly rejected the measure and the South spurned it. In general, it was rejected as too slight a concession to the slave-owners to hold even the eight Slave States still left in the Union, let alone bring back the seven erring sisters that had already seceded. Had there been any indication that the amendment would serve to stave off the approaching conflict, there is little doubt but that it would have been more generally ratified. There were probably sufficient people in the North desirous of averting a rebellion, even at the cost of such a measure, to have secured its adoption, had not its futility been apparent from the outset.

Thus languished and died the Corwin Amendment, but its corpse served to raise one more question of interest before becoming buried beneath the oblivion of the passing years. Early in 1864, with the prospects of a Northern victory growing rapidly brighter, Senator Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island, introduced

a resolution to repeal the proposed amendment. Perhaps he wanted to insure that the Government should have a free hand in dealing with the slavery problem and feared lest, if the measure remained before the States, it might yet become ratified by the necessary number. Or perhaps he considered that the measure had been superseded by the Emancipation Proclamation and was best removed from under foot. History does not tell us his purpose; but his resolution was simply referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, which discharged it from further consideration without action some months later. The Senator's motion, however, suggests the question whether Congress, having once proposed an amendment to the States, can recall it before the States have ratified in sufficient numbers for it to have become adopted. The answer to this is difficult; many legal experts believing that Congress has no such power; but the question seems likely to remain an academic one for some time to come.

Thus perished four proposed amendments to the Constitution. They enjoyed, till recently, the distinction of being the only amendments that weathered their way through Congress to meet their fate at the hands of the several States. Sixty years had gone by since the last of them, before the proposed Child Labor Amendment came to join their ranks. Yet perhaps we go too fast; it may be that some States which have rejected this latest measure can yet ratify it into the Constitution—possibly even eighty years hence! But those are questions for the lawyers to settle.

EWEN CAMERON MAC VEAGH

TWO POEMS

BY MUNA LEE

PORTRAIT

THERE is a living peace within these woods,
A darkness and a quiet; and there seems
A Presence brooding over all its streams,
A Presence that above its cedars broods.
And sound is in the silence—the long sound
Of sweeping cedar-boughs; a sudden fall
Of unseen waters; or a bird's sharp call;
While secret rivers murmur underground.

And toward the lake fed by the forest springs,
Singly at nightfall shy, wild creatures go;
Over the fern, across the rocky weir,
Seeking again deep waters that they know,
Swiftly they pass, the furred and wingéd things—
Eagle and osprey, panther and spotted deer.

BLINDMAN

I HEARD one praise his love
In a voice that shook
With passionate exaltation of
Her brow and look.

Dull to my sight, to my heart,
I saw his love pass by;
Nor knew if he were blind
Or I.

WASTE JOURNEYING

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

*"How can I tell, unless I smell
The Carthaginian Rose"—Edna Millay*

You go from me, seeking the fabled rose,
The breath-fleet, death-sweet rose, that blows
Where Carthage sleeps and, sleeping, keeps
The attar of her dreams—as petals close
When over the terrace the long dusk creeps.
I would not stay you; tread, if tread you must,
Her callous, too much trodden dust.

But here, Most Dear, I tend a mystic rose
Not Carthage knows, nor time nor snows,
In earth made new and virginal for you:
A rose of dire, unquenching fire
That flames on grief like song upon a lyre.

QUESTION IN TIME OF ETERNITY

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

At the last day, at the Judgment, the Lord God
Will say to you that sit on his right hand,
“Come unto Me ye blessed and be glad,
Be sealèd unto Me with eternal bond.
Hungry, ye fed me, strange, ye took me in,
Sick, succored me, sad, gave me comfort. Come!
Forget now, lost in the Eternal One,
Your deaths, your lives, yourselves, all, all but Him.”

But unto us, “Ye others! Ye that looked
Dazzled in your own eyes and saw Me not,
Ye deaf that heard nor opened when I knocked,
Ye lonely ones that dug at your own root
For beauty and found only beauty, go,
Go seek yourselves, go seek in the dead brain,
Go find the thing ye seek and still alone
Seek on, seek on forever. Go your way!”

And we will turn to go and one will say,
“Which are the chosen, Lord?”

THE POETRY OF CHARLES MONTAGUE DOUGHTY

BY SAMUEL C. CHEW

To the generality of readers Mr. Doughty is *homo unius libri*; and even the *Travels in Arabia Deserta* remained till lately one of those "broad expanses" of literature of which most adventurers among books were content to be "told." Now at length they are breathing its "pure serene"; but meanwhile Mr. Doughty's poetry is still neglected, and it seems worth while to attempt to redress the balance which has been so heavily over-weighed by his great prose masterpiece.

The author of *The Dawn in Britain* springs from the strength of ancient English blood.¹ The Doughtys are traced far back in the annals of Suffolk and Lincolnshire, and the Hothams (his mother's family) were large landowners in Yorkshire from a period shortly after the Norman Conquest. Charles Montague Doughty was born in 1843. His mother died shortly after his birth, his father when he was but a little boy; and he was left almost alone in the world. After a full eighty years the sense of bereavement still remained with him, inspiring the lines in *Mansoul* which begin—

Death cannot dim thy vision, in my heart,
Dear Lodestar bright; whereby I daily set,
My shallop course, in Life's solicitous voyage.

Ambitious to enter the navy, the boy received his early education at the Portsmouth Naval School; but his health was insufficiently robust for the arduous career of his choice, and from Portsmouth he passed about 1860 to Caius College, Cambridge, where in 1865 he took an honor's degree in the natural sciences. His life at the university was interrupted for a year of wandering in Scandinavia. Here he collected material for a monograph on *The*

¹ Mr. Doughty has confirmed the biographical facts herein recorded for the first time.

Jöstedal-Brae Glaciers in Norway (1866). These geological studies were of value to him during his later travels in Arabia. A botanist also of no mean quality, his sensitive love of flowers imparts a fragrance to many pages of his verse. From this early time dates also his interest in popular superstitions and folk-lore. His knowledge of Scandinavian languages and literature brought ingredients to the strange and individual style, both in prose and poetry, which he moulded from many and diverse materials.

The year 1866 Doughty passed at Oxford in private study. Since the Past cannot but exert a strong attraction upon the geologist and folk-lorist, it was this perhaps that drew him now to the study of Anglo-Saxon. Very evident is the influence of Early English poetry upon his own verse: the heavy beat of the accents, the abundant alliteration, the strong clashing epithets, the harsh yet stately march of the rhythm, the heroic view of life—these characteristics of Doughty's poetry have their far-descended historical justification. It was at Oxford, too, that he made a happy acquaintance with Chaucer and Spenser, in reading whom, as he has told me, he, a lonely man largely dependent upon his own guidance, found his true vocation and came to know that in their art lay his future, near or far off. In the Muses' Garden (described in *The Clouds*) there walks with Cædmon

Dan Galfred; in whose worthy hand, a book,
With golden leaves, his Muses song; whereon
He looketh, oft pensive smiling; whiles he goeth.

There, too, is Spenser, "the Prince of Britain poets," meditating "his laurel verse". Of later poets—even Shakespeare, Milton even—there is no mention in Doughty's verse; indeed, invoking Spenser he exclaims—

Dear Master Edmund, since from thy pined flesh,
Thou wast unbound; is fallen thy matchless Muse;
Alas the while! on many evil days:
Wherein, as waxed untuneable; can mens ears,
Now, no more savour thy celestial lays!

The first fruits of these benign influences were not to ripen for forty years. Meanwhile, with frail health overtaxed by study, he determined to seek the help that might come from change

of climate. Behind this physical need was the desire to learn foreign tongues and become acquainted with alien modes of thought. And behind these incentives was the impelling motive of all his wanderings—a yearning to grasp any clue to the mystery of life. He would prove all things and would hold fast that which is good. He would escape from “the busy-idle cares which cloud upon us that would live peaceably in the moral desolation of the world.” When the nomads of the Arabian wilderness with persistent curiosity inquired of him: “Art thou not come to spy out the country?” or: “Art thou not some banished man?” it was Doughty’s wont to reply that he was a *Saiêhh*, “a walker about the world,” “God’s wanderer, who, not looking back to his worldly interest, betakes himself to the contemplative life’s pilgrimage.” *Mansoul* is the record of this life-long spiritual quest.

So it came about that he took his long departure from England, and having sojourned a year’s time in the Low Countries, turned southward; and on the Riviera found a paradise of warmth and earthly beauty and happiness. Thus began his devotion to the “summer lands”. He passed through Italy and was at Naples, and actually upon the volcano’s summit, during the great eruption of Vesuvius in 1872, an experience of which he tells in the *Arabia Deserta*. Whether the narrative of an eruption of Etna, found in *Mansoul*, is based upon a similar adventure, I do not know. From Italy he went westward, spending part of a year in Portugal and Spain. Thence he crossed to Algiers. The relics of Moorish civilization in these countries were his introduction to the culture of the races among whom he was soon to pass the most eventful years of his life. He came to Egypt and then to Asia Minor, where, after a hesitation which led him to retrace his steps some way homeward, he again set his face to the East. Greatly desiring to travel in Bible lands, he came to Damascus some time in 1874. In the Peninsula of Sinai he ascended the two holy mountains; and following in the footsteps of Burckhardt, he penetrated as far as the great Nabatæan monuments of Petra. Of Sinai and of Petra he has recorded his impressions in *Mansoul*. With native guides he journeyed through Moab and Ammon; and at Maan his imagination was fired by reports of the rock-hewn monuments, unknown to Europe, at Medain Salih (or

El-Hejr; the Hegra of Ptolemy), three hundred miles farther along the pilgrim way. He resolved to take the hazard of visiting them—an adventure not to be assumed lightly. For two years he remained in Syria, perfecting himself in Arabic; but when at length he attempted to make interest with the British consul and the Ottoman authorities at Damascus, the boorish consul rebuffed him and the Turkish officials were politely discouraging. Persevering nevertheless, he discovered that the Damascus-Mecca yearly pilgrim-caravan passed by El-Hejr. It was a simple matter, unnoticed at first among the thousands of pilgrims, to join the *haj*; and when the Pasha discovered his presence he accepted the *fait accompli* and even granted Doughty some protection. Thus, in November, 1876, Doughty began his travels in Arabia.

An outline of his itinerary would be a dull and useless substitute for his own magnificent narrative. It suffices to say that though the monuments at Medain Salih were perhaps a bit below his expectations, he there, while waiting for the returning *haj*, caught the fever of further exploration, and from the benevolent Pasha he obtained letters of commendation to the nomad chiefs and a supply of drugs, for he had now to depend for a livelihood upon chance opportunities to dispense medicines. This Christian European leech was left to his own resources among the fanatic nomads. In various places he suffered indignities; at one town he was long held prisoner; from Hail he was ignominiously expelled. Elsewhere, especially at Aneiza, he was treated with rough kindness. Through twenty months increasingly frail health multiplied the burdens of the way. The last part of his wanderings provided the severest hardships, for near the coast he experienced that violent harshness which the nomads seldom fail to exhibit on the confines of settled government towards any unprotected stranger. The Prince of Taif, however, rescued him from his fanatical and bloodthirsty tormentors, and he was given safe conduct to Jidda, where he arrived sick and penniless in August, 1878.

Doughty was not the first European wanderer in the interior of Arabia. Several explorers, chief among them Burckhardt and Burton, had traversed the arc of the circle whose points rest upon Yambu and Jidda; Palgrave had crossed the country from north-

east to southwest; and other men had penetrated one district or another on political, commercial or scientific missions. A full account of these adventurers is given by Dr. D. G. Hogarth in his fascinating book, *The Penetration of Arabia*. All Doughty's predecessors had traveled under the protection either of disguise or of strong official endorsement. Such endorsement had been denied him; and with fine intrepidity he never considered even the possibility of native disguise or of the pretense of religious conformity; his sense of the honor due alike to his family and his country forbade. Confronting the twin perils of Arabia,—“famine and the dreadful harpy-face of their religion,”—he maintained his Christian character, not hesitating, when alternately threatened and cajoled, to reveal a certain contempt for “the solemn fools’ paradise” of the Moslem religion. This unswerving avowal of his race and faith is the highest testimony to the courage which enabled him to accomplish his unique journey. With this endurance were mixed the elements of gentleness, humaneness, and sympathy. He had to exercise shrewdness and to keep a watchful eye upon the fluctuating moodiness of the Arabs. When despitefully used he was moved to indignant protest but never to base supplication. To his mild nature the humanity of the nomads often responded with hospitality and “God-speed”. More often they regarded him as a curiosity to be questioned during the illiterate idleness of the tents. He observed their heavy cares and pathetic pleasures, and during halts of the caravans and in the long evenings he set down what he saw and heard in little note-books, making no concealment of his records though alarmed protests were often voiced against the “magic” which he was concocting.¹ Very frequently, when drooping upon his camel beneath the intense heat or when, leaving the clustered tents, he lay out alone under the stars, his thoughts turned to the problem—

What were indeed right paths of a mans feet;
That lacking light, won't stumble in World's murk.

And never was he mindless of his true vocation as a disciple of the Muse of Britain.

¹ These note-books, the basis of the *Arabia Deserta*, are now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

More than forty years later he described Arabia in lines as hard and rugged as her volcanic rocks:¹

An upland Plain and desolate wilderness;
Far from the paths of men. . . .
One of the great waste places of the Earth.
In Winter chill, in Summer the Sun's Hearth.
Whereon there falleth seld a life-giving rain:
A weary ground, which seldom shadowed is,
Of any cloud; which stiffened lies as bronze:
A glowing grit, under Sun's fervent gaze;
Or scalding sand. The lean Inheritance;
Of men that dwell, disherited of the World,
In wandering Tribes: sith World began, remained
Unsown; wherein the locust is brought forth.
Void silent solitude: Like unto a Strand,
By day and the clear starry night alike;
Of the everlasting Gulf of Heavens Height.
A dewless Coast, whereas few rusty ribs;
Craigs of wild goats be seen, of shapeless rocks.

These memories of "the tented Children-of-the-East" inspire the poet's prayer—

Remember them for good: and fill their mouths,
For Want their portion is, from year to year.

Having returned to England, Doughty's "incessant labour" during the decennium 1879–1888 was the composition of the *Travels in Arabia Deserta* (1888). It is not my present purpose to attempt any "appreciation" of that incomparable record. The pleasant task has been accomplished by Dr. Hogarth, by Mr. Edward Garnett, by Colonel Lawrence, and by various other critics. More profitable, did space serve, would be some indication of the relation of the book to other narratives of travel—Burckhardt's *Travels in Arabia*, Burton's *Personal Narrative*, Palgrave's *Narrative*, Warburton's *The Crescent and the Cross*, Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant*, and Kinglake's *Eothen*. Considered more broadly, Doughty's work might serve as the culmination of the entire history of the influence of the Levant upon English literature.

¹ Another admirable evocation of these far-off memories may be found in the review of Dr. Hogarth's *Arabia* which Doughty published in *The London Observer*, March 19, 1922. This review has been reprinted privately in an edition limited to 25 copies.

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One pictures the poet-traveler, conscious of a vocation as yet unfulfilled and meditating the theme of a long poem as he lay out upon the desert sands beneath the stars. His championship of Christianity among the Moslems may have suggested a Christian subject; association with the nomads directed his thoughts to life in primitive society; pride in England impelled him to choose an English theme. These three motives—Christianity; Primitivism; England—are intertwined in the story of the bringing of Christianity to Britain. Years passed while the travel-book was written. Then the idea of his epic poem took shape slowly in his mind. The assembling of materials was the work of several years, and the actual writing of the epic, Mr. Doughty has told me, occupied nearly a decade. In 1906 *The Dawn in Britain*, an epic poem in six volumes, was published.

The reception given this long, ambitious and difficult work resembles that accorded to *The Dynasts*; but whereas Mr. Hardy's epic-drama has won its way to recognition as the greatest English poem of this age, *The Dawn in Britain* remains little read and seldom spoken of. There are serious stumbling-blocks in the reader's path, for Doughty makes no concessions to ignorance of semi-legendary British history. The involutions and contortions of the style, the archaistic vocabulary (for which he had the great precedent of Spenser), and the syntactical peculiarities, have alienated benevolent readers who are, moreover, irritated by the suppression of the apostrophe in the genitive case and by similar eccentricities. The abundant use of secondary ictus necessitates the employment of accents as guides to the proper scansion of the lines. An additional difficulty is the punctuation, which is not grammatical or syntactical but rhythmical and elocutionary, following a system not very logically worked out.¹

The details of *quellen-studien* are happily beyond the scope of this essay; but it may be said that the primary "source" of *The Dawn in Britain* is probably the outline of British history which Spenser introduces into *The Faerie Queene* (Book II, Canto x).

¹ Doughty's system is analogous to that which, according to modern scholarship, was employed by Elizabethan poets and printers. And it may not be amiss to note that Baudelaire, in one of his letters, objects to changes in punctuation made by his printers, insisting that his purpose is to indicate pause and stress, not the grammatical interrelations of the parts of his sentences.

The poet has also drawn upon Holinshed and his fellow chroniclers, upon Geoffrey of Monmouth and other older native sources, and upon Dio Cassius and the rest of the Roman historians.

The stately monotony of the blank verse, like the tread of unnumbered hosts, harmonizes with the remorseless and monotonous passing of the human generations who appear and vanish again during the vast epoch (from the taking of Rome by Brennus to the revolt of Bonduca) covered by the story. An effect is gained of vague grandeur, but there is confusion in the reader's mind as the narrative wanders on, as king gives way to king, as now Briton and now Roman triumphs, and as the new faith out of Syria wins converts from the ancient religion of the isle. An ill-defined allegory of the struggle of the forces of light, symbolized by the meek Syrian missionaries, with the forces of darkness, symbolized by the woad-stained devotees of Druidism, may be read into the poem; but in general it is singularly objective, without hidden meaning and with no purpose save the grand one to tell the tale of the dawn of civilization in the poet's well-loved land.

Defective in the larger matters of composition, the epic is rich in striking and beautiful episodes. The following is a characteristic example of Doughty's manner. At a time when mighty Julius had become "an handful of common cinders," in far-off Syria a new Light dawned upon the world:

Pass other years: and seemeth that her first peace,
Returned to earth; and truce in weary hearts!
Then, in a night, which lightsome seems as day,
Sounded in Mona's temple-cave, divine
Voice, saying; Him worship, all ye Briton gods!
Dear Muse, which from this world's beginning, was
Seated, above, in heavenly harmonies;
Reveal that Radiance to mine hungry ears,
Thine eyes behold; what sacred Light, far off,
Like new wide Dawn, (for which, men's eyes have watched,
From age to age,) now kindled on the earth!
Whiles Night lies, as a cloak, whelmed on our Britain;
Tell me of Land, under East bent of heaven;
Wherein, is born, the Everlasting Prince
Of Peace, Sun of night-darkness of our hearts!

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I would gladly quote a score of passages from this poem; but it must suffice to send my readers to such episodes as that of the first meeting of Brennus and Fridia (Book ii); the descent of Brennus's armies upon Italy (Book iii); the story of the nymph Agygia (Book iii); the coming of the second Brennus to Delphi (Book v); the voyage of Joseph in Mnason's ship (Book vi). In Book vii there is a tremendous vision of Hell where fiends gather in council how to prevent the coming of the saints to Britain. "Disdain, tiptoe-stalking demon," "blind blasphemous Despair," "heart-nipping Envy" and other devils gather with a rabblement of—

Punks, spectres, bugs; earth, well and mountain sprites,
Skrats, woodwives, goblins, of earths forlorn night;
In guise of werewolves, fitchews, and strange shapes.

In Britain battles innumerable are fought and "sounds of insult, shame and wrong" echo through the poem. The characterization of the Emperor Claudius (Book xiv), though not confirmed by modern research, is a remarkable revitalization of tradition. The harangue of Caractacus to his "blue barbared host" before the battle (Book xvi) is a fine example of Doughty's rugged eloquence; and the picture of the same chief, a prisoner in Rome (Book xx), reflects the poet's own large-hearted patriotism. In the end, there sounds again the motive of the gentle human love which has been brought to war-worn Britain by the Syrian saints—

Love is here lowest stair to the Infinite Good,
Love-labour easy is: is aught so hard,
But will attempt it love? with panting breast!
For love, love lightly would forsake the world!

There is much evidence in the *Arabia Deserta* of Doughty's interest in folk-traditions, especially such as, possessed in common by various branches of the Semites, illuminate the Old Testament narrative. One such legend, picked up from the nomads, tells how Adam and Eve, "cast forth from the Paradise, fell down in several places of the Earth: whence they, after age-long wandering, meet together again, upon a Mountain." This is the theme of *Adam Cast Forth*, a sacred drama published in 1908. The simple story is told in rude and unadorned fashion, yet with much

of primitive nobility. The rock-strewn wilderness through which our first parents move and the smiling oasis to which they come are alike suggestive of Arabian landscape; and the unquestioning obedience to the will of God is characteristic of "the tented Children-of-the-East." But the drama is too remote from Occidental ways of thought and life ever to be popular or widely read. And equally alien to our lives is the narrative poem of *The Titans* (1916), the opening lines of which are typical of Doughty's austere grandeur—

Neath Heavens high stars, whereof we some see cease,
To shed their light, whilst other some increase;
There nothing is at any stay. This House
Of Middle-Earth, which Time brought lately forth;
Our Inn, in bosom of Gods Universe;
Is full of variance, tiding ever forth.
Alone the everlasting Throne stands steadfast.

But this Dantesque sublimity of utterance is not sustained throughout. The Titans, defeated in warfare with gods and men, are cast into a pit. In after ages the "living corse" of one "great Eothen-statue" is found by men who remove it to their market-place, where buried loin-deep the Titan returns to life and, as a yoked laborer, is subdued to the service of man. There is an allegorical suggestion of man's gradual conquest and utilization of the forces of nature; but it is not clearly realized and the general impression is confused. Despite passages of power and beauty, *The Titans* is the least excellent and most difficult of Doughty's poems.

Meanwhile Doughty's intense patriotism and love of England—her past, her traditions, her greatness, her countryside—were leading him to take anxious thought for her immediate future. In politics he had adopted an idealistic Toryism which attributed to other Conservatives a high-mindedness and disinterestedness equal to his own. Of mere blatant imperialism there is no trace in his thought; but, for all his long dwelling in the East, he does not see eye to eye with such opponents of British policy as his fellow traveler in Arabia, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Doughty viewed with increasing alarm the growth of German power and

accepted as sincere, and as bound before long to be put into practice, the enunciations of German world policy. He came to believe that his mission was to arouse England to an awareness of her imminent danger and to utter a call to national service. In 1909 he published the dramatic poem *The Cliffs*, and in 1912 its sequel, *The Clouds*. The first of these was written while the earliest German dirigibles were circling above Lake Constance. Doughty voices a passionate prophecy of war's imminence and of the terrible part to be played in it by the new astounding inventions of science. Few things are stranger in literary history than the fulfilment of this vision; not merely in such details as the actualities of submarine and aerial warfare but in the clairvoyant sense of the spirit of a people threatened with immolation—the horrors of invasion, the confusion of an undisciplined country, the realization of the world-shaking ambitions of the foe, the kindling consciousness of the necessity of self-sacrifice. The theme is the secret landing of German spies upon the coast of Kent on the eve of war; the drama ends with the warding off of the danger from overseas. The poet seems to have felt that the warning was not sufficiently drastic; and in *The Clouds* he depicts "War, invading war! in England's midst." With scathing satire he attacks in both poems the bungling and selfish politicians in charge of England's destiny. Intense moral indignation and austere patriotism are combined with a naïve belief in the absolute justice of his country's cause and the utter malignity of her enemies. In both poems are many passages of great eloquence, such as the magnificent soliloquy of old John Hobbe with which *The Cliffs* opens (perhaps the finest lines in all Doughty's poetry); or the chant of the Sacred Band with which the same poem closes; or the vision of the Muses' Garden in *The Clouds*. Both poems are lightened and varied by quaint and charming interludes in which, during the night while the human actors sleep, the gnomes and dapper elves come from their hiding-places to disport themselves and to play their part in the protection of England. A whimsical and tricky fancy which one might not have associated with Doughty save for odd hints in the *Arabia Deserta* creates in the fantastic play of these sprites the very atmosphere of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and of *Nymphidia*. The scene of the elfin wedding

is as pretty a bit of fairy poetry as is to be found in our literature.

It remains to say something of the latest and noblest of Doughty's poems—*Mansoul; or the Riddle of the World* (1920); though the less need be said since it has secured comparatively wide recognition. All Doughty's life has been a spiritual quest, a ceaseless groping for light through the murkiness of the world. At home, as in Arabia, he has pursued (in Pater's words) "a dimly discerned mental journey." The sense of this is one of the many impressions made by a perusal of the *Arabia Deserta*, for, as Dr. Hogarth well says, "reading Doughty's personal adventures, one feels him to be less an individual than a type of all his kind undergoing a certain trial of spirit." Joseph of Arimathea and his companions are upon such a journey in which the blindly groping woad-stained Britons join them. Adam, cast forth from Paradise, pursues his quest, as do the Dawn-Men who wage war against the Titans. Through the centuries Britain, ever groping, has followed the same quest; and the two prophetic war poems are appeals to the younger generation to persevere upon the path. *Mansoul* is yet another and more definite allegory of the way of the soul. The poet, Minimus, traveling in the company of Mansoul, enters the world of the dead and confronts the old prophets, sages and founders of religions with the persistent question: "What were indeed right paths of a man's feet?" Zarathrustra, Buddha, Confucius and Socrates give answers characteristic of their thought, but all the sages bow in ignorance before the final mystery of death; and the words with which the poem closes and which "abide, a Perfume, in our hearts," are those of Jesus: "Fear ye not, little flock; God is Love."

Mansoul contains many other elements. There are grand passages of Syrian and Arabian landscape. The elves and gnomes reappear at their graceful sports. And there is a vision of Man's City, a City which hath foundations, towards which humanity is painfully making its way. . . . It was in his lovely Kentish garden that I last saw Mr. Doughty; and as I call to mind the old poet's kindly eyes, his gentle voice, and serene bearing, and majestic head, he assumes the dignity of a type or abstract of all humanity, a stranger and pilgrim upon the road.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

“THE EARTHLY PARADISE”

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

It was a cherished belief of childhood that the Garden of Eden still existed, that it would be possible to journey to the spot and approach as near as the beam of the fiery sword allowed; perhaps even like Cain in Byron's tragedy to linger before the gates at twilight to catch a glimpse of the gardens. Great was the child's disillusion to learn that the Garden had long since vanished and only vague tradition pointed to the site. The belief was recalled by the saying of a British soldier in Mesopotamia during the Great War: that if this unpleasant place was Paradise, Adam and Eve were justified in committing any sin to escape from it. Something like these mental processes will appear in our appreciation of literature. The student brought up on the Classics and thinking their fame to be as strongly founded as the earth he treads on, will shudder at the first blast of what has been called Leslie Stephen's east wind. He will be told that something of the mildew of time is creeping over the Waverley Novels, that even Shakespeare had a message for his audiences which has not reached us, that out of a hundred books that have survived the centuries about ninety-nine have lost their freshness. We might supplement these statements by examples such as William Hayley, esteemed a great poet in his lifetime, now remembered by the accident that he was Cowper's friend. The three stages are thus made clear: what once appeared an enchanted domain is forbidden by the fiery sword of the critic; and a latter-day public, typified by the sardonic soldier, denies that a Paradise existed.

From Leslie Stephen's favorite east wind we will take refuge in the milder climate of Pater. He instances from Gaston the special effect of contemporary poetry on sensitive youth, crystalizing the truant and irregular poetry of his own nature, and, because it was the latest achievement of the human soul in this matter, having the advantage of a personal presence. This

brings us to our reason for selecting *The Earthly Paradise* as representing Morris at his best. Duly deferring to those critics who claim for *The Defence of Guenevere* a special charm which Morris never afterwards recaptured; who are impressed by the mighty figures of *Sigurd*; who discover some of his most beautiful work in *Poems by the Way*, we will none the less adhere to our choice. We will even better our instruction by eliminating the more elaborated second half, which includes *The Lovers of Gudrun*, and we will subdivide still further by selecting *Jason*, *The Prologue*, and the first four Greek stories only as expressing all that was good in Morris's nature. Time will prove the critics right, and our favorites may be the first to fall like ripe fruit, for only style can make the ship of song weatherproof as it sails the ocean of eternity, and these poems lack the final hardening touch. It behooves us all the more, while a gap of years still shows in the century since Morris was born, before the language has turned the corner, to remember Pater's saying and recapture in our souls some of the happiness overflowing from his. The western gate of Eden facing the sunset is still open and we can enter the blessed confine. Time may be when the critics will advance their fiery sword and forbid us all approach.

We will first note about Morris that, unlike the typical poet, he was well at ease upon earth. Life has been defined by biologists as the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external, and the same is true of mental life; therefore to have imagination in excess hinders the mind from responding rhythmically to the fact. Perhaps the higher interest of a poet's life lies in this ill response: the unhappy marriage, the ruptured friendship, the wasted affection, the disappointed hopes; and because Morris impressed his imagination to serve the fact, his life may lack this higher interest. However, we doubt not that he would rather have lived happily than have left a name to point a moral or adorn a tale; and if he lived happily it was because he succeeded in externalizing his emotions. Only in his Homeric rages, and one other more notable thing to which we shall attend later, do we discover a personality transcending his daily occupations. He retained through life the friendships of his youth, and yet he is said not to have been an intense friend. The ugly Victorian age re-

volted him, but instead of merely lamenting, he founded a decorative art to bring beauty to the dwellings of the humblest. He felt keenly the injustice of the social order and the sufferings of the poor, and he became an active Socialist. He was a tremendous worker, often exceeding nine or ten hours a day in his task of weaving or dyeing or printing. His biographer observes that after his death the great difficulty was to realize his absence from the things which he had loved so well, "from his books and manuscripts, from his vats and looms, from the grey gabled house and the familiar fields". Even his poetic imagination was stayed by the mountains of Iceland; and that he was more impressed by his second visit proves that his mind had not worked in the interval and produced vast shapes beyond reality, as would have been the case with poets like Shelley or Coleridge, the seed of whose imagination was in themselves. Only we note that at Kelmscott he took a solitary walk, wet or fine, when his day's work was concluded. Otherwise he was not a lonely man; his mind did not make innumerable returns upon itself; and with one exception he found things in the outer world to correspond with its movements.

An exception there was, for Morris was above all a poet, and he conquered the world by his imagination. He was haunted by the fear of death, and to this flight of the mind into a region beyond fact is due his greatest poetry. That we wish to escape death, and yet it is death which makes life sweet—this is the riddle he could not solve, as all his critics have pointed out. The worldly-busy man does not usually concern himself much with the thought of death; the piers of his life bridge are set firmly in the river bed of fact; unlike him who walks the airy suspension bridge of art between birth and death. And yet even here, as we saw with his decorative and Socialistic efforts, the final result will be practical. There are means by which man becomes immortal in the flesh, and art is one; but what is implicit in all art is explicit in the art of Morris. W. H. Hudson affirmed, in his delicate youth, that he could have forgotten the fear were he assured of at least another thirty years of life; and he and others have remarked that such fears do not visit persons of strong body and active habits. Were it merely a matter of pursuing business or pleasure to forget the evil thought, we should gain little: hence the pathos of Dr. John-

son's saying that not one of the brilliant crowd whom he saw at Ranelagh would dare to go home and think. Our object is to be rid of fear, for fear prevents happiness, and happiness rightly used expands the soul: a happy man least fears death, as witness Othello's immortal words on landing at Cyprus. The past is beautiful because, as we look back upon our lives circle within circle, fear is withdrawn. It is otherwise with the unfilled circle of the present where the cares of the world prevent us from finding in beautiful earthly things symbols of heaven. We will endeavor to show how Morris used his art to make man conscious that he is immortal, and restore to him for a moment the finer life he lived in one of those completed circles of the past.

We selected as his most typical work *The Life and Death of Jason*, originally intended to be part of *The Earthly Paradise*, *The Prologue* and the first four Greek stories: *Atalanta's Race*, *The Doom of King Acrisius*, *Cupid and Psyche*, and *The Love of Alcestis*. It is one of the literary paradoxes that such simple art, at so late an hour, should have captured the public; for the public naturally suspects a late worker in simple things, and turns rather to the head of the centuries—to *The Canterbury Tales* or *The Faerie Queene*—for its narrative poetry. Morris worked no miracles with language—he deals in well-worn rhymes and metres—and his characters are but slightly individualized. He was no psychologist like Browning, no consummate jeweller like Tennyson, and he did not, like Swinburne or Baudelaire, so use the sound of words as to suggest the dream-emotions of the soul. The ebb of the romantic tide had long set in, and critics and prose-writers were at work upon the land reclaimed from the sea. Wordsworthians apologized for admiring *The Prelude* and *The Task*, and superior persons pronounced Byron's romances and *Childe Harold* affected, and only praised him as a satiric and therefore second-rate poet. The highest mood of the soul wrought in gold or ivory by the finest graving-tool of the artist became the law.

And yet Morris placed in the Temple of Art vessels of gold not wholly refined from ore, and the god received them. Let us briefly turn over the pages of our favorites and appreciate the emotion lying at their roots. In *Jason* it is the love of Jason and Medea—defining the conditions under which man holds his lease

of happiness from the gods—that partly re-illuminates a thrice-told tale. We do get effects characteristic of Morris that he will repeat more strongly in *Sigurd*—such as the flight of Argo through the Symplegades, or the stroke of her iron beak which splits asunder the ship of Absyrtus: it is when man sets the forces of nature to work and looks on wondering or trembling at the mighty recoil. But in the speech of Circe to Medea we see the soul of Morris gleaming through the story’s old brocade. That man may die without love makes even more remote that outer ocean which rings the world, into which Argo is driven, and more horrible the abyss down which her crew fear she may fall. It transforms Medea from a sorceress to a woman, and, when Jason betrays her, gives her the power to destroy her rival and even her own children.

Of *The Prologue* it may be said that the external adventures are not wholly subdued to the emotional tone. The two persist side by side, and the reader’s attention oscillates between the vivid touches of mediæval imagery and the wistful spiritual refrain. Of the former we may cite the King with the falcon on his wrist and the scrivener to make notes for him; the impenetrable woods on which axes scarcely make an impression, and where the vision of a dragon’s head is hurriedly seen; the need to await a breeze to land; the mystery of what lies beyond the mountains; the people who speak strange tongues; the “crock of copper”, and many another old world phrase; the strange pageant of armor and altars and barbarous customs—All this is a means of escape for the spirit from our law-bound, exactly surveyed world, with its telegraphs and steamboats, its smoke blurred cities and the ravaged beauty of its countryside, and, worst of all, the ruined souls of its money hunting inhabitants. And yet, when the deeper note is struck, it never fails to thrill through the reader’s soul, and diminish the mere external adventures by contrast with the strange object of the quest. Witness the following lines where the Wanderers think they have attained the desired land:

Old faces still reproached us: “We are gone,
And ye are entering into bliss alone;
And can ye now forget? Year passes year,
And still ye live on joyous, free from fear;
But where are we?——”

Atalanta's Race is one of the most beautiful of the stories, but, even more than *Jason*, it is pictorially beautiful; we delight more in the images that pass before our eyes than sorrow for the lost happiness of those who have failed in the race and fallen beneath the sword. Only we note how immediately Venus appears to Milanion in answer to his prayer—as a contrast to what has been called the inexorable silence of God in our modern world.

King Acrisius gives the same strange adventures as *The Prologue*, also inclining to the bizarre,—as the giants whom Perseus encounters upon the Libyan plain and overcomes with the Gorgon's head; the same easy intercourse between God and man,—but we see the tide rising of that craving of the heart to become immortal on earth—which had driven the Wanderers forth—now applied to the master-subject of these stories—love. It begins with Danaë's lament as she wanders through the chambers of the brazen tower, and grows more intense when she herself is immured there. It is the homesickness of those who have lost the world and did not suspect how beautiful it was. But when Perseus woos Andromeda upon the shore, we return to the mood of Jason and Medea: how love alone can create in the individual heart that new world which the Wanderers have vainly sought over so many seas.

If the interest in *The Prologue* and *King Acrisius* is dual, this defect—if defect it is—is remedied in *Cupid and Psyche*. All the beauties of the piece are disposed in circles round the heart-hunger of the central figure. We may even wonder that Cupid seeks for his beloved a godlike immortality, for this earth is so dressed as to appear a true pattern of heaven. As the narrative proceeds the emotion becomes acuter, and Psyche as a bride is less lovely than Psyche seeking her lost love and enduring the tasks of the angry Venus. Her journey to the underworld will recur to us later, but meanwhile we note that the story expands into the culminating effort of Morris's art, *The Love of Alcestis*. Here not only do the gods hear the prayers of man and accept his sacrifices, but live with him as a brother or comrade; they aid him to attain love on earth, and would give him immortal life if they could. Morris's genius culminates in this piece, for it completes what *The Prologue* began. That which the Wanderers set out to seek

is here made the subject of the story; the two streams meet, and henceforth they part. The reader knows he can approach no nearer to the heart of the mystery, and his interest declines.

For it must be remembered that the setting of the tales is as important as the tales themselves, and as we listen we must keep in the mind's eye the Elders and Wanderers who tell them. Be it remembered also that the stories are told, not read, and we should endeavor to hear the voice and its changes as the images pass before us. And the subjects are related to the grand adventure in the lives of these Wanderers or modern Argonauts: their quest after another and still fairer Golden Fleece. Not only they, but men in all ages, because this earth is beautiful, have wished to be at home on it for ever, or to attain that state of mind where they believe that such things can be. Only love can bring it to a man alone, but to the Wanderers no longer young, and travel weary, companionship can still do something: as we know from the cruder instance of those whom Dr. Johnson pitied. Each as a solitary might smile incredibly and indulge in Hamlet-like musings, but among his fellows, amid the flowing tides of rhythm, and with golden fancies passing before the mind's eye, he is immortal and divine.

And this emotion, not confined to the page but overflowing it, is the distinctive one of *The Earthly Paradise*. We are conscious of the magic circle of Elders and Wanderers with the wonder-light in their eyes, and we reflect that we too have our friends and would like to share this happiness with them. The lyric poet is best read in solitude; and it is only thus that we can admire to the full the Virgilian diction of Tennyson, or the miracles worked in rhyme and metre by Swinburne, and catch the last echoes of their harmonies in our remoter mind. Or if we speak of them it is to quote selected passages, which we rarely do with *The Earthly Paradise*. With these stories it is the whole that concerns, not necessarily in the poet's own words but in the emotion they give off. They were spoken to an audience, and the effect is as when we gaze into one of two opposing mirrors, and see our own image in a receding line, till reflections of reflections dwindle to nothing in the long perspective. We all carry with us an imaginary world of Elders and Wanderers to whom we long to confide the

good news of a younger world when gods lived with men. Morris has made this world real to us, and the distinction is that when we speak of it or explain it to others, it does not lose its magic as beautiful things do when exposed to the light of day. The emotion is an artistic-social one which grows with telling.

If we read these stories singly, apart from their framework, we miss their essential purpose. Other poets have surpassed Morris as story tellers; he has added nothing new to familiar legends; and he has not adorned Greek art like Keats or Tennyson or Swinburne. And yet, even though it has been pointed out that he is more mediæval than Greek in spirit, the emotion is due to the beauty which we distinctively associate with ancient Greece. The familiar names of the gods, the genial climate, the islands, the blue seas, the white temples, pass before our eyes and contrast with our hideous modern life. Thus, having fixed the mood by striking the old chord in the memory, Morris compels us to accept collectively what singly we might not do—the imaginative truth of his stories. We gaze at the rapt faces of his circle, we know the thoughts of his listeners—that they yearn, as all men do, for the return of a golden age, for a simpler and more beautiful world where gods lived with men—in fact, to be immortal here on earth.

And this emotion, that rather glides from the surface of the mind if experienced in solitude, finds its way to the deep places when shared with others. Instead of growing thinner, as emotion does when spoken of, it is heightened by exchange with other minds: and this power of endlessly reproducing their own images is peculiar in poetry to these few stories. From watching the effect imaginatively on the Elders and Wanderers, we long to tell our own living circle how such things chanced in Morris's ideal world. We wish other minds to work on scenes as where the kind god pitied Admetus because he had to die,—and when he left Phærae something of his spirit remained with Admetus, so that men thought the golden age had come again,—and when Admetus summoned him to his deathbed he appeared, not like a god, but in the same dress as when he kept the herds, wearing the same homespun coat and carrying the bow in his hand and the quiver slung over his shoulder. Or how Psyche in the hall of Proserpine felt the spell of death around her and doubted whether she cared to

return for a few short years to the living world, till the goddess warned her to take the casket and begone because her eyes were growing strange.

When *The Love of Alcestis* is concluded, the peak of beauty is passed, and the reader travels downward regretting much that has gone before. The stories interleaved between the first four Greek stories gain something from their position: like the Falstaff scenes in *Henry IV* they rest the reader's mind amid the great national happenings of the play. But with *Alcestis* the two streams meet, and thenceforth they part, so that the reader is alone with the stories that follow. The social virtue of their predecessors has gone out of them, and the reader, as he follows the stream of narrative, no longer hears the comments of those who sail what was the companion *Prologue* stream, which has now meandered miles away over the forsaken country. This is not to reflect on the stories themselves, that have been praised by some critics above the earlier ones. There is a pathos, so far not attained, in *The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon*. Aslaug, in the story that bears her name, is a more vivid individual figure—but she is alone in her world. And such a lonely world is that of the greatest of all, where Morris's epic manner begins: *The Lovers of Gudrun*. There indeed we see a human heart isolated in a land of rocks, surrounded by the untaught, and divided from civilization by green wintry seas, so that love is the one relief. Hence the reader hopes that love may be enjoyed, and as the temptation to break plighted troth looms darkly, his fears grow tense with agony, and he foresees the inevitable wreck of happiness and life.

From *Gudrun* dropped the seed that took root in good soil and bore fruit a hundred fold in *Sigurd*; but this work has been extravagantly praised of late years. It elevates human beings through the natural scenes in which their lot is cast, but fails in cumulative interest because the centre of interest is not the individual and not wholly his actions, but rather the circumstances under which actions are performed. The stupendous scenes exalt the persons into fellowship with them, so that the work of their hands is fitly compared to fire or frost or thunder. The interest ebbs and flows according as they engage in adven-

tures which suggest likenesses with the roll of the seasons or the features of a land untimely ripped from chaos. The white sword of Sigurd is "still as the moon", and the throne of King Gripir "a chair of the sea-beast's tooth". So huge are the mountains that "the floor of heaven was mingled with the tossing world of stone".

This last line gives us pause, and we have already noted that Morris was more impressed by his second visit to Iceland. Compare these lines of Milton:

Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storm
Of whirlwind and dire hail.

And now consider another of Morris's lines, from a passage describing the precipices of a distant mountain range:

And lower yet are the hollows striped down by the scanty green.

From this and the above line we deduce that Morris actually saw such sights in Iceland and retained them in his memory; and that his mind had not wandered from the time he saw the object to the time he recorded it in verse; whereas Milton's lines refer to no one thing, but are compounded of many effects, seen and read of, unconsciously refined through years of reverie and dream. And while Milton gave his whole life to *Paradise Lost*, Morris composed *Sigurd* in little more than a year.

We have dwelt upon *Sigurd* because it illustrates most clearly that Morris worked with his memory, and that out of his memory he gave us what is sublime in *Sigurd* and wistful in *The Earthly Paradise*. Critics have observed that his imagination was homesick for another age, and in his youth he took refuge in Mediævalism from the hideous world about him. In later years he visited Iceland, and that satisfied his craving for external beauty on the grander scale, so that he reproduced it as it was. But from the earlier spiritually-realized life of the Middle Ages sprang the peculiar emotion of *The Earthly Paradise* that does not fade when it is spoken of. When old friends meet they speak of the past, and memories that were growing faint in the individual live again, and the more there are to share them, the more objectively real

do they seem. Memory, like art, is concrete, and sharers of a common past suggest the emotion by recalling the time worn things of home and small material accidents—we noted how the god reappeared garbed as a herdsman—till the half faith of each member of the circle produces a whole faith, while the circle endures, in that earthly-heavenly immortality which love and friends and art and beautiful houses and gardens, and dawn and sunset, and the seasons, promise to man in health but withdraw in sickness.

For all its splendor, *Sigurd* is like a literary exercise because the emotions were felt by the mature man and reproduced by the perfected craftsman; they had not grown with his growth and reached back to an idyllic past, as did those of *The Earthly Paradise* to the days of childhood when he rode about Epping Forest in toy armor and fancied himself a knight errant. The basis of poetry is refined emotion, and as Morris, unlike most poets, could externalize his emotions and dwell much at ease on earth, his art suffered, for the mind needs two recoils from fact. *Sigurd* marks one recoil, the chosen stories of *The Earthly Paradise* that second and further recoil into the land of memory. For memory visited the shores of Morris like the Gulf Stream, and made genial weather in a northern clime.

We err in regarding life as a material thing, for man, while on earth, is a spirit, and already half immortal. He has never accepted the argument that we do wrong to knit human ties too closely because death will rend them, nor consoled himself for misfortune by reflecting that in a hundred years he and all about him will have quitted the stage. When himself about to die, his thoughts are still busy with the affairs of this world, not the next; and when his nearest die, he grieves like fallen Lucifer. The past is the only heaven he knows, and he languishes in the present because he has lost it and half his immortality beside. But when he loves or finds a friend, or reads the written words, or surveys the painted canvas, or hears the musical strains, of a master, he becomes wholly immortal in the present. Morris has achieved this effect by uniting art and love and friendship more consciously than other writers; and his lines gain in beauty as they pass from mind to mind. The mountains of his horizon

look blue some scores of miles nearer than those which only distance glorifies. He has given the soul a double reminder—to use the old Platonic phrase—of its pre-natal home. And mental progress—despite the Freudians—consists in working the broken tracks on the unconscious mind into straight Roman roads.

And so because Cupid loved Psyche and Apollo was tender with Admetus, we feel, as we read or even explain, a stronger link with our own friend or beloved, and the emotion returns with tidal rhythm—through the intermediary listening circle—to heighten our interest in the story. But Aslaug and Gudrun and Rhodope are lonely women, for though their fortunes move us, we turn the page and forget. For after the Watersmeet of *Alcestis* the two streams diverge, and despite the exquisite linking stanzas, the voices on the narrative stream scarcely carry to *The Prologue* stream. The country has grown bleaker, and here again is the obstinately recurring simile of Mesopotamia, the seat of Paradise, with which our inquiry opened. But if we shrink from attempting the bleaker country, let it not be thought that we wish to anticipate future generations and unbuild our Paradise. No: we will yet linger on the banks of the two streams like those in Morris's own magical song:

Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea.

We cannot withdraw the former caution that these stories may be defeated of their immortality through lack of the firmest art-control; but we will thankfully note that Morris, who lived a happy life, was happy in the end, for the fear left him as it did Dr. Johnson at the last. It was Jowett who once wrote beautifully that Nature, like a kind nurse or mother, puts us to sleep without frightening us.

AUGUSTUS RALLI.

JOHN RUSKIN TO RAWDON BROWN—II

THE UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF AN ANGLO-VENETIAN FRIENDSHIP

BY PAUL KAUFMAN

IN continuing from the previous number of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* this series of hitherto unpublished letters, the reader will recall the circumstances which inspired the correspondence and which invest it with unusual interest. When Ruskin made his first visit to Venice in 1849–1859 he met Rawdon Brown, who for fifty years never left his adopted country and who uncovered and gave to the world more important documents of Venetian history than any other man. The twelve letters, written during the years from 1857 to 1864 and published in the previous issue, show how much material Brown was sending to his friend in England; they also trace the progress of editing important documents concerning the Ducal Palace, a project being carried forward by the vice-librarian of St. Mark's at Ruskin's expense. Like them, the letters which follow abound in intimate personal revelations, characteristic of the prodigal frankness with which he opened his heart to the companions of his inner circle.

Denmark Hill

14th Mar. 1864

Dear Mr. Brown

Your most kind letter in answer to my father's questions just reached him in time. . . . I was on the point of writing to you when he was struck with sharp illness, and died on the 3rd of this month, after three days of great suffering, without articulate consciousness. There was much that was peculiarly painful to me in this speechless and even doubtfully perceiving death, for all our lives there was an incapability between my father and me of understanding each other at the right time—which seemed all to collect now in one consummation of helpless and useless affection in both. However: this like all other follies & incapacities of life, must be thought of and borne—with the storms and plagues of it—as Atropos scatters them.

My mother, though she only had my father & me in this world to care for, is both in her own nature & her acquired faith (very serviceable on such occasions, however untrue) better able than I to stand against the shock—at least—the effect on me is hardening & withering, on her soft and full of tenderness. Still—I can of course help her more than she can me: and it is, for this cause—well that I have been at home—We are still somewhat stunned and unable to realize the thing, but I hope my mother is past all real danger. I will write again soon.

Ever affectionately Yours

J RUSKIN

[Denmark Hill]

2nd September, 1864

My dear Brown

The reason you never hear from me is that I have always so much to say to you that I never think it worth while to begin. . . . I am a little better, but the condition of bettering seems to be absolute thoughtlessness. If I begin to attend to anything I get ill. And this is but to say I'm alive & hope to be partly myself again, some day. Lorenzi's pages seem delightful, but I can't use or read them just now. As soon as he wants more money it is unlimitedly and instantly at his service. You will be glad to hear I have just possessed myself of a portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti [a Doge of Venice 1523–38]. It is my notion of Titian's work, and that is all I care about it. I bought it of the Dean of Bristol, after it was exhibited at the British Institution, where it looked well, and I've been hoping to get it ever since, & have got it at last. It is probably the last picture I shall ever buy—for though I have enough money for all useful employment, I can't afford picture buying at the prices the dealers have run things up to. This is fearfully damaged—said to be the only remnant of the Fire sacrifice. But it is Vecelli's—all over. I have got things a little into order but the mass of my father's papers and that of my own old work—coming all in review in beginning a new phase of life, is a little too much for me to deal with and other things have got into bad confusion, so that I am not sure if Ponti ever got his two last Chromos. . . .

Ever your affectionate

J RUSKIN

My mother is pretty well. She is 83 today. I am trying to behave well on her birthday, to write to ask forgiveness of all injured friends.

[Denmark Hill]

Sunday, 23rd October, 1864

My dear Brown

The roll of Giotto Photos have arrived safe: they are quite invaluable. I see no evidence of retouching: if anything has been done it is so slight as not to affect their value, but they seem wholly genuine and are marvellous as suc-

cesses of photographs from colour. I have passed by the school now, and care only for the later men, but the documentary value of these transcripts, and their rendering of some fine passages (the flight into Egypt Madonna's head, for instance) as they have never been done by any copyist, renders them an immense possession to me. . . .

Ever your affectionate

J RUSKIN

[Denmark Hill]

23rd February

1865

My dear Brown

It is not often, now, that things give me real pleasure, but I was really dancing round the room with delight, this morning, at *and* over those Titian documents—and in pride at having been permitted even in this merely instrumental way, to share in bringing them to light . . . let the work be done just as he [Lorenzi] thinks it ought and carried down to whatever point it is fittest to close it at. . . .

I am busy again—people plague me for lectures and so on—and I want to read and dream, not to talk—one can't get any peace in this present world—I wonder if the worms and *chemical* affinities are so disagreeably disturbing in the other.

Ever affectionately Yours

J RUSKIN

[Denmark Hill]

18th Dec. 1865

My dear Brown

. . . I am nesting close, working quietly at stones and flowers. . . . I have had several letters from Lorenzi lately, very full of pretty sayings, which I can't read, of which I made out the gist to be that he wanted more funds. I have directed my Union bank people to send fifty pounds . . . but could you now get some notion of the limit he means to touch, for me?

My mother is well, on the whole; and this quiet life seems good for me, and I am just as cheerful one way as another, *not* cheerful anyhow. But stones are nice things.

You might think from the book of dialogues [his book, *Ethics of the Dust*, about stones, jewels, crystals, etc.] that I had found out a way of amusing myself pretty well. But it is not so. I only go to school as a duty. Hundreds of nice people and nice girls (though I say it) like me more or less—and I might see as much of them as I liked and they all more or less bore me—except one; and—I bore her—or her father at least—which is the same thing. Is not fate a strange thing?

Ever your affectionate

J RUSKIN

The girl, Mary, mentioned in the preceding and following letters, appears to have been a Miss Mary Leadbetter (afterwards Mrs. Capes). She is one of the characters, called "Mary" in the dialogues, *Ethics of the Dust*. Ruskin's marriage with Euphemia Gray had been annulled ten years before the time of this writing.

Interlachen

June 11th, 1866

My dear Brown . . . I have been for some days on my way to Venice! With two old friends, and two young ones . . . one of my old friends, Lady Trevelyan—who had long been ill . . . died at Neuchatel, three weeks ago. I had to do what was best I could for her husband, but the best was little, and it was all very sad. When he left me, with the two children to take care of the rumours of war were loud—and I did not like to write you till we knew what it would be wisest to do. And now at last we have had to give up all hope. . . . I should not have been so long silent, but I thought to surprise you. Your last letters . . . said you wanted to hear more of "Mary." But there is nothing to be heard of her except that she is a very good girl, whom I like to help and talk to . . . I may perhaps be able to tell you about her—some day—perhaps never—at present she is still suffering from the effects of a long illness—and does not like to talk seriously of anything—least of all of anything likely to give people pain—and least of least of all—of anything likely to give pain either to her parents or to me, and she knows she can't please both. So she stays my child-pet. and puts her finger up, if ever I look grave.—But they won't let her write to me any more: and I suppose the end will be—as it should be, that she will be a good girl and do as she is bid, and that I shall settle down to—15th century documents—as you've always told me I should.

Meanwhile, I've thus had much discomfort for this winter; and the deaths of Mrs. Carlyle and of Lady Trevelyan take from me my two best woman-friends of older power; and I am not very zealous about anything: now as soon as I get home, I hope to give you a report upon the photographs. . . .

believe me ever yours affectionately

J RUSKIN

Denmark Hill

4th January 1867

My dear Brown

. . . Pray let the book be continued as long as Lorenzi and you think it useful. I am not going to make it deficient or unsatisfactory work for the sake of another 50 pounds. I have tried exercise often enough, but it has no effect whatever on my mind. I rowed regularly three hours a day on lake Lucerne—till the lake became as ghastly to me as so much molten lead. But I

am a little better and more hopeful since the beginning of the year, and I believe the French novel must come to its catastrophe—or at least show what the catastrophe is to be—before the end of it.

Ever affectionately Yours

J RUSKIN

Keswick 4th August

1867

My dear Brown

. . . Thank you for telling me now about Lorenzi, *I have written to the Union Bank, Chancery Lane, telling them to honour your draught to extent of £50*, but I think I must ask Lorenzi to wind up when this is exhausted. I am quite sure (please say to him) no money could have been better spent—or more carefully used.

I have come away to the hills this autumn in order to obtain entire rest. It is at least thirty years since I have taken a holiday of real idleness. It is in a solemn sense—a holiday to me, for it is as irksome as Sunday used to be—but it is necessary—in the strongest sense, and I am slowly recovering some health. My mother is wonderfully well—and writes me a little note every day. . . .

Ever affectionately, Yours

J RUSKIN

Before the next letter was written, Lorenzi's work was finally published at Ruskin's expense after five years' labor, also financed in the preparation, as preceding letters show, to the extent of several hundred pounds by his patron. The title of this valuable compilation is *Monumenti per servire alla storia del Palazzo Ducale di Venezia ovvero serie di alti Publici dal 1253 al 1797*, 1868. It was appropriately dedicated to Ruskin.

Abbeville

20th September, 1868

My dear Brown

It has been only because sometimes from day to day, and always from month to month, I have been hoping to come and see you, that I have never written you. I entirely purport being at Venice next spring . . . but I was so sure of coming last winter that I never sent my Christmas gifts. . . . I have been ill and discomforted. I will not discomfort you by entering into any details of pain—I am now, as nearly as can be, at the same work as I was in 1852,—with better knowledge, and I hope better discretion,—and entire sympathy in your life—lived with the dead rather than the living—so far as that can be said of your active help to all who come within your sphere. Mine will at least personally be narrow enough

With faithful regards to Lorenzi

Believe me ever affectionately Yours

J RUSKIN

The intention to see his friend in the flesh—after a separation of seventeen years—was at last realized in the next year, 1869, and also in 1870 and 1872, when he made short visits to Venice.

It was on the last visit that he received the messages, “reviving hopes that had been ten years dead” referred to in the next letter. These hopes were raised by Rose La Touche whom he met in 1858 when she was nine and he was thirty-nine, and to whom he remained attached with strange but powerful affection. She finally refused to marry him solely because of the barrier which she believed was raised between them by his religious scepticism. To reconcile this real passion with former references to “Mary” the reader must draw upon his knowledge of Ruskin’s temperament.

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire
6th Aug. 75

My dear Brown,

It gives me the most true and warmly-vital pleasure to receive your letter this morning—a breath of the old sweet time and of friendship connected with my father’s life, coming back into the coldness of my now entirely orphaned and newly circumstanced state of thought and work. This solitude (in England, at least, for your letter shows me I should not feel it so fatally at Venice,) was completed this spring by the death of the girl of whom I have before now enough pained you by telling . . . after her letters to me in Italy had revived hopes that had been ten years dead—all this being complicated with unusual need for work at Oxford and elsewhere.

It is not that I cannot take as much or more interest, and even passionate joy as ever, in what remains of Venice and of her doing;—but that I find my health broken in a way which needs absolutely to be kept as much as possible out of excitement by indignation—I must not bury pleasure, as I do in Italy, with despair. . . .

ever your grateful and affectionate

J RUSKIN

A year later, in 1876, he was back in Venice for eight months with his friend, absorbed in the study of Carpaccio’s St. Ursula, whom he found an artistic embodiment and idealization of Rose La Touche. On his departure in May, 1877, Ruskin saw Rawdon Brown for the last time. But their relations continued, as these last letters will bear witness, with increasing affection.

[Herne Hill]

1879. 11 Nov^r.

Darling—Mr.—Brown!

It isn't failing affection—but increasing however, which this Mr.—as I use it means—the reverence for your kind and eager energy of life—holding on so brightly, while I am tempted every day to strike work and sleep. Such a nice long letter too— . . . Joan's love. We're all well, and Sir, something to send you next week, with love to Toni.

Every your loving

J RUSKIN

Joan Agnew, afterwards Mrs. Arthur Severn, a cousin, was his dearest relative after the death of his parents. All lovers of Ruskin know the wonderfully tender tribute to her which constitutes the last chapter of *Præterita*. Toni was Brown's faithful factotum.

Passing over a half dozen letters in similar vein we come to the final letters of the collection:

Brantwood

Coniston, Lancashire

[8 Nov. 1879]

My dear, and very dear,

—St. Bruno—

For you are a Saint—to write to me again—after this long silence of mine. But indeed I've had a sorrowful time of it about St. Marks["St. Mark's Rest"] and have had no heart to write to any one of my cared-for friends, and my health, bad as it is, depends now wholly on my not thinking of what grieves me, but working on flowers, on birds, and the like.

Various necessary business connected with finally quitting Oxford [as professor of art], has nearly overweighed me.

Without Joan, I should have broken down wholly. She's a perpetual help and comfort. I must make her—or rather let her,—put a line into this scrap—which is only to tell you I'm not a wretch—and to send dear love to Lorenzi and Toni. . . .

Ever your loving

J RUSKIN

Brantwood

Coniston, Lancashire

8th February 81

[his birthday]

Dear old friend,

I said I would write to you first. A letter came about Carlyle's death, which seemed to me to need (solemn) answer. I wrote it. Then was interrupted,

and am so tired that I have no words in me for the thousandth part of what I would fain tell you of my continual regard and honor for you, and my joy that you are still King in Venice. . . .

And now I can but send love to Toni and Lorenzi, and all you will accept from Joanie and me, and I am your ever loving and grateful figlio

JOHN RUSKIN

Rawdon Brown, Esq.

Brantwood

Coniston, Lancashire,

29th May 81.

My very dear friend,

It gives me deep joy to see your letter to Joanie and to find you so eager yet—as I see now you always will be, in doing kindnesses, when people are worth being kind to. How different, your benevolent and happily retrospective life, from the bitter and scornful misery of Carlyle's; (not that I am with the public in their shrieking at their own grazed shins—but only sorry, for that lost friend, in his heart's darkness—as I am glad for you, not lost—in the continual pleasure of your sympathy with others. . . .

For myself, I believe there is very little now the matter with me, but the last fit of illness took me so aback that I must not boast. I usually write better than this, (and am writing a good deal too), but I was up at six this morning and it's afternoon now, and I begin to find myself a little nervous in the heat. If Toni had me in your trellised room, what a lovely glass of lemonade he'd bring me! I'm a fool, I fancy—not to start for Venice tomorrow, with Joan, who's going to London—if I were once in London—there's only—Boulogne & Paris between us! I begin to feel these northern moors very dull. I'm not a peevish nor a (much of any sort of wit—lately)—and what I stay here for—when you and Toni and Tintoret are there—I scarcely know. But there are people here who would miss me, too, and I believe you would both spoil me so, there would be nothing for it at last but to send me to—St. Lazare—

Dear Love to Toni and Lorenzi—and, much, much to yourself, increasing with every year that I am spared to remember you, and to find out—as one sometimes must—what a sad thing this life would be without it's [sic] fond memories.

Ever your affectionate and grateful

J RUSKIN

Brantwood,

Coniston, Lancashire.

Easter Tuesday

'81

My very dear friend,

Your letter is more delicious to me than mine could be to you, for you can't think here, here in England. I'm plagued by foolish people telling me “not to

work": a tale of double insult to me, implying that I'm not fit to work—and secondly, that my work's good for nothing and always was! A really very dear old lady met me the other day and said by way of the kindest thing she could—"I'm so glad to hear (—she had only heard it from another old lady of the same species—) there's to be no more printing! And so your—and Lorenzi's, and Toni's compliments on my hand, and permission to work for six hours are really balm, and milk, and honey, and nuts, & almonds, to me, and I'll promise you faithfully I won't work one minute, ever, over that, and will even stop at "60" minutes—less one—to be safe. Really—I never do, now, *work*, so long—but a speech like that old lady's sometimes makes me rage in my very wood 'till I chop off wrong branches down—which is bad for both trees & me! . . .

Can't write more today but, love to you—all three—and to the Lion [of St. Mark's!]

[no signature]

Brantwood

Coniston, Lancashire

11th Dec. [1881]

My dearest Brown

I was so thankful to have your letter this morning, and to see its beautiful writing, and think how happy Toni must be in having been so much to you. . . .

I keep very well though I've no notion,—yet—of doing as I'm bid; and have just sent out an advertisement of a new book to be in ten volumes—and cut out Gibbon: But it is wonderful what a little bit every day does!

I was looking at the Ven. State papers a day or two ago—but how is it there's virtually nothing in 12th or 13th century—Did they keep no note of their sayings, then?

I hope Toni will like some things I'm saying of the Popes.

Dear love to him.

Those Mist'ers to you are really, as affectionate as 'Lord Cardinal' to Manning—a really inseparable sense of Monseigneur in them makes me fall into them quite naturally

[No signature. In these later years Mrs. Severn often finished such letters to a few intimate friends.]

A year and a half later, on August 25, 1883, Rawdon Brown at the age of eighty, like his hero, "banished Norfolk,"

at Venice gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth.

The passing of the notable Anglo-Venetian Browning was moved to commemorate in a sonnet which must here find a place:

Sighed Rawdon Brown: "Yes, I'm departing Toni!
 I needs must, just this once before I die,
 Revisit England. Anglus Brown am I,
 Although my heart's Venetian. Yes, old crony—
 Venice and London—London! Death the Bony
 Compared with Life—that's Venice! What a sky,
 A sea, this morning! One last look! Good-bye,
 Cà Pesaro! no lion—I'm a coney
 To weep! I'm dazzled; 'tis that sun I view
 Rippling the . . . the . . . Cospetto, Toni! Down
 With carpet-bag and off with valise straps!
 "Bella Venezia, non ti lascio piu!"
 Nor did Brown ever leave her; well, perhaps
 Browning, next week, may find himself quite Brown!

To a mutual friend, Prince Leopold, Ruskin wrote: "For my old friend himself I cannot grieve. He was taken out of the sight of the ruin of his adopted city—and is, I hope, now—living in the 15th century in heaven." The Prince replied: "Literally, a stone of Venice gone." When, however, in 1888 Ruskin journeyed once more for the last time to the city "throned on her hundred isles" he found a new and permanent stone erected by the Venetian authorities in grateful memory of the man who had labored so devotedly and so brilliantly to illumine her history: beneath the cast of the stone of Norfolk, presented by him in place of the original spirited away to England, and set in a hall of the Ducal palace, Venice had carved an inscription of glowing tribute to him. It is a fitting counterpart of that other inscription now placed upon the house where in 1876 and 1877 Ruskin himself sojourned during the last months of his companionship with his friend. These two enduring stones record the greatest service rendered by two Englishmen to Venice and now, like these letters, link their names forever in a memorable friendship.

PAUL KAUFMAN.

“THE GREAT DOCTOR JOHNSON”

BY CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK

So much gush is being written these days with regard to “the great Doctor Johnson” that I have ventured to subject myself to the contempt of his many admirers by taking a very different view of him. The means are at hand, for shortly after his death a score or more of his acquaintances contributed to current periodicals their recollections, and six different biographies of the man were published, making a flood of lives, Johnsoniana, etc. Of course, the most entertaining and most informing of the Lives is the famous “Boswell’s Johnson”, admitted to be the greatest work of its kind ever published. Macaulay says that, while other men of letters are remembered by what they have written, Johnson is remembered by what has been written about him. I may be pardoned, for the sake of the continuity of the paper, for summarizing what almost everybody knows about the man’s life.

Johnson was born in the otherwise unimportant city of Lichfield in 1709. His parents were poor and he said that he hardly knew the names of his grandparents. He was scrofulous, so that as an infant he was taken for Queen Anne to “touch” as a cure for the king’s evil. She touched—but did not cure. His eyesight was sadly defective, as was his hearing. He had St. Vitus’s dance and, as he grew up, he developed into a misshapen, ugly creature. It would have taken no prophet to predict for him a future at least as obscure as that of the average Briton. Instead of this, he became “the great Doctor Johnson” and filled an important place in the intellectual and social life of London, the world’s metropolis. He accomplished this, too, without assistance, and indeed rather in spite of himself. It is evident, therefore, that he had ability and much of it.

He read every book on the shelves of his father’s book store before the old man failed in business, and he remembered everything he ever read or heard. His memory was marvelous. The

boy was sent to school, and later a friend undertook to put him through Oxford, but soon died; and that stopped the money and the University career. He tried various positions, such as teacher and usher at schools, but lost them by reason of his ill temper and his uncouth manners. Then in 1735 he married a widow who had children older than he was, and incidentally had also eight hundred pounds sterling. This money was promptly used in setting up a school, which fell down a year after it was set up, as soon as the money was exhausted.

In 1737 he and his wife went up to London. It is known that he was pitifully poor, sometimes in the Fleet prison for debt, and sometimes walking the streets all night with his friend, Richard Savage, partly because they had no other place to which to go and partly because they were so drunk that they did not care where they were. Savage died in the gutter, and Johnson would have died there but that he changed his habits, admitting that for him there was no such thing as temperate use of liquor.

In 1738, to use a current phrase, he "struck his gait." He secured work on the *Gentleman's Magazine* and began to show his talents by reporting the speeches in Parliament. In those strange days it was forbidden to report legislative proceedings, and he invented a gathering like Parliament, gave fictitious but recognizable names to prominent men there, and reported the transactions very readably and, by means of the gossip he gathered from those who were within, quite accurately. This continued for three or four years and, meanwhile, he published *London*, a poem in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, and thus attracted the attention of Pope and other men of letters. A bit from this poem is often quoted:

By numbers here, from shame and censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste or undiscovered shore,
No secret island in the boundless main,
No peaceful desert yet unclaimed by Spain?

Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd:
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.

These lines of sweet sympathy for the poor, written when he was very poor himself, came from the man, who, later in life, closed a discussion with the declaration that a poor man has no honor, and who defended social inequality as essential to general happiness.

He became generally known as a hack writer of many resources, and in 1747 it was announced that he would bring out a *Dictionary of the English Language*. With his procrastinating ways and his slothful habits he was eight years on the work, and he spent all he got for his labor before its appearance. It is an old story how in his *Dictionary* he defined “pension” as “generally understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country,” and a few years later accepted, eagerly and gratefully, from Lord Bute a pension of three hundred pounds a year; not, as he explained, for what he was to do, but for what he had done. Still he did some things after getting it. He wrote a tract entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, to support the Government in its policy against the American Colonies. This evidently did not strain his conscience, for he said that he could bring himself to love everybody except an American, and that the Colonists were a race of convicts and should be thankful for everything England allowed them short of hanging; and he pertinently asked how it was that he heard “the loudest yelps about liberty among the drivers of slaves.”

The *Dictionary*, the *Lives of the Poets*, the story of *Rasselas*, his short-lived serials, *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, and an edition of Shakespeare, which he published by subscription, are probably his chief works; but frankly, I have read comparatively little that he has written, though a good deal about him. I did go through the four volumes of his *Lives of the Poets*, and it was a voyage of discovery, for there are fifty-three poets of whom it seems safe to say that not more than half are known to any considerable number of readers. These sketches abound in references to the different poems of the various writers and are embellished with

quotations also from many other writers. They show a simply wonderful range of reading and power of remembering.

It is said that the sketches are full of prejudice, that he hits Swift because he thought Swift prevented him from getting a degree from Dublin University when he needed it so much in his application for a tutorship, and that he hits Milton because a narrow Tory, such as he himself was, could not endure such liberality. He belittles Gray and says he has "a kind of strutting dignity and is tall by walking on tiptoe", but he does admit the beauty of the *Elegy*. However, unkind, unfair and prejudiced as the sketches may be, they mark the author as a man of amazing information.

It seems fair to say that the most important event of his life occurred in 1763 when James Boswell, a Scotchman, whose aim was to be associated with great men, secured an introduction to "Dictionary Johnson". Once catching hold there was no letting go. He took notes wherever he was of everything that Johnson said, even pulling out his pad at dinner tables to record some saying, and benevolent Johnson, with a high regard for the needs of accuracy and demands of posterity, would later aid him in their preparation.

For twenty-one years, with, of course, various inevitable interruptions, Boswell kept on taking epigrams and kicks from Johnson, who took from Boswell a puppy-like and groveling submission and a continuous adoration. Why either should love the other is hard to see at this late day. Boswell would get drunk at dinner parties and insult the guests and try to be gay with Johnson, and Johnson would take offense, sometimes at this and sometimes at nothing, and would insult Boswell in the presence of strangers. But it was a pleasure for Boswell to be tied to a famous man, and a pleasure to Johnson to be followed by a faithful reporter who would help him along with his fame. So they quarreled, made up, quarreled and made up again, and protested their undying mutual loves. The result is that Boswell gives us a graphic picture of Johnson, of himself and of the life of their day, and details conversations and discussions on all sorts of subjects, and does it with a frankness and fidelity that make it as embarrassing for any but the young people of today to read the

book aloud to a mixed company, as to read a modern novel to a similar gathering.

What has given the work special interest is the way in which Johnson himself is revealed and what the revelation is. All society did not think alike about him, yet he had many admirers and a remarkable circle of associates, and no doubt among them some friends. Among his associates were Benjamin Franklin; Captain Cook, the navigator; Sir Joshua Reynolds, the artist; Adam Smith, the economist; Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, Charles Fox, Edward Gibbon, David Garrick, Dr. Burney and his talented daughter, Fanny; Hannah More, and a host of others of less general fame. Horace Walpole, on the other hand, was no admirer. He wrote:

The more one learns of Johnson the more preposterous assemblage he appears of strong sense, of the lowest bigotry and prejudice, of pride, brutality, fretfulness and vanity, and Boswell, ape of most of his faults without a grain of his sense. It is the old story of the mountebank and his zany. What drivellers are his disciples, who think they honor him by laying open his every weakness!

The “disciples” certainly did lay open an abundance of weaknesses, if that is the word, as may appear. And to begin with, let us take a look at the man. Miss Burney, afterward Madame D’Arblay, author of *Evelina*, a novel that was about as generally known and read in its day as it is unknown today, described him as follows:

He has a naturally noble figure, tall, stout, grand and authoritative, but he stoops horribly, his back is quite round, his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something. He has a singular method of twirling his fingers and twisting his hands. His vast body is in constant agitation, seesawing backward and forward. His feet are never for a moment quiet, and his whole person looks as if he were going to throw himself quite violently from his chair to the floor.

Miss Reynolds, sister of the artist, went more into particulars. She said:

On entering Sir Joshua’s house with poor Mrs. Williams, a blind lady, who lived with him, he would quit her hand or else whirl her about on the steps, as he whirled and twisted about to perform gesticulations, and, so soon as he

had finished, he would give a sudden spring and make such an extensive stride over the threshold as if he were trying for a wager how far he could stride, Mrs. Williams standing groping outside the door, unless the servant took hold of her hand to conduct her in, leaving Dr. Johnson to perform at the parlor door much the same exercise over again. But the strange positions in which he would place his feet, generally I think before his straddles, are scarcely credible. Sometimes he would make the back part of his heels to touch, sometimes the extremities of his toes, as if endeavoring to form a triangle or some geometrical figure, and, as for his gestures with his hands, they were equally strange. Sometimes he would hold them up with some of the fingers bent, as if seized with the cramp, and sometimes at his breast in motion, like those of a jockey on full speed, and often he would lift them up as high as he could over his head for some minutes. But the manœuver that used to engage the attention of the company was his stretching out his arms with a full cup of tea in his hand in every direction to the imminent danger of their clothes, perhaps of a court dress. Sometimes he would twist himself round with his face close to the back of the chair and finish his cup of tea, breathing very hard as if making laborious effort to accomplish it. What could have induced him to practice such extraordinary gestures, who can divine? His head, his hands, his feet often in motion at the same time. It was not only at the entrance door that he exhibited his gigantic straddles, but often in the middle of the room, as if trying to make the floor to shake, and often in the street even with company, who would walk on a little distance till he had finished his ludicrous beat, for fear of being surrounded with a mob; and then he would join them with an air of great satisfaction, seemingly totally unconscious of having committed any impropriety.

These pictures suggest something of his appearance, but it may be worth while to note how he dressed:

At home he wore a rusty suit of brown clothes, a little shriveled, unpowdered wig, small for his head, black worsted stockings, ill-drawn up when indoors, the neck and sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches left unfastened, and he wore a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers.

Add to this that he declared that he had "no passion for clean linen" and reverted kindly to the time when people changed their shirts once a week, and you can get an idea of what he appeared to be. But, careless as he was about his own personal habits, he once angrily threw from a window a cup of coffee because the waiter had used his fingers to put in it a piece of sugar; yet he drank tea every day with Miss (or Mrs.) Williams, and she was so blind that the only way she could know when to stop pouring was when her fingers were hot and wet.

At dinner at Mrs. Macaulay's, where a number were together, she talked long about the natural equality of mankind. When she had finished her harangue, Johnson rose from the table, and with great solemnity of countenance and a bow to the ground, said to the servant who was waiting behind his chair, “Mr. John, pray be seated in my place and permit me to wait upon you in my turn. Your mistress says, you hear, that we are all equal.”

Adam Smith describes his manners in the house:

I have seen that creature bolt up in the midst of a mixed company and without any previous notice fall upon his knees behind a chair, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and then return to his seat at table. He has played this freak over and over five or six times in the course of an evening.

A pompous acquaintance, whom he did not like, came up to him one Sunday with, “Doctor Johnson, we have had an excellent sermon today.” “That may be so,” said the Doctor, “but it is impossible that you should know it.”

After a heated argument, which, by the way, was the kind he said he enjoyed, he finished his opponent with, “If I have said anything you understand, I beg the pardon of the rest of the company.”

Mr. Cholmondely stopped the carriage in which Johnson was riding and attempted to speak to him, but got no attention. Someone said, “Here is Mr. Cholmondely.” “What if it is?” said Johnson, and went on reading a book.

Someone attempted to introduce a friend: “Here is my friend, Mr. Vesey, Doctor Johnson.” “I see him,” said the Doctor, and turned away.

Sir Lynch Cotton asked Doctor Johnson what he thought of a neighboring peer. “A dull, commonplace sort of man,” he answered, “just like you and your brother.”

Dr. Bernard, president of Jesus College, Oxford, unintentionally offended him with a passing jest, and, by way of apology said at once, “I meant nothing, Doctor Johnson.” To which polite remark Johnson answered, “If you mean nothing, say nothing, sir!”

These specimens out of many are from the sweet and cordial converse of one who laid down the positive rule of conduct that “a man has no more right to say an unkind thing than to do an

unkind act, and no more right to say a rude thing than to knock one down." "Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "I look upon myself as a very polite man." Miss Reynolds records that he piqued himself on his punctilious observance of the rules of politeness, particularly towards the ladies. Here are a few instances:

A woman gave her opinion that women were most attractive in conversation—and Johnson told her that he thought they were most attractive when they held their tongues.

A young woman told him she thought that Sterne's writing was pathetic. "That's, dearest, because you are a dunce."

Two young women, overwhelmed with his greatness, visited him and one delivered a prepared address of eulogy. He received it with "Fiddle-dee-dee!"

Another was praising him when he interrupted with "You should think of what your praise is worth before you pour it over me."

I have said that the most important date in his life was 1763 when he met Boswell. The next most important for him was 1765 when he met the Thrales. Henry Thrale was a successful brewer, a university graduate and a cultivated gentleman. He invited Johnson to dine with him and his brilliant wife, a woman who translated Greek and Latin, knew the modern languages and wrote poetry. They were captivated with his conversation and asked him to visit them. He was suffering from an attack of hypochondria, to which he was accustomed, when he feared that he would become insane—perhaps better, more insane. They had a house in Southwark and a villa at Streatham. In each an apartment was set off as his. He called it home and made it so, at least as much his as theirs. What a change was this luxury for the prisoner of the Fleet, the all-night wanderer of the streets of London! He maintained his own lodgings and there he entertained a half dozen unfortunates who hated each other and had no love for him. In 1781 Thrale died and soon after Mrs. Thrale closed the house with Johnson on the outside. She had had all she could stand. In her recollections she wrote:

My hours, my carriage, and servants had long been at his command, who would not rise in the morning till 12 o'clock, perhaps, and oblige me to make breakfast for him till the bell rang for dinner. He was much displeased, if the

toilet was neglected. Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his conversation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me and of which he contentedly bore his share for 16 or 17 years, made me go on so long with Mr. Johnson.

Many of his sayings have become classics. That useful companion, *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, gives nine pages to Johnson and ten to the New Testament, and, indeed, only twenty to the Old Testament with its wealth of material. He was especially given to writing Latin epitaphs and prayers, and English prologues for new plays, a detention that modern playgoers will not submit to; but he wrote all sorts of things, corrected and improved plays and poems, and mentioned to his friends that in an attic in Exeter Street he wrote the famous speech of Pitt, beginning “The atrocious crime of being a young man”, which many a boy has spoken. Such phrases as “Hell is paved with good intentions,” “To point a moral or adorn a tale,” “The gaiety of nations,” “an unclubbable man,” come from Johnson. One of his latter-day bits of wisdom has my personal endorsement. He said: “If any young or middle aged man, when leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it is nothing; but, if the same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders and say his memory is going.”

Of course, Johnson was inconsistent. One of his specialties was absolute accuracy. He objected even to “round numbers” as liable to err, yet he refused to correct admitted errors in his *Dictionary*, because he would not gratify those who had pointed them out to him.

What, irrespective of his manners, puts Johnson out of modern times is the simple fact that his recognized occupation was conversation, and today people are too busy to stop and listen. He organized a number of clubs, including the famous Literary Club, where so many eminent men met and which he got sick of after the number was increased so that others wanted to talk rather than hear him. He said himself that a tavern chair was “the throne of human felicity; nothing has been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.”

My own opinion of Johnson, formed, I admit, from what I have read about him, not by him, is that he was a conceited, dictatorial,

obstinate, untidy, ill-mannered old glutton and sponge. He was amazingly well informed, and, considering this, along with his tastes and manners, I should class him as a fortunately rare but choice specimen of that pride of the successful showman—the Educated Hog.

It is only fair, however, to give some other opinions on the subject. The Rev. Dr. Vicesimus Knox, master of Tumbridge School, at one time a very popular English writer, said of him:

Posterity will forgive his roughness of manner, his apparent superstition, and his prejudices, and will remember his *Dictionary* and his moral writings, his biography, his vigor of thought, his piety and his charity. They will make allowances for morbid melancholy, for a life a great part of which was spent in external indigence and labor, and the rest by a sudden transition in the midst of affluence, flattery, obsequiousness, submission, and a universal renown.

Certainly the most noticeable feature of this eulogy is the apologetic quality which pervades it. Sir Walter Scott makes the same apology at greater length. Macaulay wrote Johnson down as “a gentle and a good man,” and his verdict on any one deserves attention. Let me quote also a few lines from William Cowper, in which he certainly gives full rein to poetic license, for he makes Johnson’s “faith” his choicest gift, though the man himself forbade mention of death in his presence and said that it was not dying that he feared, but uncertainty as to the hereafter. Here are the lines:

Here Johnson lies—a sage by all allowed,
Whom to have bred may well make England proud,
Whose prose was eloquence by wisdom taught
The grateful vehicle of virtue’s thought,
Whose verse may claim, grave, masculine and strong,
Superior praise to a mere poet’s song,
Who many a gift from heaven possessed
And faith at last—alone worth all the rest.
O, man immortal by a double prize,
On earth by fame, by favor in the skies.

Having given views of the man, ranging all the way from Walpole’s contempt to Cowper’s adoration, and, Latin being the language in which the “great Doctor” thought, talked, wrote and prayed, I will close with the familiar maxim: *De Gustibus Non Est Disputandum.*

CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK.

CAMPO SANTO

BY STARK YOUNG

I HAD seen the lady four or five times already during my days in Pisa, at the Campo Santo and at the hotel. Her name, Miss Hutchinson told me,—who, in her capacity of London born with ten years' experience in New York journalism, knows everything before it happens,—was Signora Amati, Mrs. Amati that is, for she was plainly American by birth, and she lived in Milan. She was not tall, not short; she had fine grey eyes and a generous wide mouth, with a sort of agreeable but shy nose. I had observed that her hands were beautiful but very still. In her intercourse with people she smiled affably; at the hotel, with the managers and waiters, she was direct and polite. I used to see her at the Campo Santo, walking about, gazing quietly across the vista of the place or looking up at the columns. She bore herself simply and quietly and had, as she walked, a kind of casual exaltation.

One day I stood in the Campo Santo at the north end. I saw the high, slender shafts, the shadows, and heard the silence under that open sky and along the galleries. I had been there for some time and, in a place so perfect and remote, thoughts had come into my mind of the dead and the way we begrudge death to those we love, wishing to keep them with us as long as possible, as if when their moment is over they had not better go, before their betrayal by the body's decay, by their body's slipping away from under them and leaving them mocked and denied, with so much less than they by nature are.

I stood leaning, I remember, against the wall there, with gentle thoughts of people I had known as a child, now long dead, and of some who had been so dear and lovely and had got now very frail and old. The picture came to my mind of a monument that I used to see in my childhood. It was an angelic canopy in some old graveyard in the South. Some one named Banks had set it up. That marble canopy with its kneeling angel beneath was doubt-

less wretched stuff, the sculpture of putty and dough surfaces that every one has seen in cemetery angels. But all I remember is that kneeling form in its long robes, those hands pressed together and held in front, the marble lilies at the breast; it was a kind of elegy of life, commemorating some moment, something seen once among the trees through a window perhaps, a revelation or long vista seen for the first and ultimate time, something, then and there brighter and more memorable than any moment before, of life's eternal supplication and quietness.

Around me, as I thought of the childhood monument, were the four walls of the Campo Santo and the shadow of the roof that rests one side on them and the other on those lines of slender columns that enclose the court. Down the long gallery that the high outer walls and the lower wall around the court make, my eye ran; and from there I looked up at the columns rising grey and slender against the light; I saw the line of a cypress and a stretch of blue sky; on the far side of the court the columns' white marble shone in the light, and they defined themselves against the shadow beyond, with its glow of frescoes and old sculptures. There were four cypresses within the court and in the centre an altar or pedestal with yellow roses climbing round it. In the air above, against the blue of the sky, white pigeons were flying. And now and then a sound from Pisa came faintly and almost lost, and the crackle and darting rustle of the tiny life in the grasses and plants nearby. But the more subtle silence of the eye lay everywhere.

Then after a while, standing there thus, I was aware of Mrs. Amati approaching; her pace suddenly quickened, I felt, at the sight of me. She bowed as she came nearer, looking me in the eye and smiling at least courteously as she passed. Whether she had already intended so I am not sure, but she seemed now to be on her way to the exit into the piazza. She had meant to linger, doubtless, but finding me there had not stopped; this I judged because I saw that she had left a book behind, which at that moment I saw lying on a ledge not far away. I took the book up, read her name inside and would have gone after her with it if I had not known that she would be already half way across the piazza, past the duomo even and the baptistery. When I returned to the hotel, I reminded myself, I could send it up to her room.

I began to turn over in my mind the thought of the belief that certain people might attach to this place. The earth in it was brought, in fifty-three shiploads, they say, from the Holy Land by the Crusaders seven centuries ago; longer than that, indeed; and was to be regarded as blessed and consecrated ground. But whether that be taken in good faith or merely as one more instance of folly and superstition, might be to some minds another question; to mine, I pondered, it was not so. This plot, this place with its long galleries of shade, their walls painted over in doomsday and Calvary, Crucifixion and pageantries and damnation, now all ghosts; or beneath them the tombs and monuments; these slight columns of marble beginning so far from the ground and running high up to the marble fretwork with the arches; and the sky above; have given to the sacred belief of the place a visible body and form. To that which for their minds was holy and special, these believers have given a holy body, given a tangible shape, and so have saved it from charges of superstition by making it in the visible world what in their souls they believed it invisibly to be.

Some while after, half an hour perhaps, I saw Miss Hutchinson coming, as she had said she would that day, to see the Orcagnas again. What she thought of Pisano and his building, I do not know, nor of the open sky and the white doves flying overhead. They were not in what seemed to be her line. But Orcagna's frescoes, she said, convulsed her. If they had once been full of religious terrors to such as lived in the seven deadly sins or once been awful and majestic to serious minds, they were no longer so to her, Miss Hutchinson said. She adored those writhing damned with their garnish of hell fire; she delighted in those pot-bellies stuck with forks; she could never survive this divine Christmas Pantomime of tortures and salvations.

These were the things Miss Hutchinson began to chatter of as she came crackling across to me. The Campo Santo seemed about to be her theme for the morning if I had not led her otherwise. I had the idea that I would ask her what she knew about Signora Amati, for I was sure that if anyone this side of God would know the woman's story she would. My dear, she said, she knew all about it, from an English friend who lived in Milan part of every year and who had talked often of the American lady.

There had been bits, too, about the Amati from others here and there. One of those themes out of life that we could talk of forever. We could sit down could we not? One's legs were only human, and what about the steps there at the east end of the Campo? It was shady there and you could smell the roses that grew at either side. We took one of the walks that cross the Campo Santo, Miss Hutchinson snatching up a poppy as she went, and passed on down the shaded gallery till we came to the far end, where stands the bronze griffin or eagle or whatever it is that the Crusaders brought back from the Sultan's loot, and sat down facing each other on the low steps.

"Not poppy nor mandragora," Miss Hutchinson said, musing as she sat looking at the red flower in her hand and began pensively to pull it to pieces.

I encouraged her—

"Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world—"

"Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep—" She threw away the stem of the poppy—"ah, well, does any one of us forget what there is to forget? As to this lady who seems as daft about this place as you are, my dear friend, where shall I begin?"

I waited while she chose the first thread of her narrative.

"Well, it appears that Signor Amati, the late Signor Amati, for he died last winter in Milan, was a banker and of a good family. He was of course the second husband. But she appeared to love him devotedly. I suppose with some women love is the refrain and these various men are only the verses of the song of life; but we won't get on that theme, will we?

"This Amati was a cultivated Milanese, a family well connected. I'm told they even had a pope, one of the more famous ones who built themselves tombs from Roman ruins. Cultivated and something of a Turk, with great eyes that suggested everything, you looked again at Signor Amati. I saw him myself once in the railroad station; my friend pointed him out to me. 'There's a kind of cosmos of passions and dreams about that face,' I said to my friend, 'I wonder if he amounts to anything'—used the same sentence later in my article on some poet or other who came over from some poetical country, Flanders I think, to visit us in London. Perhaps after all she—I must say *she*, for

come to think of it I never had heard her name. We might amuse ourselves guessing what it is. Mary? My God, no! Gertrude? Evelyn? Something ironical perhaps, Sue?" Miss Hutchinson laughed; she was enjoying herself, and sat there smiling in the sunlight and waiting to hear herself and what she could say next.

"Perhaps after all she married a mask; everyone is crazy about masks nowadays, what with Gordon Craig and Reinhardt and the return to Greece and Java. I'm all for Java if we must return—the abstraction, universality and finality of the mask and its beauty! Well at any rate he died. Heart trouble. He was a doomed man when she married him. His malady had made him cross and wild and uncertain, impossible and wonderful by turns no doubt, and that may have drawn her to him, my dear, who knows? Drawn her to him and held her. She had come to Italy after her tragedy in America, not very strong herself and so bitter and dark over what life had done to her that she vowed she would never see any of her family again, nor any of the people who had known her and knew her affairs. I'm not sure that she even had letters from them after she came over here. And with no great amount of money. When that should be spent and she had had a good rest under these skies and a chance to forget, she meant to find employment, chaperoning for a smart young ladies' school in Florence, perhaps, or even teaching; she was prepared for that, as you shall see, in some branch of learning or other.

"That accounts for our heroine so far. I was thinking of her this morning; saw her as I crawled out of bed and lit a cigarette, standing in the garden there by the fountain, very still, with the sound of the water near her—*eh tien, tien*, these Italian fountains! I was thinking of her first marriage, that opening chapter in her story; opening chapter and climax, I suppose; that's what interested me. You've heard nothing of it?"

"No, absolutely nothing."

"Dreaming on past the world, beyond the moon!"

I smiled, letting her accuse me as she liked, and she went on.

"Well, this ought to bring you to when I tell you. How the manager of the hotel would adore such a piece of history! I'd have half a mind to tell him if my coffee weren't so odious morning after morning.

"Mrs. Amati came of a modest family in Louisiana. Her father was not a rich man, he was a carriage builder in a town. But he had a great respect for education and saw to it that his daughter, whose mother seems to have died soon after Mrs. Amati was born, learned something. Which must have made her a marked girl in that town—" Miss Hutchinson added caustically.

"What town?" I asked.

"Where she was born, of course," she replied.

I said, "I see."

"At any rate she grew up more or less educated, may God help her, and took a position in the grammar schools.

"You can imagine the flutter of pride among the little carriages. A year passed, of the teaching, and she was twenty or so, I gather, when a young man came to town and opened a bond office, a blazing sort of place that not everybody trusted, but he stationed a secretary there, as they say of regiments, and he was in and out, sometimes absent for two or three days, sometimes for a month at a time, while the golden stenographer doubtless went on informing clients and visitors of his dates, making notes, God knows what. The stenographer was a local young lady, and gradually married some one in the town. I don't know the first husband's name, we'll say X——, Mr. X——. Mr. X—— behind his office had a room with a piano and the walls lined with books. He loved music, he loved poetry, he must have seemed marvelous to a serious girl in such a town, who at best had never known anything for men but cavaliers and statesmen. He and such a young lady met each other, as they naturally would, such a young man, such a young lady. People want to be sure to bring them together; you know people delight in making a match where they find two with ideas in common, odd ideas, of course. At any rate the two married and were very happy. She was, certainly—I mean Mrs. Amati, whoever she was then—strange one should not know her first name, *non è vero?* I find my mind wandering about in a Cimmerian gloom, for the ghost I follow has no name to call.

"Everything went very well. But her husband used to be away a good deal, from time to time, it seems. His business took him here and there on these trips, sometimes quite far, not always. Simply that he would be called away from home, and went. Time

passed and after a while they moved to Texas, San Antonio, where they took a house. I was there myself once, doing a bit of Mexican revolution.

"In San Antonio his charms—and I daresay hers—got them into the artistic circles, whatever artistic circles there were to get into—art does circle, my dear, you must admit. When there were distinguished visitors, opera singers or concert tours, poets reading their works and so on, all gentry to whom honorable suppers were to be given, the two were invited. He even made glittering addresses of welcome, or people said they glittered. A good manner and highly periodic oratory, darling; you know what that can be among the gallant sons of the Southland. But the trips kept up. Every now and again he had to say goodbye to his wife when his business called him away. Sometimes as far as Chicago or farther, if it's possible to go farther; what do you think? He would be gone, leaving her there at home, and whether he wrote much to her or not I don't know—we never know the important things in any story, my dear; that's why literature is a luxury not indispensable like food."

That meant that Miss Hutchinson would light a cigarette. I expressed no thought.

"And where was I? His journeys from home, ah, *c'est ça*. What she thought his business was, I don't know. What everybody else thought it was, I fancy, bonds and huge cloudlike enterprise. Her family, whoever there were of them, shall we just say her family, had rather objected to her marrying. They knew so little of the newcomer. And so, what with moving off to Texas and this coolness, she was about cut off from her father and ah, yes, I believe there was a sister in the offing. Two or three years passed; one would have said it was a very happy marriage. And then one day there was a notice in one of the Chicago papers of an attempt to rob a bank somewhere up in Minnesota, and in the course of the hold-up one of the bandits had been killed. It was her husband. My dear, will you imagine it!"

There was a pause before Miss Hutchinson went on.

"There's your catastrophe, not to say tragedy of blood! I picture her going down in the morning, into that divine light of the Southwest—can't you see her taking up the paper—

which the boy on the bicycle had screwed up into a twist and shot on to the lawn without stopping—untwisting it and reading this news. What must she have thought!

“This would be about the worst thing in the world, wouldn’t it, to find that nothing had any bottom to it, and that the most wonderful thing in your life was built on lies? A good thief you could stand. I’d love him sooner than one of your small mean grafters—the scope of his adventures I might have seen as a part of that poetic and, if you like, wild imagination that made him so fascinating—I’m sure this man of Mrs. Amati’s was fascinating—and made him the silver tongued orator at those musical banquets and affairs of honor. A marvellous thief would not be so bad then. But to have someone you loved lying to you. These years of love—or whatever you call it—all based on deception. You can imagine her reading this account in the papers, her young head clear and fatalistic, and going back over the years that she had lived with him. So that was what the trips had been.”

It was the most terrible story she had ever heard, Miss Hutchinson said; she adored it.

For a long while we sat there, with the sun coming up higher in the heavens and the shadows growing shorter, and talked of these events. We discussed love and the nature of love, Miss Hutchinson with her eyes shining; her story had quickened her mood. I found myself talking of the Campo Santo. In this place, to my mind, was gathered up the last harmony of love, which death at last assembles and quiets, taking away what it can of its own kind and leaving what does not die.

“But darling, darling!” Miss Hutchinson exclaimed, “Who can follow you? Not I, by the rood! *Dio mio*, we need cheering. I’d better rattle the bracelet.” She shook her wrist, naughtily. “There’s a sound! Like an Englishwoman coming into the room with a poodle, or like a new poem, *The Poodle of Heaven*; don’t you love it!

“At any rate, we’ll have to agree, it was a sorry deal that this woman drew of love. She loved both these men, and what did they do for her? One of them deceives her from the very first, the other with his moods and whims like a spoilt child I don’t doubt, and a sick man’s egotism, and letting his heart stop on her

at last like that, much she got out of it with him. Perhaps they loved her each in his own way such as it was. Each may have loved her as much as he could but couldn't love her as she did him. There's a theme, as abstract as any of yours, darling—to love another person all one can, but not to be able to love as much as the other—the parts of two people's beings flowing toward one another, but one of them has in many places nothing to meet the other with. If ever there's to be a pessimist I should think Mrs. Amati might be one in her own right."

A little wind blew over the ground in front of us, sending waves across the light grasses. Miss Hutchinson pointed to them. "I hate waves," she said, when the soft rhythms began again from one side of the Campo Santo to another. "This eternal reminder of recurrence, the rise and fall of things, their return, in us. May God deliver me from rhythms in this world for one short hour. But I daresay that would be difficult."

At any rate, she added, her feet were tired of the infernal Italian stones, the ideal would be to go barefoot and walk on one's head. She began to turn her ring round and round. Unexpectedly her odd laugh broke out, cutting like the light, somehow, of a green little emerald through the air, before she said, gaily enough,

"Well, at least she's kept close to the bank, hasn't she?"

I smiled.

"Damned silly joke, you know," she added, grimly.

"This is her book," I said at length.

"Her book and heart," Miss Hutchinson chimed.

"And I must send it up to her when I go back to the hotel."

"But I shall doubtless be leaving here sooner than you. I leave everything sooner than you, darling. I'll take the blessed book."

I opened the book, running through the pages where marked passages caught the eye. I read two or three of them, with their crowded, passionate style, so shaken and tortured with life, and stopped finally on one poem in particular where there were six verses that had been marked on both sides with lines up and down the margins.

"Shall I read them to you?" I asked.

Miss Hutchinson nodded, "Read it to me," with what thoughts in her tart and warm little head, who knows? I read—

*Amor dunque non ha, ne tua bellate,
o fortuna, o durezza, o gran disdegno,
del mio mal colpa, o mio destino, o sorte.*

*se dentro del tuo cor morte e pietate
porti in un tempo, e ch' l mio basso ingegno
non sappia ardendo trarne altro che morte.*

"But what do you expect me to say?" Miss Hutchinson exclaimed finally, when I had left off reading and waited for her comment. "I know how to buy and eat in Italian, but I can't do the poetic, as you must know—kindly translate that. I can feel it between my teeth but I can't translate the words. Tell me and then I'll leave you to your meditation."

"Michelangelo is comparing the beloved to the marble. It is none of these things, disdain, hardness, fate, that counts, but what he brings to it." I read, taking the words simply as they came:

Love, then, nor your beauty
nor fortune nor hardness nor disdain
is not to blame for my ills, nor my destiny, nor fate.

if in your heart death and pity both
you carry, and my low talent
burning, knows not to draw from it other than death.

Miss Hutchinson cocked her eye and began to turn the ring round and round, "Which means?" she said, without looking at me, and then went on drily, "Of course we see what it means. I've lost my soul but a tinge of it stays like a spot on my brain. If you will give me one more cigarette, I'll go."

She lit the cigarette and was gone. The creak of the revolving door carried her out of earshot into the piazza.

The Campo Santo was now silent, open to the clear, still sky. I thought of Mrs. Amati. In my mind's eye I could see the figure of her, moving along the cloister gallery, looking up at the columns with her quiet eyes, walking with a kind of casual exaltation. I thought of the two men that she had loved and what they had given her—

"And if from that I draw only death, the fault is mine." So that was the way she took it.

STARK YOUNG.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

DRAMATIC VICTORIANS

PARNELL. By St. John Ervine. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.
WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD. By J. G. Swift MacNeill. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

MEMOIRS. By Sir Almeric FitzRoy. Two volumes. London: Hutchinson and Company.

The Twentieth Centurions, who rise superior to the Victorian Era, have still to explain why the fascination of this derided *régime* thus obstinately persists. However stupid may have been the period, we are confronted by the fact that of making many books about it there is no end; nor are the books unread. Here, selected at random, it might be said, are three such works, all of them recent and all of them worth while. What is it that inspires a literature so abundant?

There are, of course, the veterans who, belonging to one generation and living into the next, indulge in the luxury of "anecdote". For twenty-five years, Sir Almeric FitzRoy was Clerk of the Privy Council in London and thus saw much of the British Constitution from the inside, and especially of the Executive. Mr. Swift MacNeill on the other hand, as kinsman of the Dean, was the most scholarly of the Irish Nationalist Members when those Members sat at Westminster; and it is of Parliament that he writes as eyewitness. In his case, our only regret is that we have not had from his pen as full a narrative as Sir Almeric's. It is a case where the Irishman might have borrowed, perhaps, a touch of the Englishman's indiscretion.

What, however, lends interest to Mr. St. John Ervine's life of Parnell is the fact that he writes of the nineteenth century, not as an ancient, but as a modern. When Parnell died, his latest biographer was only eight years old. Yet over those time-worn intrigues he yawns not once. On the contrary, he is gripped. And as he "roots" for Parnell against Healy, he waxes as warm as the

Irishmen themselves who in Committee Room Fifteen, the Black Hole of their party, fought day and night until Parnell was deposed. To Mr. Ervine, this is not mere history; it is hypnotism.

In explaining the posthumous fascination of the Victorian Era, it is usual to say that it was rich in great men. And about Browning and Tennyson and Ruskin and Darwin and Carlyle, with their contemporaries, there certainly was an Olympian manner. Here however is a solution of the problem that begs the question. Why are not manners today equally Olympian? It is, indeed, not with the demigods that these volumes are concerned. Even Gladstone is in the background, while Bright—to quote Mr. MacNeill—“regarded the House of Commons as a scene that had outgrown him”. If Parnell is to be ranked among the immortals, it is not as orator, it is not as statesman, it is not as man of letters,—he had to ask Mrs. O’Shea whether Shakespeare was a poet,—it is in one capacity alone. At Hawarden, Miss Gladstone, sitting next to Parnell at dinner, asked him who was the greatest actor he had ever seen. “Your father,” he retorted; and Mr. Gladstone chuckled. There you have in a word the secret of the Victorians. As actors, they were consummate. And, being a playwright, Mr. Ervine is captured by the situation. Others may see only a dull and decorous background; he discerns the drama. Parnell is tragedy incarnate.

An age of automobiles, of radio, of skyscrapers, and of mammoth hotels, surveys the Victorian Era and remarks how small was then the world. But, the world, because it was small, could be a stage. Publicity was concentrated like limelight on character dominating environment. The descriptive correspondent at Westminster—say Sir Henry Lucy or Mr. Massingham—did not pretend to be an authority on finance or law or diplomacy. He was a dramatic critic, assigned to a repertory theatre. And as a theatre of human emotion, Ireland has rivaled Greece herself.

Hence the description of Parliament as “a talking shop”. How you spoke was far more important than what you said. In 1910, Mr. Lloyd George applied guillotine by closure to his vast scheme of national insurance. The very soul of Lord Morley was outraged. It was—so he declared to Sir Almeric FitzRoy—sin-

gle-chamber government run mad. To leave tuberculosis unlimited by treatment was an omission that stirred him not at all compared with the enormity of limiting talk by private members. While he would not have said that Parliament existed solely for its own sake, the use of Parliament by the people turned him, as Sir Almeric makes clear, into an unconfessed Tory.

In that small world, then, it was frankly to the stalls that the actors played their part. If the nation was admitted to the house at all, it was only to a distant gallery—to what England calls “the gods” and America “the nigger heaven”. But the very fact that the world was thus small meant that man was not dwarfed by his surroundings. You compared the cathedral, not with the Rocky Mountains, but with the cathedral city, lying within its shadow. Politics, religion, letters, rank, science, formed an oligarchy, and when once you were inside the charmed circle, you were a person who mattered. You knew everyone. Everyone knew you. And nobody need worry to know anybody beyond. You were included in the cast. And if one may put it thus, cast and caste were identical. Kings, dukes, bishops were all arrayed, each for his respective part.

And the call boy was Sir Almeric FitzRoy. As a scion of the royal house of Grafton, he had the *entrée* everywhere and could place in due precedence every name in Debrett. As he is careful to tell us, it was not his fault that, when King George was crowned, a pushful baroness gained access to the seat of an absent countess. If he had wielded the Gold Stick, such “negligence or supineness” would have been unthinkable.

As actors, the Victorians took themselves seriously. Mr. MacNeill is Irish. He joined a party committed to obstruction. Yet at Westminster he became the highest living authority on Parliamentary procedure. In such awe of Speaker Peel did he stand that he was reduced at times, if not to silence, at least to stammering. So tremendous were the dimensions of Gladstone that, to his worshipper, it was a red letter day in the year 1893 when “the Grand Old Man”, during a division, sat next him at a writing table and said of the Home Rule debates, “This kind of thing would have broken Daniel O’Connell’s heart.” “No Sir,” replied MacNeill, “O’Connell would have been a proud and happy

man if he were with you and the Liberal Party working for the restoration of the Irish Parliament." Politicians, if pompous, were at least personages, not pariahs. Addressing envelopes, they displayed the historic sense.

If Mr. MacNeill could disentangle the red tape of Parliament, Sir Almeric FitzRoy was not less adept over red tape at the Privy Council. How desperately he fought against Lloyd George's proposal to associate the Lion of Wales with St. George and the Dragon! How shocked he was over King Edward, receiving an address with an umbrella for gold stick while his corns were being cut! What a trouncing he inflicts on the Dean of Windsor who, in St. George's Chapel, talked to a lady when the funeral of King Edward was approaching! And how carefully he records the troubles of the late Archbishop Temple at King Edward's coronation, and especially his unrehearsed command to the officious Bishop of Winchester—the present Primate—to "Go away!" Yet even Sir Almeric was imbued with the Victorian reverence. To Mr. Ervine, the late Duke of Devonshire was "that very tedious gentleman"—which phrase, perhaps, was not too strong for a statesman who was credited with interrupting his own speeches by a snore. But after serving the Duke as an official, Sir Almeric extols him as "an incorruptible memory". The Duke may have been tedious but he was trusted.

Sir Almeric FitzRoy thus devoted his life to perpetuating the illusions of royal autocracy. And that the King exercises an influence, none the less real because it is impalpable, is manifest from his pages. It was said of the Bourbons that they learned nothing and forgot nothing. The House of Windsor forgets nothing but learns everything. It exists by preserving the earliest etiquette and reading the latest newspaper. It is, then, the more remarkable a circumstance that these volumes should have seen the light of day. To the British Empire, especially in Asia, the throne is a sacred mystery. Draw aside the veil, tell the people that Lord Loreburn lost his temper with the Archbishop of Canterbury because, during the Durbar at Delhi, the Council of Regency met on Thursday, and you dispel the glamor without which, to write in plain terms, there is no throne in a democratic State. It is all very well for Sir Almeric FitzRoy to be angry with

a certain Mr. Fisher who was reluctant to don court dress for a royal banquet. Was Mr. Fisher, in evening dress, any less dignified than Sir Almeric's picture of the late Duchess of Devonshire, elbowing her way out of Westminster Abbey after a coronation and, in her haste, tumbling headlong downstairs, after which disaster she had to be picked up by the Portuguese Ambassador, while it fell to Mrs. Asquith's lot to replace the coronet? In this diary there is many a touch that indicates what an excellent reporter Sir Almeric FitzRoy would have been, had he adopted the press as a profession. But he was the very man who, at King Edward's first Council, so rigidly excluded the reporters that no record was kept of the sovereign's speech on his accession, with its curious reference to six Edwards as "ancestors". Whether Edward V, who was murdered in the Tower, and Edward VI, who as a boy also died untimely, can be described properly as "ancestors" of anybody, is a question that Sir Almeric gravely discusses. The sedate Victoria always included among her ancestors the Virgin Queen Elizabeth and even spoke with respect of the Old and Young Pretenders. But the point here is that, to Sir Almeric FitzRoy, the Privy Council at which the King is recognized as sovereign of 450,000,000 human beings, must be a body strictly "privy" or private—that is, to the press taboo. Yet he, the very guardian of the sanctuary, turns his trust into a monopoly of news and communicates to the public that which he knows only by privilege of his office. We do not complain. We believe in publicity. But if Sir Almeric's latitude is to be permitted, the reticence of the British Civil Service as hitherto understood is at an end. And there is not the remotest reason why reporters should not be employed as footmen and butlers at Buckingham Palace and Downing Street, with full permission to give their own impression of what His Majesty remarks over a glass of claret.

On the references to Lord Morley, there arises a point of acute piquancy. Rightly or wrongly Lord Morley has set on his papers the seal of absolute secrecy. It is arguable that this action is an offence against truth in history. And it is not to be denied that Lord Morley's reputation for philosophy and liberalism of thought has greatly suffered by his refusal frankly to submit his career and his character to the test of research. But it happens

that, secure as he thought in the confessional of his department, Lord Morley chatted at large with Sir Almeric FitzRoy. He told him that Mr. Asquith had the limitations of a lawyer; that Winston Churchill was "an extravagant and wasteful Minister", and that Lloyd George was guilty of "heedless" and "flagrant folly", of "incurable levity" and "strange forgetfulness". On the one hand Lord Morley appears as a vain man who, in the Prime Minister's absence, created amusement by his pleasure at presiding over the Cabinet, while, on the other, he is represented as muttering in the House of Lords that the Cabinet was one to which he was ashamed to belong. Apparently philosophic, Morley was impotent before royal attentions. The Kaiser discussed with him the scholarship of Harnack; Morley told FitzRoy he would resign if action were taken against Germany over Agadir. And on the eve of war, he said he would never side with the Slav against the Teuton or admit that Britain had obligations to Belgium. While professing agnosticism, he was superstitious over sitting thirteen at a table, and was a more "conservative" stickler for royal and ecclesiastical etiquette than the bishops themselves. Not that Lord Morley's moods here concern us. That he had temperament is merely another way of saying that he was consecrated to literature. When, however, he locked up his archives, he did not suspect that at his elbow there was "a chield" taking notes.

It was, then, amid festoons of red tape that, in the 'seventies, there flamed from hell to heaven the red wrath of Charles Stewart Parnell. All the ornate tittle-tattle in which diarists are adept was, for the moment, consumed in the sombre magnificence of that awful illumination. Parnell's was an inspired madness that would have aroused the muse of Æschylus to grim glories of eloquence. Mr. Ervine's production of the tragedy is vivid, often reckless, always enthralling.

In the veins of Charles Stewart Parnell, there ran not one drop of Irish blood. By birth, he belonged to the English aristocracy. His family is included in the peerage. His property was land and, as he observed with sarcasm, his tenants firmly believed in the policy of "no rent". He belonged, moreover, to the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland which Gladstone disestablished,

and he had, at his heart, no use at all for the Pope. He was, too, an officer of militia, a Conservative in sympathy, a beau at Viceregal dances, and very much the man about town. But, like Bernard Shaw, he was an exile in the land of his upbringing. He could never cease to be English. He could never hope to be Irish. In neither country was he either the one thing or the other.

Two questions then arise—first, why did Ireland choose him as leader; and secondly, why did he seek any such position? Mr. Ervine—born, be it remembered, in Belfast—answers the first simply enough. Ireland, says he, must have a chief. “Parnell,” so he states, “was the corner stone of the Irish arch. When he fell, it fell.” In fact, “we may doubt whether the Irish, to whom terror and intimidation and corrupt practice and mean bargaining are the instruments of government, are yet ready for democracy or for any rule than that of stern dictation.” Parnell, then, was a kind of Czarist alternative to Dublin Castle. His authority over the Nationalist party at Westminster was Draconic. He detested the Fenians. And his jest was that, if he became Prime Minister in Dublin, he would begin by sending Michael Davitt to prison. The “Land League” of women, conducted by his sister Anna, was denounced and suppressed, which perhaps is sufficient explanation of Ireland’s acceptance of Parnell. Ireland had no choice!

But why did Parnell thus give himself to Ireland? It is here that we have to probe the depths. In the Parnell family there was a strain of madness. The elder Lord Congleton—Parnell’s kinsman—committed suicide. Parnell’s own sister, Anna, was epileptic and drowned herself, or at any rate was drowned in the tunnel baths at Ilfracombe. Another sister, Emily, breathed her last in a public infirmary. Parnell himself walked in his sleep and was, in youth, a patient of Dr. Forbes Winslow. Obviously, he was abnormal. Typhoid fever “had affected his mind to some extent”. And superstition forbade him to sign a document by the light of three candles.

Faced by such difficulties, the younger Lord Congleton joined the Plymouth Brethren. And Mr. Ervine reminds us that Parnell was brought into touch with this religious community. In referring to the Christian Church, Mr. Ervine is apt to indulge in abuse that is not quite worthy of him as an artist. To the Ply-

mouth Brethren, he applies the epithet "dismal". Parnell knew better. "I like their quietness," said he; and his entire career is only to be understood when it is realized that he was a man whose conscience, stirred by the spiritual call, had been offended by what Carlyle would have termed "the Everlasting Nay".

Refusing "conversion," Parnell plunged into dissipation. At Cambridge, his college was Magdalen. And those were days when Magdalen was a synonym for sport. That Parnell "had strong sexual impulses" is stated by Mr. Ervine. Davitt called him "a cold blooded sensualist". Anyway, at Cambridge, he seduced a farmer's daughter, deserted her and was all but "demented" when, in the river, he saw her body, dead—a "dripping white-clad form". That the girl was driven to drown herself, is fact. And, at night, Parnell would moan in frenzy of remorse for "Daisy".

Under the circumstances, it is perhaps no wonder that, caught in a drunken row, even Magdalen had to "send him down"—or expel him from the University. And a certain Miss Woods of Rhode Island, to whom he became engaged, thought better of it and jilted him. It was under this disappointment that he took up politics.

His mother was a daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, known to the United States Navy as "Old Ironsides". And Mr. Ervine links her with Henry Cabot Lodge as a child of England who was so English that she hated English rule. Whether that reflection on Senator Lodge is just, hardly concerns us here; there is, however, no doubt that Parnell's mother, on setting up house in Ireland, treated the cause of her adopted country as identical with the cause of the American Colonies and plunged violently into Fenian intrigue. Parnell's father had to forbid the mention of politics. And, after his death, the house was raided by the police. With fabulous ignorance, they supposed that Parnell's uniform as a King's officer was revolutionary. And they seized it. Parnell, failing to enjoy the humor of it, took the incident as a personal insult.

At Avondale, where they had a country house, there was then no lack of money. On the wall of every room hung texts of scripture. Yet the essential religion inculcated by Mrs. Parnell

was hate. Her daughters were nurtured on revenge. And minds, overstrung already, were wrought to an obsession by this disastrous maternity. When Parnell decided to make something of his life, he had a will of steel, forged as it were on an anvil.

As a statesman, Asquith has ranked him with Bismarck. Isaac Butt's futile *bonhomie* crumpled in his grasp. Fenians in the United States were awed by the silence with which he listened to their schemes. He brought Home Rule into practical politics. And he achieved this triumph in sixteen short years. But he was pursued by Nemesis. For weeks at a time he would vanish. About the streets of London he would prowl at night, his coat collar turned up, his face muffled. His one hobby was assaying metals. It was the lonely magic of the mediæval alchemist. Parnell was already a mystery.

The attempt of *The Times* to ruin him by publishing letters that condoned the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, failed. The letters were forged. Parnell emerged triumphant. And from that blow, "the Thunderer" has never rebounded to its former prestige. But, in the very hour of his victory, Parnell was doomed. The forger was Pigott. But Parnell was convinced that his real enemy was Captain O'Shea.

The story is that Captain O'Shea asked Gambetta how to ruin Parnell. "Set a woman on him," replied the French orator, with uncanny prescience. And Mrs. O'Shea, the lady selected, fell in love with her victim. Mr. Ervine dismisses this tale as "a foolish legend". But we are not clear about his alternative theory. Captain O'Shea was never a wholehearted Home Ruler. He was frankly the henchman of Joseph Chamberlain—at any rate, his close friend. To Parnell's intimacy with his wife, he was, to put it mildly, complacent. There were three children born to lover and mistress. And during these relations, O'Shea forced Parnell to find him an Irish constituency. If Captain O'Shea suspected nothing of the scandal, he was the only man of his circle who did not suspect. It was, of course, *sub rosa* that Parnell met Mrs. O'Shea. They used assumed names, and were often taken for brother and sister. But it is evident from Mr. Ervine's own narrative that, during the Parnell Commission, the bargain

between O'Shea and Parnell, real or implied, had broken down. In the witness box, O'Shea accused Parnell of writing the forged letters. And Parnell retorted with a glare of deathless hatred. No wonder that the Nationalists regarded O'Shea as the Benedict Arnold of their country.

That Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea were deeply in love, is obvious. But we cannot take the view that, in their conduct, there was anything of hero and heroine. It was not simply, to quote Mr. Ervine, that Parnell "loved a woman well enough to break the law for her sake". To begin with, it was for his own sake as well as hers that he broke the law. And, secondly, what he really broke was not only the law, but good faith with Ireland. It is all very well to sneer at "rumblings in the dungeons of Dissent", and the "gang of ravening Methodists" led by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. Let us exclude morals from the reckoning and accept Mr. Ervine's statement that O'Connell, Butt and other Irish leaders were libertines. The fact remains that Parnell was a politician. He knew that his reputation was a matter not of virtue only but of votes. His offence was a betrayal of trust.

To his conduct after the offence, there is only one of two words to apply. It was infamous or it was insane. To begin with, he ran away. Next, he permitted himself to be re-elected as leader of the party, knowing that he was withholding from his followers the views of Gladstone. And, finally, he used his position as chairman to prevent a vote on his own case.

On Mr. Healy, the verdict of Mr. Ervine is severe. It is perfectly true that Mr. Healy referred to Mrs. O'Shea as "the English prostitute". And when, in Committee Room Fifteen, someone called, "Who is the master of the Irish Party?"—hitting at Gladstone—"Tim" retorted, with devastating pertinence, "Who is the mistress of the Irish Party?" But, in view of Parnell's obstinacy, strong language was inevitable.

The sequel was brief. Wrecked in body, unhinged in mind, Parnell died. And, at once, the whole world, especially Ireland, saluted him, not as statesman, but as actor. The dramatic overwhelmed every other aspect of his career. And to this day, it is this aspect that absorbs the eye of Mr. St. John Ervine.

PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON.

IN THE DAYS OF JUNE

THE MADONNA OF THE BARRICADES. By J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The Madonna of the Barricades is an engaging tale, written with a lighter touch than is usual in historical romance, yet it reveals the knowledge of history that might be expected of the author—grandson of John Addington Symonds; winner, in his youth, of a First in history at Balliol College, Oxford; and now editor of *The London Spectator*. We are given a cross-section of the year 1848, eventful in European history; the story centers in the June Revolution in Paris, in which an unfortunate division among the Radicals resulted in their defeat; and there is a vivid account, not only of that brief and tragic struggle, but of the social forces back of it, working out profound changes. In the words of the author: "For the first time in history the laboring population was trying to get, not merely political power, but a complete change in the whole fabric of Society." Contemporary inability to realize the significance of the conflict is suggested:

The fact is, people in Paris had been talking a perfectly new language of which the ordinary man did not understand the first word—perhaps does not even understand it now. There was no interpreter, no one to explain. And as men turned from the totally unknown, which is always rather disagreeable to contemplate, and instead buried their minds . . . in the plans for the Great Exhibition, the spread of Industrialism, and in that "advancement of commerce" which very nearly became the national religion, in spite of the flouts and jeers of the philosophers like Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Ruskin, the beautiful dirges of Matthew Arnold, or the spiritual appeals made by the little band of Christian Socialists, Frederick Maurice, Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes.

The hero of the story is a young Englishman of rank; the heroine, a young Italian countess, as ardent in her passionate desire to free Italy from the Austrian yoke as is Browning's Luigi of *Pippa Passes*. The crux of the situation is the desire of the Italian secret society, the Carbonari, long at work in Italy, to enlist France, in the person of Louis Napoleon, then far on his way toward power, in the struggle for a United Italy. Plotting and fighting against the Provisional Government in France, the Carbonari offer to help this political aspirant in his ambitious

aims, if he will help them. George Chertsey, the hero, an Oxford undergraduate, is drawn into the society for love of the heroine, Carlotta; is repeatedly made messenger to Louis Napoleon; and fights with Carlotta upon the barricades in the four days' revolution.

It is a romantic narrative, full of love, gallantry, adventure. From the first appearance of Carlotta, who had slept with her father under an oak tree in the New Forest, through the secret meeting of the Carbonari in a crypt under a London wine cellar, and the arrest of the lovers in Paris after the fighting, there is a constant spice of dash and danger. Carlotta, as a warrior, appears "dressed in the kind of clothes that students in the *Quartier Latin* wore in those days, black trousers, with broad black braiding down the legs, and a sort of morning coat. . . . Her shirt and collar were of a rather Byronic type, with a black silk stock arranged *à la Lamartine*, i.e., with a flying end."

The heroine, with her north Italian beauty, her passionate patriotism, "as serious as Mazzini, or Garibaldi, or even as Cavour himself," as gallant a fighter as Joan of Arc, as devoted as St. Catharine, is hardly as real as the hero; perhaps because she has too many of the gifts of the gods showered upon her. The hero, who is represented as writing this account in later life, gives many a touch which helps to vivify a fateful year of youth.

The interest of the book lies, frankly, more in the picture of the times than in the story itself. As is evident in the quotation given, one is taken to the very heart of the Victorian era; many old friends from many old books walk and talk here. Here is the Oxford of the 'forties, "a curious mixture," with its gaming and drinking outside, but with its "secret and mystic charm", its deeper life going on in the Tractarian struggle, and in the inner experience of Jowett and Stanley, Arthur Hugh Clough, Matthew Arnold, and William Morris, who were beginning to make the old bones of science, philosophy, culture, live again. "I was introduced both to Clough and to Matthew Arnold. I met Ruskin in Hall, heard Pusey preach, and caught a glimpse of Newman."

Thackeray, Lamartine, Louis Napoleon, Karl Marx, and others of the period appear; those who play a part in the tale,

Lamartine, and Louis Napoleon, presented with a certain vividness of characterization, Lamartine with his flood of eloquence, Louis Napoleon with his dreamy statesmanship, and his love of the sensational. Karl Marx, in his nervous irascibility, also comes before us as a real personage. But there is almost too much of economy, of brevity, in the presentation of some of these characters. Thackeray, in the Cave of Harmony, is not quite Thackeray; one would be glad of that power of imaginative suggestion that makes a personage of bygone years really live again, though an author can hardly be blamed for not possessing Carlyle's graphic touch in pen portraiture.

One feels through the study of conditions in this year of European revolution something of the groundswell of forces astir today. Now, as then, generous youth is drawn by sympathy to the cause of the workers, and fights for them, though not upon the barricades; now, as then, there is among us at times a feeling that the "human cauldron is going to boil over" very soon; and echoes of *le cri terrible*, "thirty thousand people, each roaring fiercely like a hungry animal," are sounding still. This study of a past crucial year is done, sympathetically and understandingly, with a constant thought of the present. That sympathy is extended rather to the aims of those attempting to bring about change, than to the means employed, as is evinced by the motto of the book: "There is ever your fatal specific of physical force." (*Disraeli.*)

The charm of a genial personality pervades this tale, and there are many suggestions of ripened wisdom. Here is a quality of graciousness in presenting men and their ways, nowhere more manifest than in the friendly word for America, when Mr. Strachey speaks of Americans as "the kindest race on the face of the earth." The reader cannot help discerning a subtle connection, of which the author was perhaps unaware, between this remark and the struggle for human rights and privileges presented in these pages. If the statement is true, it would go far to justify the experiment in liberty, equality, and fraternity made by our forefathers a hundred and fifty years ago, and it may help to still doubts that sometimes whisper questionings to our minds as to the complete success of democracy.

MARGARET P. SHERWOOD.

AMERICANA

THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE WESTERN FRONTIER. By Ralph Leslie Rusk, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH LITERATURE SINCE 1890. By Carl Van Doren and Mark Van Doren. New York: The Century Company.

WIVES. By Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Harper and Brothers.

PORGY. By Du Bose Heyward. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE desire to distinguish and to dwell upon what is most characteristic in a national literature is a motive the value of which, like that of other motives, varies greatly with its interpretation. Nations, like individuals, achieve little progress through the false process of idealization which makes one's own limitations the most important part of the ideal. John Smith, it is true, can advance himself but little through an ambition, however sincere and fervent, to be Tom Jones; yet it is equally true that he dooms himself to mediocrity if his prevailing motive be to become ever more integrally and unmistakably John Smith. Before excellence can come into existence, there must be a desire for excellence, taking precedence of other ideals. Where this is present, inspiration, if there is any, may be safely allowed to care for itself, and imitation, or rather emulation, ceases to be a pitfall. John Smith may feel assured that the general Smith tradition will not fail to find expression through him, and he need not fear to take a leaf or two out of Tom Jones's book. In short, the value of individual self-consciousness, or of national self-consciousness, may be easily exaggerated. And there is another element which is liable to a subtle over-emphasis.

Despite the extreme caution of modern historians as to drawing general conclusions, despite the almost painful tentativeness of their thought, it is difficult to rid our minds of the assumption that the chief value of historical study is the discovery of rules of action. What should be merely a process of orientation becomes dogmatic. Surely, it is necessary for the traveller to know that he has been moving north rather than south, yet it does not follow that he ought to continue in a northerly direction: he may decide to circle the mountain, or the road to the city may lead him south again.

In a study of the beginnings of American literature, especially the literature of the frontier, a true scholarly detachment, and a constant reference to tolerantly conceived standards of excellence, are peculiarly needful. Concentration upon a national field tends to produce a narrowly national point of view, and not infrequently leads to a falsely relative standard of valuation. That the conclusions to be drawn from Dr. Rusk's able study of cultural beginnings in the Middle West are, on the whole, negative, seems to prove both the sincerity and the genuine value of his work. To know the truth about these beginnings is not to conclude that we should either glorify or disown our antecedents, but rather to go forward with that increased confidence which comes of knowing exactly what lies behind—the best human substitute for the impossible ideal of knowing exactly what lies before.

In literature the influence of the frontier seems to have been far less fruitful than in politics or business. Economic conditions necessarily limit literary endeavor—seldom inspire it. That individuality and enterprise which lead a people to assert its independence and to attempt prodigious physical tasks may find no adequate expression in the written word.

Cultural poverty, a sad educational deficiency (soon remedied, it is true), a distressing absence of taste, and the tyranny of more or less falsely romantic ideals which half stifled the beginnings of realism, seem to characterize the period up to 1840 in the Middle West. For the most part, flatness, staleness and unprofitableness are the rule. These elements are to be recognized along with an unconquerable spirit which seemed scarcely conscious of difficulties. The good and the bad side of the frontiersman's emphasis upon the thought that he is at least as good as other men is seen here. In literature, as in other matters, the American has always been willing to "greet the embarrassed gods" without feeling any deep embarrassment himself.

Nothing is more curious than the inability of those novelists who most ardently desired to be realistic and representative to attain those excellent objectives with any fulness. Hear how James Hall, who was perhaps the best of the boiling, makes Daniel Boone discourse to his fellow adventurers: "Let us creep

to yon log and rest our guns on it when we fire. I will shoot at that large warrior who is standing alone—you will aim at one of those who are sitting; the moment we have fired, we will load again, without moving, shouting all the while, and making as much noise as possible—be cool—my dear young friend—be cool.” Thus, *under stress of excitement*, as Dr. Rusk remarks, Boone “forgets all dialectical peculiarities and speaks the purest English of a rather stilted kind.”

Equally significant is the prevalence of a false standard of taste in oratory and in controversial writing. Even today, it may be observed, the love of pretentious inanity is more prevalent than the commonness of reasonably good journalism would lead one to expect, and large numbers of people feel obliged to listen to stilted language with a certain respect. In 1834 Daniel Drake, a university professor, who hoped that deeper learning would in time “abate the verbosity and intumescence” of American literature, could write a typical piece of Western eloquence like the following:

Then, in the hour of death, when your hearts shall pour out the parting benediction, and your eyes are soon to close, eternally, on the scene of your labors, you will enjoy the conscious satisfaction of having contributed to rear in your native Valley, a lovely sisterhood of States, varying from each other, as the flowers of its numerous climates differ in beauty and fragrance; but animated with the same spirit of patriotism, instinct with one sentiment of rising glory, and forever united by our Great River, as the Milky Way, whose image dances on its rippling waters, combines the stars of the sky into one broad and sparkling firmament.

Verily, it is a long step from this sort of thing to Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address; yet both had their origin in the same sort of cultural setting. Only genius, or extreme modesty, one must suppose, escapes the affectations of its time, be they affectations of frigidity or affectations of simplicity—whether the model be Scott or DeMaupassant. The model was usually Scott, rather than any less romantic writer, in fiction, and Byron in poetry, though Wordsworth was not unknown, and *Don Juan* shocked the moral sensibilities of the Americans, somewhat weakening their allegiance to the poet of the “sublime”. For better or worse, morality and sentiment have most influenced the taste of

the American public in literature, and the excesses of these qualities have often triumphed over less obvious kinds of appeal.

With the utmost thoroughness and impartiality, Dr. Rusk has traversed every department of literature within his period: travel stories, journalism, controversial writings, schoolbooks, fiction, poetry, and the drama. His painstaking bibliography will be of permanent value to students of early American literature.

When we leave the pioneer period and advance to a consideration of the latest development in American literature, what we find is not merely the marked contrast that we should expect between the crudity of the frontier and the cultivated suavity of a more settled region and a richer social setting: that contrast is found rather between the East and the West of the earlier epoch. What we discover is rather a new freedom, a new catholicity, a new sincerity—a spirit of penetrating criticism and of responsible individualism, which (though inevitably national) transcends nationality.

Concerning a book about books, there is generally rather less that may be profitably said than about an original work. The business of appreciating appreciations may be a legitimate process carried one step too far. Certainly, critics who while rightly esteeming the originality of Amy Lowell can point out that the effort to read many of her poems produces a sort of mental “eye-strain”, and who, though savoring the essential quality of Booth Tarkington, can declare that the value of the *Penrod* stories lies not in any peculiar insight into the childish soul, but in “the vigor and humor with which the puppets are manipulated”—such critics are neither indecisive nor lacking in penetration. But it seems best to refer the reader to the discussion of recent American and British literature by Carl and Mark Van Doren, without further quotation or attempt to estimate their estimates.

What seems really worth saying about this very modern book of criticism is that the Van Dorens have succeeded in convincing even a rather old-fashioned and somewhat skeptical reader of the essential integrity and worth of the modern writers. They are in earnest, these writers, and the proof of this is a certain ability to strip themselves to essentials. Great or little, of permanent or of merely temporary significance, they know what is proper to

themselves. Montaigne would applaud them. A poet like Edward Arlington Robinson, a playwright like Eugene O'Neil, is therefore unquestionably a force. Eclectic, emphatic, sometimes more radical than original, more original than constructive, the best of the newer writers have a genuineness that is the first requirement of literary expression. They have passed their work through the furnace, and have tried to "take away all its tin". This is the way of great literature, and despite obvious differences it is the way of our best modern novelists, poets, and playwrights as it was the way of the more careless, if more inspired, Elizabethans.

The literary epoch, then in which we are living appears to be, if not a great epoch, an intensely interesting and significant period. There is much bold experimenting, much challenging of old beliefs, some of it neither wise nor even very intelligible. But the essential condition for true literary expression is present. And if a preference for unconventional truth or beauty as against conventional stupidity has not penetrated so far among the mass of the people as the vogue of some of the newer writers might suggest; if the influence that has filtered down has been mainly a sort of naturalistic rebellion against restraints; if *vers libre* has encouraged school-girlish effusions, and if literary Freudianism has seemed to condone laxity of morals—still the freedom and the genuineness of the best modern writing is its own sufficient warrant.

In no other department of literature has the change in conception and in technique been more marked than in biography. We are today equally far from the naïveté of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and the chiefly "graphic" methods of those who followed in the footsteps of Macaulay. We are inclined to demand that biography shall be as interesting as fiction, as exact as a textbook of history, as sound and true as Gospel.

In working toward the successful application of this difficult formula, no one has done better, within certain limits, than Gamaliel Bradford. He has so well mastered the incredibly difficult art of not saying what one does not mean that what he does mean stands out with remarkable clearness and with all the naturalness of simple truth. In his last volume, entitled *Wives*,

he is, I believe, at his best, revealing a certain combination of tenderness and ethical ruthlessness in dealing with feminine character which reminds one of the author of *Pamela*—whom, needless to say, he does not resemble in other and less essential respects. His real secret lies in his apparent forgetfulness of everything but his theme, and his ability to see his subject just as a woman, though always in her appropriate setting. One does not feel inclined to dwell upon Mr. Bradford's justice, his sympathy, his penetration. The truth appears to be that very common standards of humanity and honesty are all that is needed to arrive at whatever verdict upon human nature seems called for. One thinks rather of the skill with which the facts are made to present a true picture. As humane as any of his readers could wish, and writing with that tolerance which may almost be taken for granted in an artist, Mr. Bradford recreates Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Benedict Arnold, Theodosia Burr, Dolly Madison, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and Mrs. Benjamin Butler, in all the unity of their personalities and the inconsistency of their characters.

Mr. Bradford could not be more impersonal in his fundamental attitude if he were an Englishman writing about Americans. His approach to American characters is as fresh and illuminating as that of Bryce to the American Commonwealth. No mere progress in scholarship, no mere general ripening of civilization, can adequately explain the production of such biographical writing as this. Though Mr. Bradford is nearer to his subjects than he would be if he had been born in London, his being an American is but an incidental ingredient in his success. Over and above his natural liking for human beings, he appears to have an unusually full and austere conception of what an autobiographical portrait should be. A desire for excellence of a special sort presides over his work, and often it enables him to discover that hidden desire for excellence in the persons about whom he writes which is the most human element in them.

It was Vachel Lindsay, I believe, who first impressed upon the public mind the idea that the negro is not merely an "amusin' critter" or an object for philanthropic endeavor, but a barbarian with the Congo in his background, and with the instincts of the savage in his blood:

Just then from the doorway, as fat as shotes,
Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,
Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.
And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,
Knee-skirts trimmed with jessamine sweet,
And bells on their ankles and little black feet.

Who can forget the distressing vividness of these lines or the still more barbaric refrain?

The rediscovery of the negro is the discovery of an American theme for American writers, but by the same token the theme is a difficult and dangerous one for American writers, and it is one that, to my knowledge, has not been handled by anyone with any approach to complete success.

To Mr. Heyward as to Mr. Lindsay, the negro appears as a portentous savage, with the Congo flowing in the back of the picture where naked men with corded muscles and the minds of superstitious children stand in the foreground. Always in his story of *Porgy* it is as if the commonplace surroundings of the negro quarter of an American city (Charleston) were on the point of dissolving and of being replaced by the scenery of the jungle or perchance the Day of Judgment. The total effect, after all, is one of realism and unreality. Mr. Heyward has not refrained from throwing around the character of Porgy, the crippled beggar, an air almost of Oriental mystery—giving way, to that extent, to the popular illusion that whatever is primitive is also profound;—and he has not altogether resisted the temptation to write a sort of epic of ferocity. The lush emotionalism of the negro characters themselves communicates itself almost too freely to the tone of the story. In short, like most tales purporting to deal realistically and dramatically with the negro, the story reeks of its subject.

That the author has penetrated rather deeply into some of the recesses of the negro consciousness, that he is right in treating his characters seriously and unpatronizingly as human beings, and that the story evokes a legitimate sympathy, cannot truthfully be denied. Mr. Heyward does permit one to see, moreover,

that the real tragedy of these people is their helplessness; but the clear apprehension of this thought tends to be lost in a general effect of bathos. The inscrutable Porgy and the brutal Crown, are rather too conspicuous in the story, whereas the most interesting figure in it is Crown's deserted mistress, who became the hitherto unmated Porgy's woman. She alone has a character. Addicted to "happy dust" and to drink, helpless under Crown's hot caresses, she nevertheless has an inherent honesty and an instinctive power of distinguishing between excellence and worthlessness that might have saved her but for the fatal instability of a primitive mind exposed to conditions it was never trained to endure. Her disappearance, not the desolation of the much less human Porgy, is a tragedy that might have been the theme of a deeply impressive tale.

Thus, this attempt to make vivid use of strictly American material results in American fiction of not quite the best quality. And in general, it seems reasonable to hold that to search too near at home for materials and for impulses may be as great a mistake as to search too far afield.

What is needed for a vigorous, elevated national literature is first of all an adequate conception of excellence, a feeling, a flair for it. And this will never arise spontaneously out of the very nature of the subject matter. In the second place, is needed a group of writers possessing a certain originality and a certain fearlessness in the expression of it; and only in the third place comes in the need of materials familiar, available, and hence usually national. In this time, so much dominated by the deservedly great prestige of scientific methods, we are perhaps a little inclined to confuse the origin of things with their goal. Because we find that the atom, or instinct, or the "festive throng", or the crude belief that spirit is the breath of the body, lies at the end of our *research*, we are liable to suppose that it is the end of our *effort*, and thus implicitly to deny the possibility of progress. But while it may be that all primitive music was jazz, and that all literature was originally local in inspiration, our sole possibility of distinction and independence may lie, not indeed in cutting ourselves off utterly from these origins, but in working away from them.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

THE NAVY AND ITS SCHOOL

OUR NAVAL HERITAGE. By Lieutenant-Commander Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N. New York: The Century Company.

ANNAPOLIS: ITS COLONIAL AND NAVAL HISTORY. By Walter B. Norris. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Navy seems to be the sport of an ill fate which has blinded the national vision to its great deeds of the past, its priceless contributions to the founding, the perpetuation and the safety of the Republic. It is well, therefore, that we be reminded of its value, not only in bygone days but in days that are yet to come. The author of *Our Naval Heritage*, in the brief compass of a single volume, presents a panorama of the Navy from its inception to the present time. Naturally he has to dwell on the more notable episodes and characters in our history, while using all of them wisely to accentuate the primary importance of a well planned naval policy.

He has adopted a style of narration suggestive of a sailor's yarn, with the happy result of awakening and retaining the reader's attention. He touches lightly on the origin of the laws of the sea established by Minos, King of Crete; jumps to John Smith of Virginia and stories of seamen in the eighteenth century; goes back to Egypt for the birth of shipping, its development and equipment; and tells of ancient methods of fighting on the water. The chapter "Maritime Miracles" deals with early explorations, their hardships, their tragedies and their triumphs.

It is only in reaching Chapter XI, "Starting a Navy," that the author "gets on his course"; "squares away", and "steers for his destination". Yet, after a "short run", he "heaves to" to devote twenty-six pages to the terrible conditions on board vessels a hundred years ago. This chapter, "Wooden Ships and Iron Men," should be read with some reserve. The examples quoted are largely foreign, not American. The accounts given refresh our memory of what we did on the ocean during our Revolution; our *quasi* war with France at the close of the eighteenth century; our success against the Barbary corsairs, our putting an end to the humiliating payment of tribute to the piratical Moors, as the first among the nations to assert its own dignity; our maritime

victories and reverses in the War of 1812. Comparatively few among us realize the important part our Navy played in 1846 and 1847. To Commodores Sloat and Stockton we owe the possession of California and the adjoining territory, while Commodore Perry coöperated loyally with General Scott at Vera Cruz.

The Civil War and the War with Spain are not neglected, although rapidly passed over to enable Mr. Green to arrive at present times and give us his views on the World War and its lessons. In the chapter "Policies and Nightmares" he points out the Navy Department's obsession to keep its forces at home instead of at once sending abroad all craft which might prove serviceable, especially in combatting the grim menace of the U-boats. However, the pressure became so great that ultimately it was compelled to yield to the insistence of Admiral Sims, our Commander-in-Chief abroad. In telling "What Happened at Jutland" he lays the blame for the inconclusive clash of the largest fleets in history in these (underscored) words: "*England fails at Jutland, not Jellicoe. Will some day America likewise fail?*" By this he means that Jellicoe was hampered by instructions based on a false naval policy. The reviewer, who once served under Farragut, wonders whether he or Nelson would not have practically annihilated the German fleet there and then, in spite of instructions.

The splendid work of Admiral Gleaves in transporting across the Atlantic and through the submarine infested zone some two million American troops without the loss of a single soldier; that of Captain Belknap in planting the hundred thousand mines which formed the North Sea Barrage; that of Captain Plunkett, commanding the naval railway battery of fourteen-inch guns, "the most powerful artillery in use on the Allied line", are briefly described as specific contributions by our Navy to the ultimate success.

Of immediate interest are Mr. Green's analysis of the new weapons, the submarine and aircraft, in simple language readily comprehensible to the layman; his plea for preparedness; and observations on our lack of a naval policy. Only slight reference could be made to what our Navy has done in times of peace, for industry, science, exploration, humanity, and the cultivation of

friendly relations with foreign powers. These alone would require several volumes which it is to be hoped may some day be forthcoming.

The graduating exercises at the Naval Academy in May of each year attract to Annapolis a large number of visitors, the majority being particularly interested in those midshipmen students at that institution who are about to receive their diplomas and pass into the naval service with commissions as Ensigns. These visitors—at least the elders among them—would add greatly to the enjoyment of their stay in that city were they to acquire Mr. Norris's charming sketch of its history and of its leading characters and, using it as a guide book, make a point of verifying through the author's descriptions Annapolis's splendid examples of colonial architecture, erected when the city was the home of all that was once gay and fashionable in pre-Revolutionary days. While some of the old manor houses on the banks of the Potomac and James are their rivals in beauty and dignity, it may be questioned whether so many of such noble specimens of that phase of art can be found elsewhere in so restricted a locality. Nor are churches and government buildings to be forgotten in their inspection. The appreciation of these monuments of the builders' skill will be enhanced by personal touches with the gentlemen and ladies who lived in them, and with what they did in making Annapolis in the eighteenth century an American Paris. Instead of aimlessly wandering about the town to while away the hours when nothing is occurring within the Academy grounds they will, thanks to Mr. Norris, feel themselves carried back a hundred and sixty years to meet such men as Lord Baltimore, Jonathan Boucher, the Calverts, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, Lafayette, Governor Ogle, William Paca, Charles Wilson Peale, William Pinkney, Rochambeau, George Washington. Sympathy will be felt for the unhappy Governor, Sir Robert Eden, in his efforts to serve his royal master King George III, and at the same time to deal firmly yet kindly with the Marylanders who both loved and respected him.

In their walks through the town these visitors will enjoy many pleasing vistas, for Annapolis is advantageously situated on the

Severn and between two water courses that empty into it. As they gain a perspective of Annapolitan history they will be reminded that the Maryland colony was founded—and peacefully at that—by men of differing religious views.

Fort Severn, still standing in the Naval Academy grounds, was given by the War Department as the site of the Naval Academy, founded in 1845 by George Bancroft. Under the Superintendency of Commander Franklin Buchanan and his distinguished successors, aided by a corps of extraordinarily able professors, this institution has grown in extent and usefulness. The late Professor Lounsberry of Yale placed himself on record in holding the Naval Academy and West Point to be the best schools in the whole country, since in them and nowhere else is education backed by discipline. Its graduates become line officers in the Navy or the Marine Corps or pass into certain staff corps. Even if they resign in the course of time they bring to the careers they adopt trained minds and habits of industry, veritable national assets.

Space is too short to do justice to the Academy curriculum; to the quality of its entrants, the mode of their appointment, the exploits of its alumni, its temporary transfer to Newport, R. I. during the Civil War; its return to Annapolis; and its determining influence on the *esprit* of our Navy. But we cannot conclude this brief notice without expressing the hope that the book will be widely read, and the belief that probably no other institution of learning has ever produced such a man as Mahan, whose *Sea Power in History* has profoundly affected world politics since its appearance forty years ago. Some indeed there be who hold that it directly led to the expansion of the German Navy and created in the Kaiser a passion to secure the mastery of the sea—one of the underlying and not the least important causes of the World War.

CASPAR F. GOODRICH.

BROADER ASPECTS OF BUSINESS

ROBERT OWEN. By G. D. H. Cole. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE RELATION OF GOVERNMENT TO INDUSTRY. By Mark L. Requa. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE PRESENT ECONOMIC REVOLUTION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Thomas Nixon Carver. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

These books give us the activities and the economic and social views of a successful business man of early days of the nineteenth century, one of the first socially minded big business men; the reflections of a modern engineer and business man resulting from experiences in taking an active part in the war-time control of industry; and the observations of a keen economist of the present day on the problems considered by the two business men.

The series of biographies in which Owen's life appears aims to get away from the ponderous official biography and present a personal, intimate, and unprejudiced account of the life and activities of the men. Mr. Cole has succeeded admirably. He is sympathetic but always able to see the humorous aspects of the failings of Owen. The book might well be called an introduction to the life of Owen, for it refers in the chapters to the places where more data may be obtained and evaluates the various sources of information. A bibliography of Owen's writings is given and an annotated list of books for the study of Owen and Owenism.

In broad outline Owen's life story is known by most people. A precocious youth, he supported himself from the time he was ten years old. At twenty he was the manager of a cotton mill. The industry in England was in the midst of the changes brought about by the Industrial Revolution. The technical advances were marvelous, but the social conditions brought about by the new industry were intolerable. Owen became the manager of mills at New Lanark and developed there the best working conditions of the time. He improved the factory, the housing, and the educational facilities. He may be called the father of welfare work.

As the result of his knowledge of social conditions and the results of his efforts at New Lanark he decided that society needed

to be reorganized. His life thereafter was given to propaganda and experiment which took various forms but was all based on the same set of ideas.

It is evident that Mr. Cole has more admiration for Owen's educational ideas than most of the others and presents them more sympathetically:

Owen had an almost boundless belief in the effect of environment and training in the character of the child. He did not hold, as some of his critics seem to suppose, that it was only necessary to alter the environment of the adult, in order to form his character into any mould that society might require. He insisted on the importance of training as well as environment, and held that, in order to be effective, education in the right ways of life must begin from infancy. . . .

His essential point is not that each individual is in every respect the pure product of his training and environment, but that societies collectively are the product of the forms of training and of social environment in which their members are brought up to manhood.

Owen was influential in promoting the Factory Act of 1819, the first real regulation of factories in England, but the politicians made so many changes in the act that he disowned it in the form that it passed and did not again promote legislation.

After the close of the Napoleonic wars England passed through a period of depression and widespread unemployment. Owen was on a committee to consider the situation and as a remedy brought forward a Socialistic proposal. In one of its aspects it may be considered the start of the Garden City movement:

He proposed that, instead of relieving the unemployed out of the poor rates, those in authority should set aside a capital sum, on which interest would accrue, and use this sum to found "Villages of Coöperation." These villages, modelled on New Lanark, were to be economic units, based throughout on a coöperative principle. For each village a considerable tract of land was to be bought or rented on a long lease. On a suitable site, preferably near the middle of the estate, the village was to be built, in the form of a great coöperative establishment. About 1,200 souls, including men, women and children, might, he suggested, be a suitable population for each village. The main occupation of the villagers would be work on the land; but they would also have workshops and factories of their own in varying degrees. For the most part, the village would produce the goods required for its own subsistence, buying as little as possible from outside, and selling only its surplus produce in the open market.

Mr. Cole is the leading advocate of Guild Socialism. He usually writes at least one book a year setting forth the merits of that plan for social reorganization. It is not strange that he finds in Owen's ideas of decentralization the germs of Guild Socialism. An interesting account is given of his propaganda in favor of his plan. In one of his speeches he made a violent attack on religion, which in later times was constantly used against him. Mr. Cole explains it as follows:

It marks also the first emergence in Owen of a propensity which, from this time, steadily grew upon him. For the first time at this meeting he spoke in an apocalyptic vein—as if he felt himself a prophet. Some have called this a streak of madness in him. In old age, it reached at least the point of an obsession, and, even in middle age, I think it wrecked a great deal of his work. Hitherto, Owen has been the great reforming man of business; from this point he begins to turn into the prophet and to appear as a visionary in the eyes of ordinary men. His visions were fine visions; they inspired many. But they had the defect of their quality. From the moment when this apocalyptic vein seized on Owen he could never argue a case—he could only see visions and dream dreams. And he gradually lost, I think, that firm grasp of the world of fact which had made him the greatest practical social innovator of his day. He gained instead the power of prophecy, which made him the father of Socialism and of many movements; but, in a real sense, all prophets are mad. Owen went a little mad in 1817, and he went on getting madder to the end of his days.

Readers in the United States will wish that more space was given to Owen's activities here, especially the illfated community at New Harmony, Indiana, in 1825 to 1827. When he returned to England he promoted Labourer Exchanges and a Builders' Guild, both of which failed.

A good account is given of the surprising episode of the Consolidated Union which in 1833–34 under Owen's leadership reached a high point in Trade Unionism not again equalled for fifty years, according to Mr. Cole. It declined almost as rapidly as it grew. Owenites started coöperative stores on the Rochdale plan in 1844. It is strange that Owen did not seem to be much interested in this movement, which was the only one inspired by him which was successful. In his old age he kept up his propaganda, but wandered into Ethical Culture and Spiritualism. Mr. Cole's conclusion is worth quoting:

Owen had not many things to say, and he said them many times over; but the few things were of paramount importance. At a time when manufacturers and statesmen were ready to defend in the name of progress all the enormities of the Industrial Revolution, he, a great manufacturer, stood out against them, and preached the virtue and efficiency of good factory conditions and humane treatment. When all the other "practical men" were hymning the virtues of competitive capitalism, he saw not only its vices, but the vision of another system, based on coöperation and human fellowship. When the "monitorial system" was considered an advanced educational project, and the State still divested itself of all responsibility for the upbringing of its citizens, he not only preached universal free education, but gave practical demonstrations far in advance of his time in the practice of teaching. When the workers were sinking under the despair bred by evil factory conditions, his faith and hope raised them up to strike the first concerted blow for economic freedom. Not for nothing do many movements look back to him as their founder or source of first inspiration.

Mr. Requa's book is not to be taken very seriously as a scientific study, but is of interest as showing the way some engineers and business men view the matter. The book is filled with history and statistics for which authorities are given only in a few cases.

He purports to show that paternalism and communism have always been failures. Individualism is the only proper basis but it needs government regulation to prevent evils. The idea is excellently put:

We had not yet come to realize that service to the public is the prime justification for corporate existence, and that when service becomes purely selfish and looks only to corporate welfare, regardless of public welfare, discipline must inevitably be applied. It has been difficult for the executives of many of our great corporations to realize this fundamental principle. Some of them still fail to grasp it, and to the extent that this realization is lacking, just to that extent will turmoil and strife continue.

His plea for taking interest in governmental affairs is worth quoting:

Our cities and counties have become great financial institutions, the management of which can no longer, with safety to the public, be delegated to inefficient, inexperienced and ignorant public servants. We need to build up in our communities a greater realization of the responsibilities attendant upon public office; we need to realize that the profound business of the American citizen is the business of government; that without stable, beneficent, wise and efficient government our individual efforts may go for naught. Above all, our citizens

must appreciate the fallibility of human judgment. It behooves us, therefore, not only as a duty to the form of government under which we live, but as a matter of self-defense, to take a more active interest in the selection of our officials to the end that we may have in our public offices the same high type of business efficiency that characterizes the best of our private corporations.

There are chapters dealing with specific problems. The restriction of immigration is favored. A plea is made for the conservation of raw materials. The government operation of railroads is condemned on the basis of our war time experience. But government regulation is needed:

The history of this pioneer period contains ample proof that industry unaided by government cannot purge itself of corrupt, vicious, or undesirable practices. The individual of low moral character who has had such baneful effect upon industrial standards cannot be eliminated by industry save with the help of government.

The California plan for land colonization is given in some detail. Company Unions for laborers seem to be more approved than ordinary Trade Unions. He concludes as follows:

The pioneers and their descendants, the developers of our resources, the builders of our cities and systems of transportation, the leaders and workers of our industries, have together built a monument to the righteousness of individualism. It is this structure which the irresponsible Socialists, Communists and the like would destroy that they might rear in its place a structure of their own design, which would yield despotic tyranny instead of liberty, improvidence instead of thrift, class hatred instead of coöperation, the squalor of idleness instead of human happiness based upon rational employment. It is proper that we should dedicate our lives to the protection of that which our ancestors have built. It is proper that our children and our children's children should equally dedicate theirs to the preservation of American ideals as typified by American Individualism.

Professor Carver's book is probably the most thought provoking of the three. It runs counter to the cherished beliefs of a group of non-laboring class advisers of the laboring movement. He contradicts flatly their oft repeated statement that the labor movement in this country is far behind that in European countries because it has not become political. He is positive that no economic prosperity will come from political control. Their psychology is the old fighting psychology. He dares to defend openly the capitalist system, to say that wealth is becoming more

diffused, not more concentrated. In a brief but carefully documented chapter he exposes the baselessness of the claim that the present Russian Government is idealistic and peace-loving. In contrast our ideal is "freedom of contract with wide diffusion of prosperity among classes".

There is an interesting analysis of the effect of immigration and the tremendous agricultural development of the Middle West on Radical movements and our attitude toward freedom. The labor problem grew up because people that have inherited fortunes are more interested in the consumption of wealth than in its production, and because most of the employers are native born and most of the workers are foreign born. With the restriction of immigration the one cause will tend to disappear and he hopes in time the other will also.

An interesting chapter deals with the persistence of the fighting instinct as seen in labor disputes. The author develops, with convincing argument, the interesting thesis that calculated self-interest should lead the worker to cherish the employer, not to try to exterminate him. Sabotage discourages business expansion and so lessens the amount of work available. The keen observation is made that when laborers who are more prosperous than the average consumer of their products strike, they cannot count on the sympathy of the public.

The United States instead of being the most backward country economically is the one in which an economic revolution is taking place. Laborers are becoming capitalists, capitalists will be forced to become laborers. The evidence that laborers are becoming capitalists is seen in the growth of savings deposits, the spread of workers' holding of corporate securities and the development of labor banks.

In the chapter, "The Higher Strategy of Labor," is laid down a programme. It should discriminate between predatory and productive methods of getting a living (no one should get anything without giving service in return) should provide popular and universal education (so that there will be no overcrowded nor undercrowded occupations and so no poorly paid occupations), and should uphold the democratic idea that any useful occupation is respectable (aristocratic countries are ham-

pered in getting an adequate supply of talent to direct business). A constructive labor programme will strive to increase the supply of capital, for this will provide for the expansion of industry and so benefit labor. He sums it up by saying that the "higher strategy of labor consists primarily in increasing the number of the factors other than labor which are necessary to effective production rather than fighting against those factors". The development of labor banks mentioned above is an excellent illustration of this higher strategy.

In the chapter "What Capitalism Is and What It Does" it is stated that it has abolished famine but has not prevented inequality. The inequalities are not essential and tend to disappear. The fundamental factor in the start of Capitalism is the repression of violence; this leads to property and property leads to exchange. With security capital accumulates and invention is promoted. Security needs to be not only against violence but also against fraud. The Government should not take from those who have industry and foresight and give to those who have not. He declares that the laboring class is best off in those places where labor is treated as a commodity, Samuel Gompers and the Clayton Act to the contrary notwithstanding. The chief achievement of Communistic Russia has been to promote the private ownership of land among the peasants.

The author's ideal is a balanced industrial system, "a system in which every essential industrial function is as well and as adequately performed and as well paid, all things considered, as every other." In this system the bargaining power of capitalists and laborers would be equalized. There would be no need for trade union or social legislation. Labor could easily gain a voice in the management of business.

The book ends with a plea for universal and free education, for the idea that business is respectable, for the development of thrift, for the restriction of immigration, and for the enforcement of Prohibition.

JAMES D. MAGEE.

AMERICA AND TWO LEAGUES

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: 1892-1916. By Viscount Grey of Fallodon, K. G. Two volumes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE SENATE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CASTLEREAGH: 1815-1822. By C. K. Webster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CANNING. By H. W. V. Temperley. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

AN AMERICAN PEACE POLICY. By Kirby Page; with an introduction by John H. Clarke. New York: George H. Doran Company.

FACTORS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By A. F. Pollard. New York: The Macmillan Company.

From Paris, Aix-la-Chapelle, Troppau, Laibach and Verona, in 1815-1822, to Versailles, Cannes, Genoa, The Hague and Geneva, in 1919-1925, may seem a far cry, historically and diplomatically if not geographically; as also from Alexander I, Castlereagh and Canning to Woodrow Wilson, Henry Cabot Lodge and Frank B. Brandegee. Yet to the student of affairs whose vision embraces backgrounds and who can trace processes from effects back to causes, there is a vital and essential relationship between them; so that the latter cannot be justly understood without an understanding of the former. It might seem extravagant to say that had there been no Holy Alliance in 1815, there would have been no League of Nations in 1919. Yet he must be strangely lacking in perception who does not see that the one called into at least attempted activity the principle which in the last analysis had, in connection with the other, both objectively and subjectively, a determining influence; and recognize striking resemblances between some of the dominant figures in the two eras. Each of the two groups on international conferences had for its ostensible objects the reorganization of Europe after a devastating war which had transformed the political map of that continent, and the safeguarding of the world from any more such conflicts. Each was dominated at the beginning by a conspicuous and powerful Chief of State who was at once an idealist and an autocrat, and whose imperious insistence upon his own policy wrought his own defeat. Each

strove, sometimes directly, sometimes insidiously, to implicate America in European affairs; but failed to do so. The former gatherings caused the Monroe Doctrine to be enunciated; the latter caused it to be reaffirmed with a greater emphasis than ever before in its century of existence.

Alexander I, it will be recalled, would trust no envoy to represent him, but insisted on attending in person every meeting of the Holy Alliance, from Paris to Verona; precisely as Woodrow Wilson a century later insisted on going personally twice to Paris and Versailles, for the organization of the League of Nations. And at the second conference, at Aix-la-Chapelle, that autocratic idealist disclosed the real purpose of the Holy Alliance in terms which, all unconsciously and unintentionally, were repeated with almost literal exactness by Woodrow Wilson in what he himself described as the heart of the Covenant of the League of Nations. That was a "universal union of guarantee" to maintain all legitimate sovereigns on their thrones and to protect the integrity of their domains; the prototype of the famous Article Ten of the Covenant of the League. The parallel between the two is completed by the facts of history that it was British objection to Alexander's proposal, expressed and made effective by Castlereagh and Canning, that caused the fall of the Holy Alliance, and that it was American objection to Woodrow Wilson's modern version of the same proposal, expressed and made effective by Henry Cabot Lodge, Frank B. Brandegee and their colleagues, that kept this country from entering the League of Nations, and thus defeated Mr. Wilson's supreme aim.

It would probably be regarded as invidious if not libellous to suggest any likeness between an American Senator and Lord Castlereagh; so accustomed has the world been to the anathematizing of that formidable statesman; who is too often estimated in the ferocious terms which Byron applied to him. Yet it is one of the tragic ironies of history that he should be thus execrated, almost entirely because of one or two misunderstood or misinterpreted acts, and by the very people who should gratefully regard his memory as a friend of freedom. For it was Castlereagh who first discerned the purpose of the Holy Alliance

to resubjugate the Central and South American States to the Spanish Bourbon yoke, and even to menace the independence of the United States, and who committed Great Britain to the resistance to that reactionary policy which was so effectively expressed by his successor, Canning. The boast of Canning, that he had "called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old", was exaggerated, though pardonably so. The exact truth was that he had recognized and encouraged the coming into existence of the New World. But even in that he was only the disciple and executor of Castlereagh, who first among European statesmen enunciated the doctrine that the States of the Western Hemisphere should be permitted to work out their own destinies, without European restraint or meddling.

These studies of the foreign policies of Castlereagh and Canning form, therefore, an indispensable background to our consideration of the policies of Lord Grey and of those consistent and far-seeing men in our own Senate who thwarted the purposes of their own President in order to maintain the principles upon which this nation was established. Lord Grey's volumes do not, indeed, deal with the League of Nations. He had retired from office before that organization was formed; before, in fact, our entrance into the World War. His memoirs are of value, therefore, chiefly as presenting an intimate, lucid and truthful account of the long and complicated train of diplomatic and other events which during a score of years led—at once inexorably and most needlessly or, let me rather say, most unjustifiably—to the World War, and also of the impression produced by the war and the subsequent peacemaking upon an enlightened, sensitive, judicious and preëminently peace-loving mind. All talk about "the new diplomacy" seems to him "little better than useless chatter." What is needed is not a change of method, but "a new spirit and purpose among nations". He does not mean pacifism. On the contrary, he points out that "the internal peace of every country depends upon the knowledge that force is available to uphold law." And the more generally and fully the people possess that knowledge and approve such readiness of force, the more secure the peace will be. The same rule applies to international peace: "No great country will contribute

anything to that peace by saying that there is no principle whatever for which it will stand up, if need be, by the use of force." To his mind, obviously, leagues, alliances, covenants and what not are of little avail, excepting in so far as they represent the resolute and positive purpose of the people. It was "to men of good will" that peace on earth was proclaimed. When men have the will for peace, there will be peace; but without that will, peace cannot be made secure by any leagues or courts or treaties that the ingenuity of man may devise.

So we come to Henry Cabot Lodge's posthumous volume, the title of which is somewhat a misnomer. For the book is much more than an account of the Senate's dealings with the League of Nations. It is that and it is probably the most authoritative account thereof that we may ever expect to have. But it is also an expert analysis of all the important diplomacy of the Wilson Administration, including the Mexican embroilment as well as the World War, and the war before as well as after America entered it. It is more, even, than that; for it presents one of the most searching and convincing studies and estimates of Woodrow Wilson's mentality and psychology that have ever been made; revealing the author of the volume himself in a new and hitherto unrealized light as an intellectual and moral analyst.

One of the most interesting and by no means least valuable passages in the volume is that in which Lodge describes his relations with and attitude toward Wilson at the beginning of his Administration. He makes no direct effort to dispel the common but stupid notion that he had always been animated by inexorable rancor against the President; but he in fact does so in a most effective manner. His first inclination was to regard the President as favorably as could be possible in view of their widely different political creeds. Himself long and justly noted as a "scholar in politics", no petty jealousy, which in the circumstances would have been absurd, restrained him from welcoming into public life another man of academic antecedents and intellectual repute; as he had years before welcomed for publication in the magazine which he edited Wilson's first article to get into print. It is to be recalled, too, that when, early in his Administration, Wilson asked for the repeal of discriminating tolls at

Panama, as a matter of the highest diplomatic importance to him, Lodge was one of the foremost supporters of his request, even at the cost of opposing many influential members of his own party.

Reading both on and between the lines, it seems certain that Lodge's antagonism—I call it that rather than enmity—toward Wilson arose from two sources. One—the major—was the President's conduct of our relations with Mexico. That caused the Senator to distrust his discretion, his judgment, his sanity of diplomatic policy and even the integrity of his methods; and therefore thereafter to regard with profound distrust anything which the President might say or decide or do in foreign affairs. In that attitude toward Wilson's Mexican policy, with its strange mixture of utterly supine "watchful waiting" and ruthless aggression, there was certainly widespread agreement with Lodge, even on the part of some distinguished members of the President's own party. The other source of Lodge's estrangement from Wilson—minor and personal, yet not negligible, as we shall presently see—was the discovery that the latter's much-proclaimed scholarship was of a very different type from that which he had supposed. We may smile at the idea, but we must suppose that with his own exceptional range and depth of culture and his tremendously serious intellectuality, Lodge became positively indignant at finding that Wilson, with all his nimbleness of notions and genius of phrase-making, possessed the bookishness of the schoolmaster rather than the copious learning of the sage. There used to be a tradition that it was unparliamentary for a Member to make a set speech in the British House of Commons without at least one Latin quotation. To Lodge it was incomprehensible and unpardonable that a former university professor and president should in all the vast volume of his profuse writings and oratory make scarcely a single classical allusion or reference to other great authorities.

This was the more important because it logically and inevitably implied something much more than a mere intellectual contrast between the two men. Probably the most significant feature of the book before us is its exposition of the radical difference, largely arising from that intellectual contrast, the hopeless in-

compatibility, between the points of view from which Lodge and Wilson regarded the great issues of war and peace and, especially, the League of Nations. Perhaps I might epitomize them by saying that the one was impersonal, the other personal. Lodge never had a personal policy; he was content with the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Monroe Doctrine, and the established traditions of the Republic; and conceived it his duty to maintain them, and to apply them, with such consistent expansions as might be necessary, to whatever problems or emergencies might occur. Wilson, on the other hand, was impatient of tradition and precedent, and actually intolerant of them when they conflicted with his own conceptions of policy. His disregard of them might almost have suggested lack of familiarity with them. In consequence the personal equation was always dominant in his calculations and demonstrations. Lodge somewhat mordently though not unjustly declares that the President thought on even the most momentous matters "in terms of Wilson". That is a phase of egoism that is seldom lacking in those whom the world calls, for lack of a better word, idealists; and it is by no means necessarily to be condemned. Some of the world's greatest men have been also its greatest egoists. The present point is, however, that between such a temperament and the diametrically opposite temperament of Lodge, continued coöperation was impossible, and conflict was inevitable.

In confuting the charge of inconsistency which was strangely brought against him, Lodge verges more nearly upon an *apologia* than in any other part of his narrative. But even there I cannot help thinking that his militant spirit was more intent upon the attack, for which he saw opportunity, than upon the defence which was really not needed. Thus he cites a number of utterances strongly deprecating American participation in world affairs:

America stands apart in its ideals; it ought not to allow itself to be drawn, as far as its heart is concerned, into anybody's quarrel.

Since the rest of the world is mad, why should we not refuse to have anything to do with the rest of the world in the ordinary channels of action?

We believe that we can show our friendship for the world and our devotion

for the purposes of humanity better by keeping out of the trouble than by getting into it.

These are, of course, instantly recognizable as the utterances of Lodge himself, or of some still more rancorous enemy of the League of Nations; probably one of the "irreconcilables" or "isolationists". Unhappily for such identification of them, however, they happen to be taken from speeches made by Woodrow Wilson, during the World War, but before our entry into that struggle, and while "He kept us out of war" was still his campaign slogan.

Strongly as Lodge opposed adoption of the Covenant of the League without effective reservations, however, it is quite obvious from the record that he was not, save by virtue of his official place as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, the head and front of the opposition. He never shrank from that imputation, though he never cultivated it. But his own narrative, perhaps unintentionally and certainly without ostentation, makes it clear that as a "first-class fighting man" in that historic and truly epochal strife, he was outranked in aggressiveness by some of his colleagues; especially, I should say, by Brandegee and Knox. This notably appears in the *verbatim* report which he gives of that memorable interview between the President and the Foreign Relations Committee, in which the Senator from Connecticut said little but meant much, perhaps beyond any other member of the company.

In view of the fact that the question of reservations to the Covenant formed the very storm-centre of the conflict over the League, and that Wilson's repugnance to reservations was so extreme that he ordered the Covenant to be rejected by the Senate rather than to be accepted and adopted with even mild reservations, it is most interesting to observe the present attitude of advocates of the League. Here, for example, is a little volume by Mr. Kirby Page on the need of international organization—in which America should participate—for the prevention of war; with an introduction by Mr. John H. Clarke, who retired from the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States in order to devote himself to advocacy of our entry into the League of Nations. In it the author plumply says: "If the United States is

ever to enter the League, reservations to the Covenant will doubtless be necessary;" and this opinion appears to arise not so much from recognition of the overwhelming opposition of the American people to entry without very effective reservations, as from realization that reservations are in fact desirable, whether we make them a *sine qua non* or not. And it is further noteworthy that the reservations which the author approvingly quotes from those suggested by a member of the Legal Section of the Secretariat of the League itself, are substantially identical with those insisted upon six years ago by Lodge and his colleagues; especially concerning the famous Article Ten, the Monroe Doctrine, and the right of withdrawal from membership in the League. Indeed, he suggests a sort of omnibus reservation, which might almost be said to cover the ground of all; to wit, that all action by the United States as a member of the League should be subject to the limitations established by the Constitution of the United States.

For this suggestion, tersely and convincingly put, we may well be grateful. For after all the Constitution is the one supremely dominant fact in all our national affairs, both foreign and domestic. There are of course other factors in American history, as Mr. Pollard industriously indicates in his volume of lectures—lectures, by the way, which should be even more interesting and profitable to Americans than they were to the English audiences that heard them. But these, occurring chiefly before the Revolution, were in effect factors in the making of the Constitution. Too often historians and writers on governmental and political affairs fail to evaluate duly the vast influence upon American history and the whole trend of American affairs that is exerted by that unique instrument. It was and is the one original contribution of America to the science of government.

Easily foremost, then, among the factors in American history must be placed the Constitution which was made by the people for the United States of America. All factors before its adoption merely led to it and were absorbed into it; and all since have either proceeded from it or been subject to its control. The first league of nations, the Holy Alliance, was baffled and finally dissolved because of the resistance presented under the Consti-

tution of the United States. The present League of Nations was rejected by America solely because of its incompatibility with that Constitution, and now shows an increasing inclination to solicit our participation through a recognition of the place which that instrument fills and must always fill in American affairs. Other nations may be able and willing to modify their systems so as to conform to the Covenant of the League. America met the half-overtures, half-menaces of the Holy Alliance with a resolute assertion of its own system, as distinct from that of the countries composing that league; and in its impregnable nationality it seems today no less resolute in opposing to the Covenant its own Constitution. And that is by no means the least of the resemblances between the times of John Quincy Adams and those of Henry Cabot Lodge.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

WORLD AFFAIRS AND THE WORLD COURT

THE WORLD AFTER THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By Arnold J. Toynbee. London: Oxford University Press.

THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE. By Alexander P. Fachiri. London: Oxford University Press.

THE present discussion in the United States concerning the expediency of the ratification by this nation of the Protocol that provides for the World Court has frequently been placed upon a plane much lower than its importance would justify. This, in large part, is due to two causes—the essential indifference of the American people to matters of specific international interest, and the lack of accurate and accessible information dealing with the subject. A Senator, publicist or editorial writer may discuss the question with remarkable freedom from the usual obligation of personal information and understanding of the subject, and few are the wiser or dare to call the person to account. This ignorance or imperfect understanding of the facts is not altogether the fault of the individuals concerned, for material dealing with the subject is contained, in large part, in more or less accurate

periodical literature or in the dry files of official reports. It is only very recently that adequate scholarship and literary ability have been turned toward meeting this necessity, and the two books before us partake of this character.

Mr. Toynbee, in *The World After the Peace Conference*, has given a masterly analysis of recent international movements, and also of present conditions. In brief his thesis is as follows: During the years following 1815 the growing consciousness of nationality had attached itself neither to traditional frontiers nor to new geographical associations, but in Central and Eastern Europe it had become involved in loyalty to the principle of linguistic unity. By the year 1871 this movement in Central Europe had co-operated with the economic tendency of the time to merge as many as thirty-one lesser States into two large States of the standard of Great Powers. In Eastern Europe, linguistic nationalism operated as a violently disruptive force, largely because the preëxisting States were larger and not smaller than the linguistic areas. The interplay of the two primary forces of the industrial revolution and the nationality movement had weakened, beneath the surface, the strength of the Great Powers, and it was because the ground thus had been prepared in advance that the effect of the World War was so destructive in its results upon them. This likewise was accompanied by two closely related phenomena: an increase in the importance of worldwide international organizations, and a decline in the importance of Continental Europe in international affairs.

It all resulted in a large increase in the number of States. Before 1914, only sixteen lesser States were playing an active part in international affairs, in more or less coöperation with the Concert of Powers. After the war, forty-seven lesser States were playing a similar part; and of these forty-seven, twenty-two lay in Europe, three in the Middle East, one in the Far East, and the remaining twenty-one overseas—five of these being Dominions of the British Commonwealth and fifteen of them members of the American Entente under the leadership of the United States. The smaller nations, realizing from the experiences of the war that an unambitious and inoffensive policy was not enough to secure immunity from outside aggression, all took the decisive

step of joining the League of Nations, which came into being with the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles on January 10, 1920. As members of the League they could play a more effective part in international politics than they had been able or willing to play at any time during the preceding hundred years.

The dissolution of the old Concert of Powers left no satisfactory substitute, for the Allied and Associated Powers of the war were busily engaged in holding down Germany, formerly one of the strongest Powers of their class, and this weakened them too much to enable them to play a dominant part elsewhere. For a time it appeared that the responsibility for world peace would fall upon Great Britain, but that country was too weakened to assume this responsibility single-handed. This in turn gave the opportunity for the disruptive forces, political and social, to accomplish their work, and the new alignments in the Near and Far East, as well as Africa, are the result.

In the welter of confusion Germany and the Balkan States have definitely turned their faces to Western political and social institutions, while Russia has just as definitely turned toward the East. Added to this is the conflict of civilizations and economic interests leading to the situation of the present day. Mr. Toynbee especially emphasizes the worldwide revolt of agrarian interests against industrial domination, extending even to the La Follette movement of last year in the United States. But he offers, as the salvation of the world in the face of this new danger, the International Labor Organization now attached to the League of Nations, which held its first meeting at Washington in 1919, and brought forth an Eight Hours Convention as the mature results of its labors. He bases his opinion upon this first attempted standardization of worldwide industrial conditions which, he believes, can be developed to a point that will diminish the danger which threatens the economic and political peace of the world if the industrialization of India and the Far East is left to take its course.

In conjunction with the work of Mr. Toynbee the book by Mr. Fachiri furnishes the long-needed manual containing information with regard to the organization, jurisdiction and procedure, as well as the experience up to date, of the present so-

called World Court. While somewhat in the nature of a lawyer's handbook, its clarity and authoritative presentation of facts are in no way diminished by its excellent style and able handling of the material presented. In addition, there are also an outline of the steps leading up to its creation, an account of the cases hitherto heard by the Court, and an appendix containing the English text of all the important documents constituting the Court or relating to it, as well as a number of drafts and reports drawn up in the course of the preparatory deliberations. In the light of contemporary American discussion the final chapter in this book, comparatively short though it may be, offers much food for thought. It emphasizes, in the first place, the statement that the Court is an institution distinct from the League. "It is only through the election of judges that the League exercises any control over it, and in that respect the relation is momentary—once the election is over and the Court is constituted, its members are entirely independent and in no wise responsible to the League or either of its constituent organs." Furthermore, the authority to remove the judges is not possessed by the League of Nations in regard to the Court.

In the second place, there arises the question of sanctions. Mr. Fachiri holds that in the great majority of cases the moral sanction of public opinion will be sufficient to ensure that the decisions of the Court, possessing the inherent authority due to the high character and independent position of its members, will be respected and carried into effect. On the other hand, "it is due to the Covenant, and the Covenant alone, that certain material sanctions are provided for enforcing the judgment of the Court." Since the United States would not be a member of the League, these other sanctions would not apply to it.

It will thus be seen that these books offer much of the material needed by the American people for a sound and effective judgment upon their own relations to the Court, and for the formation of that enlightened public opinion that is so necessary for the guidance of both Congress and the Coolidge Administration in this question that challenges the best of their ability to decide.

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